

THE
WORKS

OF THE

FAMOUS and WORTHY
KNIGHT, Sir DAVID

LINDESAY of the

Mount, *alias* Ly-

on, King of

Armes.

Newly corrected and vindicated from
the former errors wherewith they
were corrupted: And augmen-
ted with sundry works, &c.

JOB V. II.

Militia est vita hominis supra terram.

Vivet etiam post funera virtus.



G L A S G O W

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THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

IT hath pleased God in all ages, to raise up faithfull and worthy men, of singular gifts and graces (especially in the time of greatest defection) to bear witness to his truth, and to rebuke the world of sin: As Noah for the space of 120. years, before the deluge came upon the old world, to preach repentance. Lot in Sodom, whose soul they vexed with their sinful deeds. Moses, the Ruler of his people, sent of God to threaten Pharaoh for their oppression, resolved to suffer with Gods people, rather then to commit sin. And all his Prophets, from time to time, to reprove and correct the enormities not only of the Jews, but also of the Gentile for their sins. And in the time of the Gospel, how many notable men of all Nations, have given their bodies to be cruelly tormented for the cause of Christ? And in our own Nation, among many other learned men, it pleased his Majesty, even in the time of palpable darkness, to stir up this Author, Sir David Lindsey, albeit a Courteour, and exercised about matters of estate: yet a man of such sincerity and faithfulness, that he spared not, as well in his satyricall fables and playes, as in all other works, to enveigh most sharply, both against the enormities of the Court, and the great corruption of the Clergy, that it is wonder how he escaped their bloody hands, they having such power at that time, as they practised in shedding the blood of Gods servants, Master Patrick Hamilton, Robert Forester, gentlemen, George Wishart, and Walter Miln, with divers others, who gave their lives for the testimony of Gods truth: and yet this Author ended his dayes in peace, for all their cruel menacing. This lets us see the wonderful power & providence of the Almighty, that albeit he suffer the wicked to execute their cruelty upon some of his Saints, yet he preserveth others, that their enemies have no power to touch one hair of their heads, but as it pleaseth his Majesty to permit them. For further commendation of the Author, his own work shal testify his probity. I will not detain thee, good Reader, any longer from the perusing of the same,

23 May 1906

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A PROLOGUE

Of the miserable estate of the World, between Experience and the Courteour,

Musing and marvelling on the misery,
From day to day in earth which doth en-
dure of each state the instability. (Cecilia)
Proceeding of the restless businels,

whereon the most part do their mind adress

Inordinately on hungry Covetise,

Gaine gloze, deceit, and other sensual vice.

But tumbling in my bed I might not ly,

Wherefore I went forth in a May morning,

Comfort to get of my melancholy,

Some-what before fresh Phoebus up rising,

where I might hear the birds sweetly sing :

Into a park I pass for my pleasure,

Decoyed well by craft of Dame Nature.

How I received comfort natural,

For to describe at length, it were too long,

Smelling the wholesome herbs medicinal,

whereon the dulce and balmy Dew doth down dangle,

Like Orient pearles upon the twigs hang :

O how that the aromatick odours,

Proceeded from the tender fragrant flowers.

O how Phoebus, that King Ethereal,

Sweetly sprang up into the Orient,

Ascending in his throne Imperial;

Whose bright and Beereal beames resplendent,

Illuminat all unto the Decident.

Comforting every corporeal creature,

which formed were on earth by Dame Nature.

Whose donk impurpur'd neement monumental,

With his imbrodyed mantle matutine,

He left into his Region Anroial,

Which on him waited when he did decline

Toward his Occident Palace Asperline :

And rose in habite gay and glorious,

The first Book

Brighter then gold or stones precious.

But Cynthia the horned night's Queen,
She lost her light, and led a lower fall.
When once her lover said that she had seen
And in his presence waxed black and pale,
And over her visage cast a mistie veil.
So did Venus the Goddess among
Which Iupiter, Mars, and Mercurius.

Rise to the old supercane Saturn
Receiving Phœbus now his beams bright
Above the earth, then made he no sojourn,
But suddenly did lose his borrowed light,
Which he did never shew but in the night.
So Pole Arctick, Ursa, and Stars all,
Which situate are in the Septentrional.

(To erring ships that are without all guide,
Conveying them upon the stormie night)
Within their frostie circle did them hide.
Whombest that Stars have none other light,
But the reflex of Phœbus beams bright.
That day durst none into the heavens appear,
Till he had circled all our Hemisphere.

We thought it was a slight celestiall
To see Phœbus so Angel-like ascend
Into his fiery chariot triumphal,
Whose beauty bright I could not comprehend.
All care of worldly things did from me wend,
When fresh Flora spread forth her tapestrie,
Brought by Dame Nature quaint & curiouslie.

Painted with many hundred heavenly beets
On of the rising of that royal Roy,
With blooms breaking on the tender beets,
Which did provoke mine heart to natural joy;
Asphe that day and Colus held them coy,
That man of far might hear the birds sound,
Whose noise did to the starry heavens rebound.

The pleasant Morn yunzeling his fethers fast
The mirthful Daws made great melodie:
The lark ascended in the air,
Sungling her natural notes craftily.

Of the Mowafellie,

3

The gay Gold-spink the merest right merrily,
The noise of the noble Rightingates,
Redounded through the mountains, meads & vales,
Contemplating this mitchful harmonie,
How every bird did them for to advance,
To salute Nature with their melodie,
That I stood gazing almost in a trance,
To hear them make their natural observance
So royally, that all the rocks rang,
Through repercussion of their sugred sang.

I lost my time: apace, for to rehearse
Such ingenuous and vain description:
Di wite into my rural ragged verse,
Watter without edification:

Considering how that mine intention,
Been to deplore the mortal miseries,
Which continual careful calamities.

Considering in this wretched vale of sorrows:
But sad sentence should have a sad indyte:
So terms bright I like not for to bozote:
Of mourning matter men have no deyle,
Which ready terms therefore I will now write,
With sorrowful sighs ascending from the spleen,
And bitter tears distilling from mine eye.

Without any vain invocation,
To Minerva, or to Pelpomene:
Nor yet will I make supplication,
For help to Ello, or Calliope.
Such marr'd Muses may make me no supply.
Proserpine I refuse, and Appolo,
And right to Citerpe, Jupiter, and Iuno.

Which been to pleasant Poets conforing:
Wherefore because I am not one of them
I do desire of them no supporting:
For I did never sleep in Barnado:
As did the Poets of long time ago,
And specially the amate Ennius,
Nor drank I never with Orphos.

Of Greece the perfect Poet Iweare
Of Helicon the source of Elegance.

The first Book

Of that mellifluous famous fresh fountain :
 Wherefore to them I ought no reverence :
 I purpose not to make obedience
 To mischance Muses, or Mahometrie,
 Before time used into Poetrie.

Roping Rhamula. Goddels of despite,
 Might be to me a Muse right conuenable :
 If I desir'd such help for to indite,
 This mourning matter, mad and miserable:
 I must go seek a Muse more comfortable,
 And such vain superstition so refuse,
 Beseeching the great God to be my Muse.

By his wisdom al manner of things were wrought
 The high Heavens with all their ornaments,
 And without matter made all things of nought
 Well in mid center of the Elements,
 That heavenly Muse to seek my whole intent
 The which gave sapience to king Solomon,
 To David grace, and strength to strong Samson.

And of poor Peter made a prudent Preacher,
 And by the power of his Deitie,
 Of cruel Paul he made a cunning Teacher :
 I must beseech right lowly on my knee,
 His high super-excellent Majesty,
 That with his heavenly Spirit he me inspire,
 To write nothing contrary his desire.

Beseeching eke his soveraign Son Iesu,
 Which was conceived by the holy Spirit,
 Incarnate of the purified Virgin true :
 And into whom the Prophecie was compleat,
 That Prince of pice, most humble, & most sweet,
 Which under Plate suffered passion
 Upon the crosse for our salvation.
 And that cruel death intollerable,
 Look'd we were from the bones of Bellat :
 And moreover it was so profitable,
 That to this hour came never man nor shall
 In the triumphant joy Imperial
 Of life, though they were never so good,
 But by the vertue of his precious blood.

wherefore

Of the Monarchie.

7

wherefore in stead of the mount Parnasso,
Swiftly I shall go seek my soveraign;
To mount Calvarie the straight way shall I go,
To get a taste of that most fresh Fountain;
That source to seek, mine heart may not refrain
Of Helicon, which was both deep and wide,
That Longinus did grave into his side.

From this fresh fountain spring a famous flood
Which redolent river through the world runs,
As crysal clear, and mixed is with blood;
Whose sound above the highest heavens dings,
All faithfull people purging from their sins -
wherefore I shall beseech his Excellence,
To grant me grace, wisdom and eloquence.

And bath me with the dulce and balmy strands
Which on the Cross did speedily out-spring
From his most tender side, and heavenly hands,
And grant me grace to write or dote nothing;
But to his high honour and laud loving,
Without his help there may no good be wrought
To his pleasure, good works, word, or thought.

Therefore, O Lord, I pray thy Majestic,
As thou dost show thine high power divine,
First plainly into Cane of Galilee,
where thou convertedst water into wine;
Convey my matter to a fruitful line,
And save my sayings both from shame and sin.
Take heed, for now my purpose I begin.

A D I A L O G U E

Of the miserable estate of the World, be-
tween Experience and the Courteour.

I nto that Park I saw appear
An aged man that met me near,
Whose beard was full three quarters long;
His hair did over his shoulders hang,
The which as any snow was white,
Whom to behold I thought delight:
His habite Angel-like of hue,
Of color like the saphyre blue.

The first Book

Under an holm he reposed,
Of whose presence I was reioyced,
I did him salute reverently.
So did he me right courteouslie,
To sit down he requested me
Under the shadow of the tree,
To save me from the Sunns heat,
Amongst the flowers soft and sweet,
For I was weary with walking,
Then he began to fall in talking:
I asked his name with reverence.

C. I am, said he, Experience.

C. Then Sir, said I, you cannot fail
To give a desolate man counsel:
You do appear a man of fame,
And this Experience is your name:
I pray you father, venerable,
Give me some counsel comfortable.

C. What beest, said he, thy vocation,
Making such supplication.

C. I have, said I, been to this house,
Since I could ride, a Courtier:
But now, father, I think it best,
To seek your counsel to live in rest:
And from henceforth to take mine ease,
And quietly my God to please,
And renounce curiostie,
Leaving the Court, and learn to die.
Oft have I sailed oer the seas,
And travelled through diverse lands,
Both south and north, east and west,
Yet can I never find where rest
Doth make his habitation,
Without your supplication.

When I believe to be dead and
When suddenly I am disquieted:
From trouble when I called thee,
Then find I most answerable.
Show me I pray you heartily,
How I may live most pleasantly,
To serve my God of things King

Of the Monarchie.

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Since I am tyed of travelling,
And learn for to be content
Of quiet life and sober rest:
That I may thank the King of glory,
As if I had a million more:
With every Court been variant,
Full of envy: and inconstant:
Might I without grief live in rest,
Now in old age I think it best.

C. Thou art a great soul, son, said he,
That to desire which may not be,
Longing to have prerogative
Above all creatures that live:
With father Adam wast been
Into the great camp Damascus,
Might no man say unto this hour,
That ev. r he found perfect pleasure:
Nor never shall, till that he see
God in his divine Palace:
Wherefore prepare thee for to travell,
Such mans life been but vassel.
All men begins for to die.
The day of their nativité:
And journally they do proceed,
Till Atropus cut off these fatal thread;
And in the short time that they have
Between their birth and the grave,
Thou seest what mutabilities,
What miserable calamities,
What trouble, travel, and debate
Seest thou in every mortal state:
Begin at poor low creatures,
Ascending then to Senators,
To great Princes and Potentates,
Thou shalt not find in no Estates,
Since the beginning general,
Nor in our time now special,
But tedious restless business,
Withouten any sicknesse.

C. Prudent father, said I alace,

A 1

Pen

You tell to me a careful case :
 You say, that no man to this hour,
 Hath found on earth no perfect pleasure;
 Withoutten insolennate variance,
 Since we been thral to such mischance,
 Why do we set our whole intents
 On riches, dignity, and rents,
 Sith in the earth been no man sure,
 One day without trouble t'endure.
 Any word of all when we least ween,
 The cruel death we must susteen ?
 If I your Father-hood durst demand,
 The cause I would faine understand.
 And eke; Father, I you implore,
 Shew me some trouble gone before,
 That hearing others indigence,
 I may the more have patience,
 Fellows in tribulation,
 Been wretches consolation,

C. Said he : After my smal cunning;
 To thee I shal make answering :
 But orderly for to begin,
 This misery proceeds of sin :
 But it were long to be defined,
 How all men are to sin inclined.
 When sin abundantly doth reign;
 Justly God maketh punishing :
 Wherefore great God into his hands,
 He daunt the world with divers wandes;
 After our evil condition,
 He makes on us punishment :
 With hunger, dearth and indigence,
 Sometimes great plagues and pestilence :
 And sometimes with his bloody wand,
 Through civil wars by sea and land.
 Concluding : all our misery
 Proceeds of sin allanerly.

C. Father, said I, declares to me
 The cause of this fragillitie,
 That we be all to sin inclin'd,
 In work and word, and in our mind:

I would the verity were known,
 Who hath this seed amongst us sown?
 And why we were condemn'd to read?
 And how that we may get remead?

C. Said he the Scripture hath concluded,
 Men from felicity are denuded,
 By Adam our progenitor,
 Sometime of Paradise possessor:
 By whole most wilful arrogance,
 Was mankind brought to this mischance,
 When he was disobedient,
 In breaking Gods commandments;
 By transgression of his wife,
 He lost that heavenly pleasant life,
 Eating of the forbidden tree:
 There began all our miserie;
 So Adam was cause radical,
 That we are fragile sinners all.
 Adam brought in this Nation,
 Sin, death, and the damnation.
 Who wil I say, that he is no sinner,
 Christ sayeth he is a great lyer,
 Mankind sprang from Adams loines,
 And took of him flesh, blood and bones:
 And so after his quality,
 Are all inclin'd sinners to be.
 But yet, my son, despair thou nought,
 For God that all the world hath wrought,
 Hath made a soveraign remead,
 To save us both from sin and dead,
 And from eternal damnation;
 Therefore take consolation:
 For God, as Scripture doth record,
 Having on man misericord,
 Sent down his only Son Iesu;
 Which lighted on a Virgin true,
 And clad his high Divinity,
 With our poor vile humanity:
 Then from our sins to conclude,
 He washt us with his precious blood,
 Howbeit through Adam we must die,

Through

The first Book

Through that Lord we shal raised be,
 And every man be shal relieue,
 Which in his blood doth firm believe,
 And bring us all into his gloire.
 The which through Adam been forelore,
 Without that we through sack of sack,
 Of his God-head incur the wrath:
 But who in Christ firmly believes,
 Shal be reliev'd from all mischieves.

E. What faith is it that you call firm?
 Sir, make me understand that term.

E. Faith without hope and charity,
 Availeth not, my son, said he.

E. What charity is, that I would know.

E. Said he my son, that shall I show:

First love thy God above all thing,
 And thy neighbour without fainting.
 Do none iniure nor villanie,
 But as thou wouldest were done to thee.
 Quick faith without charitable works
 Can never be, as witte best Clarke,
 More then the fire until his might
 Can lack the heat, or Sun lack light.
 If Charity into thee fall es,
 Thy faith of hope nothing avales.
 The Devil hath faith, and trembles for dread,
 But he lacke hope and love indeed.
 Do all the good that may be wrought,
 Without charity, availles nought:
 Wherefore pray to the Trinity,
 For to support thy Charity.
 Now have I shewn thee as I can,
 How father Adam the first man,
 Brought in the world sin and dead:
 And how Christ Jesus made remed:
 Which in the great day of judgement,
 Shall us deliver from torment,
 And bring us to his lasting gloire,
 Which shall be ours for evermore.
 But in this world: how shal we rest,
 I make it to thee manifest.

Thus

Therefore my son, be diligent,
And learn for to be patient,
And into God set all thy trust,
All things shall then come for the best.

E. Father, I thank you heartily,
Of your comfort and company,
And heavenly consolation,
Making you supplication
If I durst put you to such pain,
That ye would please for to define,
And make me clearly understand,
How Adam brake the Lords command:
And how through his transgression,
As punishment his succession.

E. My son, said he, wouldst thou take care,
To look upon divine Scripture,
Into the book of Genesis,
That history thou shalt not misse,
And also sundrie cunning Clarks
Have done rehearse into their works,
Of Adams fall full ornately,
A thousand times better then I
Can write of that unhappy man;
But I shall do the best I can,
Shortly to show that carefull case,
With the support of Gods grace.

An Exclamation to the Reader, touching the
writing in vulgar & maternal language.

Gentle Reader, have at me no despite,
Thinking that I presumptuously pretend
In vulgar tongue so big matter to write,
But where I misse, I pray thee to amend.
To the unlearn'd I would the cause were kend,
Of our most miserab'e travel and torment,
And how in each no place is permanent.
How best that others devote cunning Clarks,
In latine tongue have written sundry books,
Our unlearn'd knows little of their works,
More then they do the caving of the crooks,
Wherewith to callers carriages, & to cooks,

To Iack and Thom my time shall be directed,
 with cunning men doubtless that it be lack.
 Though every common man be not a Clark,
 Nor hath no leed: except their tongue maternal,
 Why should of God the marvellous heavenly mark
 Be hid from them? I think it not fraternal.
 The father of heaven, which was and is eternal,
 To Moles gave the Law on Mount Sinas,
 Not into Greek nor Latine, as they say.
 We wrote the Law in tables hard of stone,
 In their own vulgar language of H. brew,
 That the children of Israel every one
 Might know the Law and to the same endue:
 Had he done worse in Latine, or in Greeke,
 He had to them been a labourless geed:
 He may well know. God wrought all for the best:

Aristotle nor Plato. I heard sane,
 wrote not their Philosophi: natural
 In Dutche, nor Dence. nor tongue Itallane;
 But in their most proper tongue maternal,
 whose same and name doth reigne perpetual,
 Famous Virgil, the Prince of Poetrie,
 Nor Cicero the flower of Oratorie.

Wrote not in Chalde language, nor in Greeke
 Nor yet into the language Saracene,
 Nor yet in the natural language of Hebrewe.
 But in the Romane tongue, as may be seen,
 Which was their proper language, as I ween,
 When Romanes reigned Dominators indeed,
 The ornate Latine was their proper Leed.

In the mean time when these bold Romanes
 Over all the world had the dominion,
 Made Latine schools, their gloze for to advance,
 That their language might be over all common
 To that intent, by mine opinion,
 Trusting that their Empire should ay endure:
 But of Fortune alwayes they were not sure.

Of languages the first diversitie,
 Was made by Gods malediction,
 When Babylon was builded in Chalde:
 Whose builders got none other affliction, Be-

Of the Monarchie.

19

Before the time of that punishment,
Was but one tongue, which Adam spake himself,
Where now of tongues there be threescore & twelve
Notwithstanding, I thinke it great pleasure,
Where cunning men have languages and tongues
That in their youth by diligent labour,
Have learned Latine, Greek and Hebrew:
That I am not of that sort sore I reioyce
Therefore I would all Books necessarie
For our faith, were into our tongues vulgar,

Christ after his glorious ascension,
To his Disciples sent his holy spirit
In tongues of fire to that intencion,
That being of all languages repleat,
Through all the world, with words faire & sweet,
To every man the faith they would forth shew,
In their own Leed, delivering them their law.

Therefore I thinke a great derision,
To hear the Muns and sisters night and day,
Singing and saying Psalms and Psalmon,
Not understanding what they sing or say:
But like a Stirling or a Dapingay,
Which learned are to speak by long usage,
Them I compare to birds in a cage.

Right la children and Ladies of honours,
Pray in Latine, to them an uncouth Leed:
Dumbling their matins evensongs, & their hours,
Their Pater noster, Ave, and their Creed;
It were as pleasant to their sprits indeed,
God have mercy on me, for to say thus,
As for to say, Miserere mei Deus.

Saint Jerome in his proper tongue Romane,
The law of God truly he did translate
Out of Hebrew, Greek and Latine in plain,
Which hath been hid from us long time, God wail,
Until this time. But after my conceits
Had Saint Jerome been born into Argyle,
In Irish tongue his books had done compile.

Prudent Saint Paul doth make narration,
Touching the diverse Leeds of every Land,
Saying, there have been more edification

In five words that folk do understand
 Then to pronounce of words ten thousand
 In strange language, & knows not what it means
 I think such prating is not worth two pence.

Unlearned people on the holy day,
 Solemnely they hear the Evangel sing,
 Not knowing what the Word doth sing or say,
 But as a bell when that they hear it ring :
 Yet would the Bishops in their mother tongue,
 Pass to the pulpit, and that doctrine declare
 To Laick people, it were more necessary.

I would that Bishops and Doctors of the Law
 With Laick people were not discontent,
 Though we into our vulgar tongue did know
 Of Christ Jesus the law and testament.
 And hold that we should keep commandment :
 But in our language let us pray and read
 Our Vater unser, Ave, and our Creed.

I would some hymns of great discretion,
 In vulgar language plainly could translate,
 The needfull laws of this Region,
 Then would there not be half so great debate.
 Amongst us people of the low estate.
 If every man the verity did know,
 We needes not to treat these men of Law.

To do our neighbor wrong we would beware,
 If we did fear the Lawes punishment :
 There would not be such bratling at the Bar :
 Nor men of Law climb to such royal rent.
 To keep the Law, if all men were content,
 And each man do, as he would be done to,
 The Judges would get little thing ado.

The Prophet David King of Isearl,
 Compyld the pleasant psalms of the Psalter,
 In his own proper tongue, as I hear tell :
 And Solomon which was his son and heire,
 Did make his book into his tongue vulgare.
 Why should not their sayings be to us shewn
 In our language? I would the cause were known.

Let Doctors write their curious questions,
 And arguments full of sophistrie : style

their Logick and their high opinions,
 their dark judgements of Astronomie,
 their Poetick, and their Philosophic.
 Let Poets show their glorious engine,
 As ever they please, in Greek, or in Latine.

But let us have the books necessary
 to Common-wealth, and our salvation,
 Justly translated in our tongue vulgare:
 And eke I make you supplication,
 O gentle Reader, have none indignation,
 thinking to meddle with so high matter.
 Now to my purpose forward will I fare.

The Creation of Adam and Eve.

When God had made the heavens bright
 the Sun and Moon for to give light:

The starry heavens and crystalline,
 And by his sapience divine,
 the Planets in their circles round,
 Whirling about with merry sound:
 Of whom Phebus was principal,
 Just in his Line Ecciptical:
 And gave by divine sapience,
 to every star their influence,
 with motion continual,
 which doth endure perpetual:
 And farthest from the heavens empire,
 the earth, the water, air and fire.
 He clad the earth with herbs and trees,
 All kind of fishes in the seas:
 All kind of beasts he did prepare,
 with fowls flying in the air,
 thus by his word all things were brought
 without a material, made of nought:
 So by his wisdom infinite.

All was made pleasant and perfit.
 When heaven and earth, and their contents
 were ended, with their ornaments:
 then last of all the Lord began,
 of most vile earth to make the man:
 Not of the Lilly, nor of the rose,

Not cyper tree, as I suppose :
 Neither of gold, nor precious stones,
 Of earth he made flesh, blood and bones :
 To that intent, God made him thus,
 That man should not be glorious ;
 Nor in himself should nothing see
 But matter of humilitie.

When man was made, as I have told,
 God in his face did him behold,
 Breathing in him a lively spitt.

When all these words were compleat,
 He made man to his similitude,
 Excelling into pulchritude :

Dotted with gifts of Nature,
 A bope all earthly creature :

Then pleasantly did him conboy

To a Region compleat with ioy,
 Of all pleasure which bare the place,
 And called earthly Paradise :

And brought by diuine providence,

All beastes and birds to his presence.

Adam did craftily impone

A special name to every one :

And to all things material,

A name he gave in special :

Whom he them named, it hath been kend,

And shall be to the worlds end,

Into that garden of pleasure,

Two trees grew most to aduance,

Above all other which bare the place,

In midd of that Paradise :

The one was called, the tree of Life.

The other tree began our strife :

The tree to know both good and evil,

Which by perswasion of the Deuill,

Began our misery and wo :

But let us to our purpose go,

Whom God gave Adam first command :

That tree not to touch with his hand :

All other fruits of Paradise,

He haue him eat at his device,

Saying :

Of the Monarchie.

Saying : If thou eat of this tree,
With double death thou shalt thou die :
Therefore I thes command bepart,
And from the tree thou stand asfar.
Yet Father Adam was alone,
Without company of any one,
Then thoughte the Lord it necessar,
To creat to him an helper.
God put in Adam such sopour,
That for to sleep he took pleasure,
And layd him down upon the ground :
Then when Adam was sleeping sound.
He took a rib forth off his side,
Then filled it with flesh and hide,
And made a woman of that bone,
Fairer of form was never none :
Then to Adam incontinently,
That fair Lady he did present,
Which shortly said, for to conclude.
Thou art my flesh, my bone and blood,
And Mirago, he called her name,
Which is interpret, Made of man
Which Eva afterward was named,
When for her fault she was defamed,
Then did the Lord them sanctifie,
Saying increase and multiplie :
By this men should leave all their kin,
And with their wives make dwelling,
And for their sake leave father and mother,
And love them best above all other :
For God hath ordained them truly,
To be two souls in one body.
My wit is weak for to indite,
Their heavenly pleasure infinite,
Was never earthly creature,
Since that time had perfect pleasure.
They had puissance Imperial
Above all things material,
As cunning Clarks do conclude,
Adam precell'd in pulchellude,
Most natural, and the fairest man-

That

That ever was since the world began,
 Except Child Jesus Gods own son,
 To whom was no compassion:
 And Eve the fairest creature
 That ever was formed by nature,
 Though they were taken as they were made,
 No shame either of other had.
 What pleasure might a man have more,
 Then have his Lady him before,
 So lusty, pleasant, and perfit,
 Ready to serve his appetite?
 they had none other care, I wote,
 But pass their time with joy and blis.
 wild beasts did to them repair,
 So did the fowls of the air;
 with noise most angelical,
 Making to them mirth and merriment.
 the fishes swimming in the straits,
 were wholly all at their commands.
 All creatures with one accord,
 obey'd him as their sovereign Lord.
 they suffered neither heat nor cold,
 with every pleasure that they would:
 And to the death they were not afraid,
 And so should we have been all:
 For he and his successors
 should have possessed these pleasures;
 then from that joy material,
 Gone to the glorie imperial.
 they had, if I can right describe,
 Great joy in all these wiles live,
 In hearing, seeing, tasting, smelling;
 In durance that delightful dwelling;
 Hearing birds harmonies:
 tasting the fruits of diverse trees:
 smelling the balmy sweet odours,
 which did proceed from fragrant flowers,
 seeing so many heavenly beames
 of blooms breaking on the beames,
 of touching eke they had delight
 of their bodies soft and white:

Doubtles enduring that pleasure,
 they loved each other paramour;
 No marvel though that so should be,
 Considering this their great beauty.
 And God gave them command express
 to multiply and to increase,
 that their seed and succession,
 Might plenty they Nation.
 I list not take for to declare
 All properties of that place weclare,
 How herbs and trees green ever green,
 And of the temperat air green;
 How fruits indelicious,
 were all the ripe and redolent:
 Nor of the fountains, nor of the founts,
 Nor of the founts pulchritudes:
 that matter Clerks do declare,
 wherefore of them I speak no more,
 the scripture makes no mention
 How long they reign'd in that Region,
 But I believe the time was short,
 As diverse doctors do report.

The miserable transgression of Adam.

Father, how hapned that mischance,
 Said I, shew me that circumstance,
 Declare to me that careful case,
 How Adam lost that pleasant place,
 From him and his succession,
 How did proceed transgression?
 E. said he: After my rude engine,
 I shal rehearse thee that ruine.
 When God the Creator of all,
 Into the heaven Imperial,
 Did creat all the Angels bright,
 He made an Angel most of might,
 to whom he gave preeminence
 Above them all in sapience,
 Because all others he did prefer,
 Named he was bright Lucifer.
 He was so pleasant and so fair,

He thought himself without compare,
 And grew so gay and glorious,
 Began to be presumptuous:
 He thought that he would set his seat
 Into the North, and make debate
 Contrare the Majesty divine.
 Which was the cause of his ruine,
 For he incurred Gods ire,
 And banisht from the heavens empire,
 With Angels many legion,
 Which were of his opinion.
 Innumerable with him there fell,
 Some lighted in the lowest hell:
 Some in the sea did make repaire:
 Some in the earth, some in the air,
 That most unhappy company,
 At Father Adam had endy,
 Perceyving Adam and his seed,
 Into their places to succeed:
 The serpent was the subtillest
 Above all beasts and craftiest:
 When Satan with a false intent
 Did enter into the serpent,
 Imagining some crafty wile,
 How he might Adam best beguile,
 And caus'd him break commandement:
 But to the woman first he went,
 Trusting the better to prevail,
 Full subtilly did her assail:
 With sacund words false and faire,
 He grew with her familiar,
 That he his purpose might advance,
 Believing in her inconstance.
 What been the cause, Adam, said he,
 That you forbear yon pleasant tree,
 Which been peerless and precious,
 Whose fruit been most delicious?
 I will, said he thereto accord,
 We are forbidde of the Lord,
 The which hath given us liberty,
 To eat of every fruit and tree,

Which grows into this Paradise;
 Break the command, we are not wise.
 He gave to us a strict command,
 That tree not to touch with our hand:
 Eat we of it, without remead
 She said, doubtless we shall be dead.
 Believe not that, said the serpent,
 Eat you of it, incontinent
 Repleat you shall be with science,
 And have perfect intelligence,
 Like God himself, of evil and good,
 Then hastily, for to conclude,
 Hearing of this prerogative,
 She pulled down the fruit belive,
 Through counsel of this false serpent:
 And ate of this incontinent
 And put her husband in believe,
 That pleasant fruit if he would prove
 That he should be as sapient,
 As the great God Omnipotent.
 Think you not that a pleasant thing;
 That we like God should ever reign?
 He hearing this narration,
 And by her sollicitation,
 Moved by pidesul ambition,
 He ate on that condition,
 The principal points of this offence,
 Was pride, and inobedience:
 Desiring for to be equal
 To God the Creator of all.
 Alas, Adam, why didst thou so?
 Why causedst thou this mortal wo?
 Hadst thou been constant, firm & stable
 Thy glory had been incomparable.
 Where was thy consideration,
 Who hadst the domination
 Of every living creature,
 That God hath formed by nature;
 To use them at thy own devise?
 Alas thou not Prince of Paradise?
 Was never man, since thou on live,

That

That God gave such prerogative
 He gave thee strength above Sampson,
 And sapience more then Solomon,
 Young Absolon in his time most faire,
 To thy beauty was no compare.
 Aristotle thou didst pierce,
 Into philosophie natural,
 Virgil into his Poetrie,
 No: Cicero in his oratory,
 Were never half so eloquent.
 Why brake thou Gods commandement?
 Where was thy wit that thou wouldst not see
 Far from the presence of that tree?
 Gave not thy Father thee free will,
 To take the good, and leave the ill?
 How might thy fault be excused,
 That Gods commandement refused,
 Through thy wifes persuasion,
 Which hath been the occasion?
 Since that time many noble-men,
 By the evil counsel of women,
 Have altogether destroyed been,
 As in the history may be seen,
 Which now we need not to declave;
 But to our purpose let us ave.
 When they had eaten of the fruit,
 Of joy they were then destitute:
 Then gan they both for to think shame,
 And to be naked through defame,
 And made them breeks of leaves green,
 That their secrets should not be seen:
 But in the estate of innocence
 They had no such experience:
 But when to sin they were subiected,
 To shame and sin they were covered.
 And in a bush they did them close,
 Ashamed of the Lord his voice:
 Which called Adam by his name,
 Said he: my Lord, I think great shame
 Naked to come in thy presence,
 Thou hadst no such experience.

Of the Monarchie.

Said God, when thou wast innocent :
Why brake thou my commandment :
Said Adam to the Lord,
The verity I shall record :
This woman that thou gave to me,
Caused me eat of yon pleasant tree.
Right so the woman her excused,
And said, the serpent me abused.
Then to the serpent, God said thus ;
Thou Deceiver venomous
Because the woman thou beguiled
From henceforth shalt thou be exiled :
Cursed and wearied shalt thou be,
So shall thy seed be after thee.
Cold earth shall be thy food also,
And creeping on thy breast shalt go :
And I shall put enmity
Between the woman ever and thee.
Between thy seed and woman seed,
Shall be continual mortal feud :
Howbeit thou hast wrought their mischiefes,
It shall not be as thou believest :
Such seed shall be in woman sown,
That thy power shall be down throned,
Treading thine head that thou mayest feel,
And thou shalt tread him on the heel.
This was his promise and meaning,
That the immaculat Virgin
Should bear the Prince omnipotent,
Which should tread down the false serpent.
Satan and all his company,
And them confound all utterly.
C. Said I : If Satan prince of hell,
Spake in the serpent, as ye tell,
And beasts can no way sin at all,
Why was the serpent made so thial ?
What men say before that hour,
The serpent had a faire figure,
And went up straight upon his feet,
And had his members all compleat,
As other beasts upon the bent.

Said he, for he was instrument
 To Iatan in his miserie,
 Punisht he was, as you may see,
 As by experience thou mayest know,
 Crappels into the common law:
 A man convict of buggerie,
 The head is burnt as well as he,
 Whatbest the head be innocent:
 And so befell of this serpent.
 It was the fiend full of despise,
 Of Adams fall which had the witte,
 As he hath of many mo:
 But to our purpose let us go.
 Then to the woman for her offence,
 God did pronounce this sore sentence:
 All pleasure that thou hadst beforenow,
 Shall changed be in lasting sorow.
 Where thou shouldst be with mirth and joy,
 Have doyn thy birth without annoy:
 Now all thy children thou shalt bear
 With dollour and continual care.
 And thou shalt be, for ought thou can,
 Ever subiect unto the man.
 By this sentence God did conclude,
 Woman from liberty denude:
 When by experience you may see
 How Queens of most high degree,
 Are under most subiection.
 And suffers most correction.
 For they like birds into a cage,
 Are kepted ay under thirlage.
 So all women in their degree,
 Should to their men subiected be:
 Howbest some wilt strive for state,
 And for the Patery make debate,
 Which if they lack both even and morenow,
 Their men shall suffer meekle sorow:
 Of Eve they take that quality,
 To desire soveraignty.
 And then to Adam said the Lord:
 Because that thou hast done accord

Thy will, and hearkened to thy will,
 Now shalt thou lose this pleasant life :
 Thou wast to her obedient,
 But thou break my commandement :
 Cursed and barren the earth shall be,
 whererever thou goest, till that thou die :
 But thistle, nettle, brier and thorn,
 without labour shall bear no corn :
 For food thou gettest none other bield,
 But eat the herbs upon the field :
 Sweate labouring till thy browes sweat :
 From henceforth shalt thou win thy meat.
 I made thee of the earth certain,
 And thou to earth shalt turn again.

Then made he them abullement
 Of skins and ragged rayment,
 Them to preserve from heat and cold :
 Then grew their dolor manifold.
 Now Adam, ye are like to us,
 With your gay garment glorious.
 To them these words said the Lord.
 Then cryed they both : Mercicord.
 When from that earth with hearts sore
 Vanisht they were for evermore,
 Into this wretched vale of sorow,
 With dayly labor even and more.
 After whole dolorous departing,
 The Lord gave Paradise in keeping,
 Into the Angel Cherubin.
 That none should have entry therein :
 At the which entry he did stand,
 With flaming fiery sword in hand,
 To keep that Adam and his wife
 Should not taste of the tree of Life :
 For if they of the tree had preeved,
 Perpetually they might have lived.
 Adam, and his succession,
 Of Paradise lost possession,
 And by his sin original,
 Here men of misery made thial.

Thy son, now mayst thou clearly see, B : This

This world began with miserie :
 Which miserie it doth proceed,
 Whose end shall dolour be and dread.

C. Father said I, what kind of life
 Led Adam with his lusty wife,
 After his banisful banishing?

C. said he, continual lamenting.
 Mine heart hath yet compassion,
 How they went wandering up and down,
 Weeping with many loud, apace,
 That they had lost that pleasant place,
 In wilderness to be exil'd,
 Where they found nought but bratts wild,
 Denancing them for to devour,
 Which all obedient were before.

C. Father, said I, in what countrie
 Did Adam live after that he
 Was banished from that delite?

C. The Clerks, said he, have put in write
 How Adam dwelt with meekle bail,
 In Parady, in that lusty bail,
 Which after was the Jewish land,
 Where yet his sepulchre doth stand.

I will not tarry to describe

The two of Adam and his wife,
 Nor how that they had sons two,
 Cain and Abel, and no mo:

Nor how curst Cain for envy,
 Did slay his brother cruelly:
 Nor of their mourning, nor of their moan,
 When they soules were left alone,
 Abel lay slain upon the ground:

Curst Cain begm'd a vagabound:
 Nor how God of his special grace,
 Sent them the third son sale of face,
 Most like Adam of flesh and blood,
 Seth was his name, gracious and good,
 And how blind Lamech racklesly
 Did slay Cain unhappily.

Adam, as Clerks do describe,
 Begate with Eve his woeful wife,

Of the Monarchie.

Of men children, thirty and two;
And of daughters alike all;
By this thou mayst well understand,
That Adam late marry a thousand,
That of his body did descend,
Ere he out of the world did bend,
Adam lived in earth but three,
Compleat nine hundred and thirty year;
And all his dayes were but sorrow,
Rememb'ring both even and morrow,
Of Paratise the prosperitie;
And then of his great misery;
His heart might never be rejoyc'd,
Rememb'ring how the heavens were clos'd
From him and his succession,
And that by his transgression.

After his death, as I heard tell,
His soul descended to the hell
And there remained prisoner
In that dungeon three thousand year
And more. So did both evil and good,
Till Christ for them had shed his blood:
Then by that most precious ransom,
They were deliver'd out of prison.
I have declared now as I can,
The misery of the first man.

This was an
Foul and pi-
nion holden at
that time,

How GOD destroyed all living creatures in
earth for sin, and drowned them by a ter-
rible flood, in the time of Noe.

P Rudent Father, Experience.

Declare to me ere you go hence,
What was the cause God did destroy
All creatures in the time of Noe?

C. said he, I tremble for to tell.

That infortune how it befell:

The cause been so abominable,

And the matter so miserable.

But for to show the circe instance

Manifestly of that mischance:

First I must make thee understand,

How

How Adam gave expresse command
 To these two were of Seths blood
 Because they were gracious and good,
 Should not contract with Rains kin,
 Which were inclined all to sin.
 To observe that commandement,
 Raim past to the Desert,
 With his wife called Galmara,
 Which was his own sister alwa:
 Where his offspring did long remain,
 Near by the mountain of Carbane.
 And Seth did long time lead his life
 With Delboza his prudent wife,
 Which was his sister good and fair,
 In Damascene made their repair.
 In that Countrey of Seths clan,
 Descended many a holy man.
 So long as Adam was livand,
 The people did observe command:
 When he was dead, and laid in ground,
 The people greatly did abound:
 And Raim Raim, as I have shewn:
 And Seths dayes all over-blown.
 The sons then of Seths blood,
 Seeing the pleasant pulchritude
 Of the Ladies of Rains kin,
 Howbeit they knew well it was sin,
 Oppress with sensual lusts rage,
 Did take them into marriage:
 And so corrupted was that blood:
 The good with evil, and evil with good,
 Then as the people did increase,
 They did abound in wickedness,
 As holy scripture both rehearse,
 Which I abhor to put in verse,
 Or tell with tongue. I am not able,
 The sooth been so abominable,
 How men and women shamefully
 Abuse themselves unnaturally:
 Whose foul abomination,
 And filthy fornication,

I think great shame to put in write,
 Even as Paul wrote both indite.
 And if I would at length declare;
 It were enough to fill the air,
 Great Clerks of antiquities,
 Have written many true histories.
 Which are worthy to be commended
 Notwithstanding they be not comprehended
 At length in the Divine Scripture:
 But I shall do my best cure,
 To take the best, as I suppose,
 That most pertains to my purpose:
 And with support of Christ our King.
 I purpose to confirm nothing
 Of the old Historians,
 Contrarious to his Excellence:
 Notwithstanding mens traditions
 Be contrary Christs institutions
 Of them though something I declare,
 Now let us proceed farther mate:
 And with a language lamentable,
 Declare this matter miserable.

C. Father, the causes would I know,
 Why they of nature brake the Law?

C. I trust, said he, that wickedness
 Entered through sloathfull idleness,
 The devil teach all the craft he can,
 When he perceives an idle man;
 O woman, given to idleness,
 He getteth easily entres:
 And so by this occasion,
 And the devils persuasion,
 The whole world universally,
 Corrupted was all utterly.

C. What was the cause they idle were,
 That cause, said I, to me declare?

C. said he, By mine imagination,
 For lack of verminous occupation:
 For of crafts they had small usage,
 Of merchandise, or labourage:
 The earth was then so plenteous

Of fruit and spice delicious :
 The herbs were so comfortable,
 Delightful and medicinable :
 The fountains fresh and renowell,
 To laboring they took little sent,
 All manner of beasts for their pleasure,
 Did multiply without labour.
 The time between Adam and Noe,
 To see the earth it was great joy,
 Planted with precious trees of spice :
 Four famous floods of Paradise,
 Ran through the earth in sundry parts,
 Spreading their branches far all airts;
 The water was so strong and fine.
 They would not labour to find wine.
 The fruit and herbs were so good,
 They made no care for other food :
 And so the people took no cure,
 But pass the time at their pleasure.
 By finding new inventions,
 To fulfil their intentions :
 And so the Lord Omnipotent,
 That he made man did him repent :
 And shew unto his servant Noe,
 That he would all the world destroy.
 Except himself, and his menzle.
 Alas, said Noe, when shall that be ?
 Then said the Lord : Sith that thou speakest,
 I shall prolong six score of years
 Carrying upon their repentance,
 Ere I fulfil my iudgement :
 In the mean time call thou to work
 Incontinent, and build an Ark :
 Which Noe began obediently
 And wrought on it continually.
 And to the people daily preached,
 To cry for grace he to them reached :
 And to them plainly did declare,
 That God his rod no more would spare,
 But on them he would work vengeance.

Of the Monarchie.

33

To Not yet gave they no credence,
And so they were inconstable,
Using their lust abominable:
And took his preaching in despite
By following their foul desire,
More and more to that dolefull day,
Which all the world put in a fray.

C. Father, you made me understand,
When Adam brake the Lords command;
To augement his affliction,
God gave his malediction
Unto the earth which was so faire,
That it should barren be and bare,
And without labour bear no corn,
Nor fruit, but thistle, brier and thorn.
Now say you in the time of Noe,
To see the earth it was great joy
Planted with fruits good and faire,
The sooth of this to me declaire.

These sayings two make me consider,
How you make them agree together?

C. God made his promise sickely,
Howbeit it came not instantly,
Said he as Clerks do conclude:
But after when the furious flood
Destroy'd the earth all utterly,
Then came that promise sickely,
Even as God did give command,
Adam should not touch with his hand,
Nor eat of the forbidden tree;
If he did so that he should die,
Howbeit he died not but twere
After that day nine hundred year.

Right so the Prophet Esayas,
Speaking of Christ the great Messias
Saying: the child is to be born,
To save mankind that is forlorn:
If he had been born instantly,
Yet was he not born verily,
After that saying many a year,
As in the scripture thou mayst hear.

B; A

A thousand year, who reckons right;
 Is as an hour into Gods sight.
 Examples many I might tell,
 Where it not tedious for to dwell.

To our purpose let us proceed,
 Shewing the hight, the length and breed,
 And quantity of Noahs Ark,
 Which was a right excellent mark,
 Of pyne-tree made, bound well about,
 Laid over with pick within and out
 Joyned full close with nails strong,
 And was three hundred cubits long:
 Fifty in breed, thirty in hight:
 Three chambers joyned well and twaight,
 And every loft above another,
 Without an anker, oar, or ruther.
 A right cubit, as I hear tell,
 Of measure now might be an ell,
 In the mid-side a doo: there was,
 For beasts a full easie entres.
 This Ark which was both long and large;
 Made in the bottom like a barge,
 Covered with broodg well above,
 Like a house set on a roove,
 Whose rigging was one cubit breed,
 Wherein there was a window made:
 Some sayes, well closed with crystal clear,
 Where through the day-light might appear,
 This work the more was to be praised,
 Because by God it was devised.
 The making of this Ark but twear,
 Indured well an hundred year,
 When Noe had ended this work,
 God did him close within the Ark,
 With his wife and sons three,
 With their wives, and no more menz.
 Of all fowls of the air,
 Of every kind entred a pair:
 Right so two beasts of every kind:
 For why? It was the Lords mind,
 That generation should not fail:

Wherefore of female and of male,
Of every kind were keepe'd two.
But to rebe arse mine heart is too,
The dolent lamentation,
That time of every Nation,
Saying, Alace, a thousand yse,
When wind and rain began to rise.
The rocks which ried began to rive,
The ugly clouds did over-drive.
And darkned so the heavens bright,
That Sun and Moon might show no light:
That terrible trembling of earth quake,
Made buildings bowe, and Cities shake.
The Thunder rent the clouds asle,
With fearful noise inevitable.
The fire slaughts flew over though the fells,
Then was there not but howls and yells,
When they perceived without remed,
All creatures for to suffer dead.
All fountains from the earth up sprang,
And from the heaven the rain down dang,
Forty dayes, and forty nights:
Then ran the people to the heights:
Some climbs on hills, some climbs on trees,
Some to the highest mountains fies,
With more terror then I can tell;
But all for nought, the floods down fell,
And wind & id rore with such a reard,
That every wight wearied his weard,
Crying: Alace, that they were born,
Into the flood to be forlorn.
Men might not make moan to their wives,
Nor yet support the childrens lives.
The floods ralle up with such great might,
That over covered all the heights:
They might no more their lives length:
But swim'd so long as thy had strength:
And so with cryes lamentable,
Ended their lives miserable.
Above mountains that were most hie,
Fifty cubits did ralle the sea:

The first Book

When may imagine in their mind,
 All creatures in their kind;
 Both beasts and fowls of the air,
 In their manner made meekly care:
 The fishes thought themselves beguill'd,
 When they swim'm'd through the woods wild.
 The whales fumbling amongst the trees,
 Wild beasts swimming in the seas:
 Birds with many a piteous peto,
 Afraidly in the air they feto,
 So long as they had strength to flee,
 Then swattered down into the sea.
 Nothing on earth was left on life,
 Beasts, nor fowls, man nor wife:
 For wholly God did them destroy,
 Except them in the Ark with joy:
 The which lay floating in the flood,
 Waltring amongst the Ocean wood,
 With many terrible affrayes
 Remained an hundred and fifty dayes,
 In great languor and heaviness,
 The wind or rain began to cease.
 Sometimes earnestly praying.
 Sometimes the beasts belying:
 For by the Lords commandement,
 He made provision sufficient.
 For Noe dwelt in the Ark, no doubt,
 A year compleat ere he came out,
 How at more length in holy writte,
 This doleful history been indite.
 And how that Noe gan to reioice,
 When conduits of the heavens did close,
 So that the rain no more descended,
 Nor yet the floods no more ascended:
 When he perceived the heavens clear,
 He sent a raven forth messenger,
 Into the air for to espy,
 If he saw any mountains dry:
 Some sayes the raven did forth remain,
 And came not to the Ark again.
 Forth flew the dove at Noes command:

And when he did perceiue dry land,
 Of an Olive he brake a branch,
 That Noe might knowe the Flood did hanch:
 And there no more he did sojourn,
 But with the branch he did return,
 That Noe might clearly vnderstand,
 That fellow Flood was decreasand.
 And so it did, till at the last,
 The Ark upon the ground staid fast,
 On the top of a mountain hie,
 Into the land of Armentie.
 And when Noe had done espy.

How that the earth began to dry,
 Then shew he down the doore all,
 And loosed them the which were thral.
 The fowls flete forth into the air.
 And all the beasts by pair and pair,
 Past forth to seek their pasturages,
 There were none but eight personages,
 Noe, his three sons, and their wives,
 On earth that was left with their liues,
 Whom God did blest and sanctifie,
 Saying: Increase, and multiplie.
 God tooke it Noe was blyth and galy,
 When of that prison he was freed.

When Noe had made his sacrifice,
 Thanking God of his benefice.
 He standing on Mount Armentie,
 Where he the Countrey might espy:
 He may belike his heart was sore,
 Seeing the earth which was before
 The flood, so pleasant and perfite,
 Which to behold was great delite,
 That now was barren made and bare,
 Before which fructuous was and faire:
 The pleasant trees bearing fruits,
 Were lying pull'd up by the roots,
 The wholesome herbs, and fragrant flowers,
 Had lost both vertue and colours.
 The fields green, and flowerist meads,
 Were spoiled of their pleasant weeds.

The

The earth which first was so faire formed;
 Was by the furious flood deformed.
 Where sometime were the pleasant plants,
 Were steepy robes and high mountains:
 From sounding rocks great and gay,
 The earth washen clean away.

But Noe had greatest displeasures,
 Beholding the dead creatures.
 Which was a sight lamentable:
 When women, beasts innumerable,
 Seeing them lying upon the lands,
 And some were floating upon the strands::
 Whales and monsters of the seas,
 Sticked and stabbd amongst the trees
 And where the flood was decreasand,
 They were left waltering on the land.

Before the flood during that space,
 The sea was all into one place:
 Right so the earth, as been decreed,
 In sundry parts was not divided,
 As been Europa and Asia,
 Divided ay from Africa.
 You see now diverse famous Isles;
 Standing from land right many miles;
 All these great Isles I understand,
 Were then equal with the firm land,
 There was no sea Mediterran,
 But only the great Ocean,
 Which did not spread such hurling strands;
 As it doth now over through the lands.
 Then by the raging of that flood,
 The earth from vertue was denyd,
 The which before was to be praised,
 Whose beauty then was disagutted:
 Then was the malediction known,
 Which was by God to Adam shewn.
 I hear now Clerks do conclude,
 Induring that most furious flood,
 With which the earth was sore oppressd,
 The wind blew south of the south west,
 As may be seen by experience,

How thought the waters violence,
 The high mountains on every side,
 Are bare forerent the south west part;
 As the mountains of Pirenees,
 The Alpes, and rocks in the seas:
 Right so the rocks great and gay,
 Which standeth into Norway:
 The highest hills in every side,
 And in Scotland, for the most part:
 Though watering of that furious Flood,
 The hills of earth were made dennd,
 Travelling men may consider best,
 The mountains bare nere the south west.

C. Declare, said I, ere you conclude,
 How long Noe was after the Flood:

C. Said he: In Genesis thou mayest here
 How that Noe was six hundred year.

The time of this great punishment,
 And ay to God obedient:

And was the bed of Seths blood:

And more he lived after the Flood,

Three hundred and fifty years,

As holy Scripture witness bears:

And was ere he rendred his spile,

Nine hundred and fifty years compleat.

To show this Noe miserable.

At length, my toils are not able.

And more, my son, as I suppose,

It belongs not to our purpose,

To show how Noes sons three

Can to increase and multiplie.

Noe how Noe planted the vine.

And drank till he was drunken sine.

And slept with his members bare.

And how Chem made for him no care

But laughd to see his father so.

How best his brethren were right too.

Noe how Noe but refection,

Gave Cham his malediction,

And put him under servitude.

Lo Shem and Yaphet that were good,
 For how God made a covenant
 With Noe, to make no punishment;
 For by the Flood no people dyed;
 In sign of that condition,
 His raine-bow set into the air,
 Of diverse heavenly colors fair,
 For to be a perpetual sign,
 By Flood to send no punishing,
 This history if thou wilt to know,
 At length the Bible shal thee show.

THE SECOND BOOK.

Containing the building of *Babylon* by *Nimrod*: and how King *Ninus* began the first Monarchy of their idolatry: and how *Semiramis* governed the Empire after her husband King *Ninus*.

Father, I pray you to me tell,
 The first infortune that befell,
 Immediately after the Flood:
 And who did first shed guileless blood,
 And how Idolatry began?

C. Said he: I shal do as I can:
 After the Flood, I find no boy
 Worthy to be put in memory,
 Till Nimrod did begin to reign,
 Above the people as a king;
 Which was the principal man of one,
 That builder was of Babylon.

C. That boy, Father, would I know,
 That thou to me the truth wouldst show,
 Why, and for what occasion

They builded such a strong Dungeon?

C. Then said to me Experience,
 I shal declare with diligence,
 These questions at thy command:
 But first, son, thou must understand
 Of Nimrod the genealogy.

Of the Monarchie.

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his strength, courage, and quantity;
Hobbeitt Poles in his first booke,
That boy lightly doth over-look:
Of him no more he hath declared,
Except he was a strong hunter,
But other Clerks curious.

As Diode, and doth Josephus,
Describes Nimrod at more length,
Both of his stature, and his strength,

This Nimrod was the fourth person,
From Noe by line descending down.
Noe begat Cham, Cham begat Chus,
And Chus, Nimrod the fourth been thus.

Thus Nimrod a man of might.
That time on earth was none so might:
He was a Gyant stout and strong
Therefore wild beasts he doth throng.
The people of that region,
Came under his Dominion.

No man there was in all that land,
His stalwardness that durd gainstand:
No marvel was though he was might
Ten cubits large he was of height,
Proportionate of length and bread.
Conform unto his height, we read.
He grew so great and glorious,
So prideful and presumptuous
That he came disobedient,
To the great God Omnipotent.

This Nimrod was the principal man
That first Idolatry began,
Then caus'd he all the people call
To his presence both great and small,
And in that great convention,
Did propound his intention:
My friends, said he, I make it known,
The great vengeance that God hath shewn
Upon our fore-father Noe,
When he did all the world destroy,
And drowned them in furious Flood:
Wherefore I think we should conclude,

Hobbs

How we should make a strong defence
 Against the waters violence,
 For to resist his furious ire,
 Contrary both to flood and fire:
 Let us go spy some pleasant field,
 Where a strong building we may build,
 A City with a strong Dungeon,
 That none engine may beat it down;
 So high, so thick, so large, so long
 That God to us shall do no wrong.
 It shall surmount the Planets seven,
 That we from God may win β heaven.
 These people with a firm intent,
 All to his counsel did consent,
 And did espy a pleasant place,
 Hard on the flood of Euphrates,
 The people then did there repair,
 Into the plain field Shinar,
 Which now of Chaldie bears the name,
 Which did so long time flow with same.
 That great fortress then did they found,
 And searcht it till they found sure ground,
 And fell to work both man and child,
 Some found out clay, some burnt the tyld.
 Nimrod that curious Champion,
 Deviser was of that Dungeon:
 Nothing they spared their labours,
 Like busie bees upon the flowers,
 Or emmets travelling into June
 Some under wrought, & some above,
 With strong and ingenious masonry,
 Upward that work did fortifie
 With burnt tyle-bones, large and wight,
 That tower they raised to such hight,
 Above the aers region.
 And joynd of strong fashion,
 With ciment made of pick and tar,
 They used none other mortar,
 Though fire and water assailed,
 Contrare that Dungeon nought availed.

the land about was fair and plain,
 And it rose like an high mountain.
 These foolish people did intend,
 That to the heavens it should ascend.
 So great a strength was never seen
 Into the world with mens eien:
 And the walls of that work they made
 Two and fifty fathom hieed:

One of them, as some men sayes
 Might be two fathoms in our dayes.
 On man was then of more stature,
 Then two are now, of that be sure.

Josephus holds opinion
 Saying the hight of that bungen,
 Of large paces of measure been,
 Five thousand eightscore and fourteen
 By this reckoning it is full right,
 Five miles and an half of hight.
 A thousand pace take for a mile,
 And thou shalt find it near that stile:
 This tower in compass round about,
 Sixe miles ten withouten doubt.

About the city of Babels
 Four hundredeth and fourscore I tolde.
 And by the number of compass,
 About threescore of miles it was.
 And as Diosius reports,

There was fivescore of brassen portes.

This translatour of Diosius,
 Into his Chronicle writes thus,
 That when the Sun is at the hight,
 At noon when it doth shine most bright,
 The shadow of that hideous strength,
 Six miles and more it was of length.
 Thus may you iudge into your thought,
 If Babylon be high or nought.

How God made the diversify of languages, &
 made impediment to the building of Babylon.
 Then the great God Omnipotent,

To whom all things been present,
 That was, and is, and ever shall be,
 Are present to his Majesty.
 The very secrets of mans heart,
 From his presence may not depart:
 He seeing the ambition,
 And the proud presumptuous,
 How these proud people did pretend,
 Up through the heavens to ascend,
 Which was great folly to devise
 Such a presumptuous enterprize:
 For when they were most diligent,
 God made them such impediment,
 They were constrained with heart sore,
 From thence to go and durst no more.
 Such languages on them he laid,
 That none knew what another said.
 Where was but one language before,
 God sent them languages threescore.
 At that time all did speak Hebrew.
 Then some began for to speak Greek:
 Some did speak Dutch, some Sarasin,
 And some began to speak Latine:
 The Father-men were almost wits,
 Crying for trees, they brought them tith.
 Some said, bring moxer here at once,
 Then brought they to them flocks and fowls.
 Then Nimrod their great Champion,
 Ran raging like a wild lyon,
 Menasing them with words most rude,
 But never a word they understood.
 Before they found him good and kind,
 But then they thought him by his mind,
 When he so furiously did speere,
 When turn'd his pride into despire.
 Full dark eclipsed was his gloze.
 When they would look for him no more,
 Behold how God was gracious
 To them that was outrageous:
 He neither brake their legs nor arms,
 Nor did to them no other harms,

Of the Monarchie

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Except of tongues division :
And for a final conclusion,
Constrained they were for to depart,
Each company in sundry sort,
Some pass into the Orient,
And some into the Decident.
Some south, some north, as they thought best,
And so their policy left waste,
But how that City was repaired,
Hereafter it shall be declared.

Of the first invention of Idolatrie: How
Nimrod compelled the people to adore
the fire in *Chaldea*.

NOw, sir, said I, shew me the man,
which first Idolatry began.

C. That shall I do with all mine heart,
My Son said he, ere we depart.
When *Nimrod* saw his purpose failed,
And his great labors naught availed,
In manner of contemption,
Departed forth of that region :
And as *Prophet* doth rehearse,
He pass into the land of *Berke*,
And many a year did there remain,
And then to *Babylon* came again,
And found huge people of *Chalde*
Remaining in that great City,
That was glad of his returning,
And did obey him as their King.
Nimrod his name for to advance,
Among them made new ordinance
Saying : I think you are not wise,
That to no God make sacrifice,
Then to fulfil his false desire.
He caus'd he made a flaming fire,
And made it of such bread and light,
He caus'd it burn both day and night :
Then all the people of that land,
Ador'd the fire at his command,
Prostrate on knees and on faces,

Br

Describing their new God of graces,
 To give them more occasion,
 He made them great persuasion:
 This God, said he, is most of might,
 Holding his beams on the night:
 When sun and moon are both obscure,
 His heavenly brightness doth endure.
 When mens members suffer cold,
 Fire warmeth them even as they would.
 Then cry'd the people at his desire,
 There is no God, except the fire,

Ere there was any Imagery,
 Began this first Idolatry:
 At that time there was no usage
 To carve, or for to paint Image:
 Then made he proclamation,
 Who made not adoration
 To that new God, without remead,
 Into that fire should suffer dead.
 I find no man into that land,
 His tyranny that durst gainstand,
 But Abram and Aram his brother
 That disobey'd I find none other,
 Which dwelling was in that countrie,
 With their father, called tharie.
 These brethren Nimrod did reprove
 Saying to him: Lord, by your leave,
 This fire is but an element,
 Pray you to God Omnipotent,
 Which made the heaven by his might,
 Sun, Moon and stars for to give light:
 He made the fishes in the seas,
 The earth with beasts, herbs and trees:
 And last of all, for to conclude,
 He made man to his similitude.
 To that great God give praise and gloze,
 Whose reign endures for evermore.
 When Nimrod in his furious ire,
 These brethren both cast in the fire:
 Abram by God he was preserved,
 But Aram in the fire was served.

When Thary heard his son was dead,
 He did depart out of that dead,
 Which Abiam, Nachor, and their wives,
 As the Scripture at length describes,
 And left the land of Chaldea,
 And past to Mesopotamia,
 And dwelt in Charan all his dayes,
 And died there, as the story says.
 The life of Abiam, as I suppose,
 Nothing belongs to our purpose.
 Into the Bible thou mayst read
 His vertuous life, word and deed.
 Now have I shewn thee the man
 That first Idolatry began.

Of the great misery and skaich that cometh of
 war, and how King Ninus began the first
 Wars, and strake the first Battell.

Father, I pray you with mine heart,
 Declare to me ere we depart,
 Who first began these mortal wars,
 Which every faithful heart so shars,
 And every policy down thraws,
 Express against the Lords laws,
 Since Christ our King Omnipotent,
 Left peace into his testament:
 How doth proceed this cruelty,
 Against justice and equity?
 In land where ever war hath been,
 Great misery there may be seen:
 All things on earth that God hath wrought,
 Wars do destroy and bring to nought.
 Cities with many strong dungeon.
 Are burnt, and to the earth thrown down.
 Virgins and matrons are deflowed,
 Temples that richly were decorated,
 Are burnt, and all their vessels spoiled:
 Poor orphans under feet foyled;
 Many old men made childrenless,
 And many children fatherless.
 Of famous schools the doctrine,

Both

The second Book

Both natural science and divine,
And every vertue troden down,
No reverence done to Religion.
Strengths destroyed all utterly,
Fair Ladies forced shamefully:
Young widows spoyled of their spouses,
Poor laborers driven from their houses.
There dare no merchant take in hand
To travel either by sea or land,
For butchers that do them confound,
Some murdered been, and some are down'd
And crafts-men of good engine,
Are altogether brought to ruine:
The bestial rest, the commons slain
The land without laboring both remain.
Of policy the perfect works
Buildings, gardens, pleasant parks,
Have altogether destroyed been.
Great granges burnt there may be seen:
Riches is turn'd to poverty,
And plenty into penny.
Death, hunger, dearth, it is well kend,
Of war this is the fatal end.
Justice turned into tyranny,
All pleasure in adversity.
The wars all utterly down thraws,
Both the civil and common laws.
War genders murder and mischief,
Sore lamenting without relief.
Wars do destroy Realms and Kings:
Great Princes war to prison bring.
War both shed meeke gullets blood,
Since I can say of wars no good.
Declare to me, Sir, if ye can,
Who first this misery began.

A short description of the four Monarchies:
And how King Nimus began his Monarchy.
Of war, said he, the great outrage,
Began into the second age,
By cruel, prideful, covetous Kings:

Readers

Reavers but right of others reigns :
 Howbeit Cain before the flood,
 Was first Hedder of guiltles blood.
 Adam was first and principal man,
 Which sinifrous conquest began :
 And was the man withoutten fall,
 In earth which brake the first battle,
 And first indented Imagery,
 Wherethrough came Idolatry,

Woe must know ere we further wend
 Of whom King Adam did descend.
 Adam, if I can right define,
 He was from Noe the fifth by line.
 Noe begat Cham Cham begat Ebus,
 And Ebus Nimrod, and Nimrod Belus,
 And Belus Adam but lesling,
 Of Assyria the second King,
 And builder of that great City,
 The which is called Ninivy :
 And was the first and principal man,
 Which the first Monarchie began.

C. Father, said he, declare to me,
 What signifies a Monarchie ?

C. The sooth, said he, son if thou know,
 Monarchie is a term of Greke,
 Is when a province principal,
 Had whole power imperial,
 During their dominations,
 Above all Kings and nations.

A Monarchie that men do call,
 Of whom I find four principal,
 Which hath reign'd since the world began,

C. Then said I, Father, if you can,
 Which four are they ? Show me, I pray you.

C. My son, said he, that shall I show you.
 First, reigned the King of Assyrians :
 Secondly, reigned the King of Persians :
 The Greeks thirdly, with sword and fire,
 Perforce obtained the third Empire :
 The fourth Monarchy, as I hear,
 The Romans keep'd many a year. C. Let

Let us speak of Ninus King,
 How he began his conquering,
 The old Greek historian
 Diodorus, he writes plain,
 At right great length of Ninus King,
 Of his Empire and conquering.
 And of Semiramis his wife,
 That time she lusted on life.
 It were to long time to put in write,
 Which Diodore hath indite:
 But I shall shew, as I suppose,
 Which most belongs to our purpose.
 When Nimrod Prince of Babylon,
 Out of this wretched world was gone,
 And his son Belus dead also,
 The first King of Assyria:
 This Ninus which was second King,
 Triumphantly began to reign,
 And was not pleased nor content
 Of his own region nor rent:
 Thinking his glory for to advance,
 By his great people and puissance,
 Through pride, covetise and vain glory,
 Did him prepare to conquest more,
 And gathered forth a great army
 To contrare Babylon and Chalby.
 Wherefore he had ardent desire
 To ioyn that land to his Empire,
 Whoebeit he had thereto no right,
 But by his tyranny and might,
 Withoughten fear of God or man,
 His conquering he thus began.

His people being in array
 To Caldea took his ready way,
 When that the Babylonians,
 Together with the Caldeans,
 Heard tell King Ninus was come and,
 Made proclamation through the land,
 That each man after his degree,
 Should come and save his own country,
 Though that they had no use of war,

Of the Monarchie.

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without all fear they pass forward,
and put themselves in good order,
to meet King Ninus on the border.
In that time ye may understand
there was no harness in the land,
For to defend, or yet invade,
whereby more slaughter there was made,
they fought through strength of bodies
with gads of iron, with stones, and trees,
with sound of hoyn, and hideous cry,
they rushed together right rudely,
with hardy heart and strength of hands
till thousands lay dead on the lands.
where men in battel naked been,
Great slaughter soon there may be seen,
they fought so long and cruelly,
and with uncertain victory:

No man might judge that stood on far,
who got the better of the war.

But when it did approach the night,
the Chaldeans they took the flight:

then the King and his company
were right glad of the victory;

Because he won the first battel,
that stricken was on earth but fall.

and peaceable of that region,
Did take the whole dominion:

then was he King of Chaldea,
as well as of assyria

as for the King of arabie,

In this conquest made him supply:

Of this yet was he not content,

But to the Realm of Mede he went,

where Fernus King of that countrey

Did meet him with a great army,

But King Ninus the battel won,

where slain was many a noble man;

and to the King would give no grace,

But plainly in a publick place,

with his seven sons and his Ladie,

Cruelly did them crucifie.

Of that triumph he did reioice,
 Then forward to the field he goes :
 Then conquest he Armenia,
 Persie, Egypt, and Samphilla :
 Cappadoce, Lyde, and Duricane,
 Calpia, Phrygia, and Picane :
 All Africa, and Asia,
 Except great Inde and Bactria,
 Which he did conquest afterward,
 As you shal hear ere we depart.
 Now would I, ere we farther wend,
 That his Idolatry were kend :
 Then after that without sojourn,
 To our purpose we shal return.

How King *Ninus* invented the first Idolatry,
 or worshipping of Images.

NINUS an Image he caus'd make,
 For King *Belus* his fathers sake,
 Not like his father of figure,
 Of quantity and portraiture :
 Of fine gold was that figure made,
 A crafty Crown upon his head,
 With precious stones, in tokening
 His father *Belus* was a king.
 In *Babylon* he a Temple made
 Of crafty work, both hie and breed,
 Wherein that Image gloriously
 Was throned up triumphantly.
 Then *Ninus* gave a crafft command,
 To all the people of that land,
 As well into *Assyria*,
 As in *Shinar* and *Chaldea*,
 Under his domination,
 They should make adoration,
 Upon their knees to that figure,
 Under the pain of forfeiture.
 There was no Lord in all that land,
 His summoning that durst gainstand :
 The young and old, both great and smal,
 To that Image they prayed all :

And changed his name, as I heard tell,
 From Belus to the great God Bell.
 In that Temple he did dwell,
 That Priests should make their sacrifice :
 By that consent then came a Law,
 None other God that they would knato :
 Also he gave to that Image.
 Of sanctuary the priviledge :
 For whatsoever transgressor,
 An homicid, or oppressor,
 Seeing that Image in the face,
 Of their guilt got the kings grace.

C. Declare to me, sweet sir, said I,
 Was there no more Idolatry,
 After that this false Idol Bell
 Was thorned up as you me tell.

C. My son, said he, incontinent
 These novels through the world went.
 How King Minus, as I have said,
 A curious Image he had made,
 To the which all his Nation
 Made devout adoration :
 Then every Countrey took conceit
 They would King Minus counterfeitt :
 When any famous man was dead,
 Set up an Image in his stead.
 Which they did honour from the spleen :
 As it immortal God had been :
 Images some made for the noses,
 Of fine gold, of stocks and bones,
 Of silver some, and ivory bone,
 With diverse names to every one :
 For some they called Saturnus,
 Some Jupiter, some Neptuneus,
 And some they called Cupido,
 Their God of love, and some Pluto :
 They called some Mercurius,
 and some the windy Colus.
 Some Mars made like a man of war,
 Charmed well with sword and spear ;
 Some Bacchus, and some appollo,

Of names they had an hundred mo.

When any Ladie of great fame
was dead, for to exalt her name,
an Image for a portraiture,
was set up for an Orator:
the which they called their Goddesses,
as Venus, Juno and Pallas:
Some Ceres, Celia and Diana,
Some Elia, some Proserpina:
and some the great Goddess Minerva,
with curious colors they would carve,
among the Poets you may see,
Of false Gods the genealogie.

So that these abominations,
Did spread throughout all Nations:
except good Abram as we read,
who honored God in word and deed:

For abram had his beginning,
Into the time of Ninus King,
Ninus began with tyranny:
and abram with humility.

Ninus began the first empire,
abram of war had no desire.

Ninus began Idolatry,
abram in spirit and verity
He prayed to the Lord alone,
False Imagery he would have none:
Of him descended, I heard tell,
the twelve tribes of Israel.

these people made adoration,
with humble supplication,
to him who was of Kings king,
and heaven & earth made of nothing:
Dead Images they held at nought,
which were with mens hands wrought,
But the almighty God on live.

My son, now have I done describe.
these questions at thy command,
the which thou didst at me demand.

C. What was the cause, Sir, make me sure,
Idolatry did so long endure

Out through the world so generally,
and with the Gentils specially?

C. said he, some causes principal,
I find in my memorial:
First was through Princes commandment,
which did Idolatry invent:
then singular profit of the Priests,
Painters, gold smiths, masons, twilights,
these men of craft most full curiously,
Made Images so pleasantly,
and sold them for a sumptuous price:
So by their crafty merchandise,
they were made rich above measure:
as for the Priests. I thee assure,
they got profit into all lands,
through sacrifice and offerands:
and by their fained sanctitude,
abused many men of good.
He in the time of Daniel,
the Priest of that Idol Bell,
when Nebuchadonozor king,
In Babylon highly did reign.
the Priests the king made understand
that Image made with mens hand,
He was a glorious God of life,
and also had prerogative:
that by his great power divine,
would eat beef, mutton, bread and wine:
and so the king caus'd every day,
Before Bell on his altar lay,
Forty fat wedders fresh and fine,
and six great rubors of twight wine,
twelve great loaves of boulded flour,
which was all eaten in one hour:
Not by that Image deaf and dumb,
But by the Priests all and some,
as by the Bible thou mayest ken,
whose number was threescore and ten,
they and their wives every day,
ate all that on the altar lay.
then Daniel in conclusion.

Shew'd to the King their abusion:
 And of their craft he made him sure,
 How underneath the temple floor,
 Through a passage they came by night
 And ate that meat by candle light.
 The King when he the matter knew,
 The priests with all their wives he slew:
 Thus subtilly the King was wiled,
 And all the people were beguiled.
 My son, said he, now may thou ken,
 How by the Priests, and crafty men,
 And by their craftines and cure,
 Idolatry did long endure.

Behold how John Boccacius
 Hath written works wonderful,
 Of their superstition,
 And of their great abusion.
 And in this great book thou may'st see,
 Of the false Gods genealogie,
 Of Demogorgon in special,
 For grand lye to the Gods all,
 Honor'd among Arcadians.
 And of the false Philistians,
 With their great devilish God Dagon,
 With their Idols many one.
 But I abhor, the truth to tell,
 Of the Princes of Israel,
 Chosen by God Omnipotent,
 How they brake his commandment.
 King Solomon as the scripture says,
 He dotted in his latter dayes:
 His wanton will for to please,
 He car'd not God for to displease,
 And did commit Idolatry,
 Worshipping car'd Idollery,
 As Doeth God of Amonites,
 And Chemosh God of Moabites,
 Ashtaroeth God of Sidonians:
 So for his disobedience,
 And foul abomination,
 Was punisht his succession.

his Son Roboam, I heare tell,
 Los the ten tribes of Israel,
 For his fathers Idolatry,
 as in the Scripture thou mayst see.

Of Images used among Christian Men.

Father, yet one thing would I speer,
 Behold in every Church and Queer
 Through Christendoom in burgh and land,
 Images made with mens hand:
 To whom are given diuers names,
 Saint Peter, and Paul, some John, and James
 Some Peter carved with his keyes,
 Saint Michael with his wings and wayes,
 Saint Katherine with her sword and wheel,
 an hynd set up hard by saint Grel.
 It were o're long for to describe
 saint Francis with his wounds five.
 saint Crodwel eke there may be seen,
 Who in a prick had both her een.
 saint Paul well painted with a sword,
 as he would fight at the first word.
 saint appolin on altar stands,
 with all her teeth into her hands:
 saint Roch well sealed, men may see,
 a hyle new broken on his thie.
 saint Eloy he doth stately stand
 a new houle-shoe into his hand.
 saint Nintian of a rotten stock,
 saint Dutho bor'd out of a block.
 saint Andreu with cross in his hand
 saint George upon a horse riband.
 saint Antony set upon a sow,
 saint Eryde well carved with a holo.
 with costly colors fine and fair,
 thousand more I might declare.
 as saint colin, and saint Damian,
 the touter of saint crispinian.
 all these on altars stately stand,
 priests crying for their offerands;
 as to whom we bowe on our knees
 to worship all these Imageries,

In church or queer, or in the Cloister;
 Praying to them our Water-noster.
 In Pilgrimage from town to town.
 With offering and adoration,
 To them ay babling on our needs,
 That they may help us in our needs :
 What differs this, declare to me,
 From the Gentils Idolatrie ?

C. If that be true that thou reports,
 It goes right near the self same sopts:
 But we by counsel of Clergy,
 Have licence to make Imagery,
 Which of unlearned been the books,
 For when the Laicks on them looks,
 It brings them in remembrance,
 Of saints liues the circumstance :
 How the faith for to fortifie,
 They suffered pain right patiently.
 Seeing the Image on the rood,
 Men should remember on the blood
 Which Christ into his passion
 Did shed for our salvation.

W. Then thou seest the portraiture
 Of Mary Virgin pure,
 A pleasant babe upon her knee,
 Then in thy mind remember thee,
 The word which the Prophet said,
 How she should be both mother and maid,
 But who that sitteth on their knees,
 Praying to many Imageries,
 With oration and offerands.
 Kneeling with cup into their hands :
 No difference been. I say to thee,
 From the Gentils Idolatry.
 Right so of diuers Nations,
 I read th'abominations,
 How Greeks made their devotion hall.
 To Mars to save them in battel.
 To Jupiter some took their voyage,
 To save them from the soymy rage :
 Some prayed to Venus from the spleen :

Of the Monarchie.

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That they their lovers might obtain :
 And some to find for riches,
 Their pilgrimage they would address :
 So doth our common populace,
 Which were too long for to declare,
 Their superstitious pilgrimages
 To many diverse Images,
 Some to Saint Roch with diligence,
 To save them from the pestilence :
 For their teeth to Saint Appolline :
 To saint Crodwel to mend their eie;
 Some makes offerings to Saint Cloy,
 That he their horse might well convoy
 They run when they have iewels tint,
 To Saint Syeth ere ever they sint :
 And to Saint Germane to get remed
 For maledies into their head.
 They bring mad men on feet and horse,
 And binds them to Saint Bungo's cross;
 To Saint Barbara they cry full fast,
 To save them from the thunder blast,
 For good novels, as I heard tell,
 Some takes their way to Gabisel :
 Some wives Saint Margaret doth exhort
 Into their with them to support.
 To saint Anthon to save the sow,
 To Saint Bryde for calf and kow,
 To Saint Sebadin they run and rife,
 That from the shot he save their life,
 And some in hope to get their heal,
 Runs to the old rood of Kereal :
 Howbeit these people rude,
 Think their intention to be good,
 As be to Priests, I say, for me,
 Which should show them the verity,
 Priests which have of them the cure,
 Shall make answer therefore be sure,
 In the great day of judgement,
 Where no time is for to repent,
 Where manifest Idolatry
 Shall punisht be perpetually.

The second Book
An Exclamation against Idolatry.

I Wppudent people, ignorant, and blind,
By what reason, law, or authority;
Or what authentick Scripture can ye find,
Lawful for to commit Idolatry?
Which is to bow your body, or your knee,
With devott humble adoration,
To any Image made of stock or tree,
Giving to them offering or oblation.

Why do ye give the honour, laud or gloze,
Pertaining to God who made all things of nought
Who was, and is, and shall be evermore,
To Images by mens hands wrought?
O foolish folk! why have ye succour sought:
Of them that cannot help you in distress?
Yet reasonably revolve into your thought,
In stock or stone can be no holiness.

In the desert the people of Israel,
Moses remaining on the mount Sinai,
They made a molten Calf of fine metal.
Which they did honour as their God alway.
But when Moses descended, I heard say,
And did consider their Idolatry,
Of that people three thousand cause he say,
As the Scripture at length doth testifie.

Because the holy Prophet Daniel,
In Babylon Idolatry reproveth,
And would not worship their false Idol Bell,
The whole people at him were sore aggrieved
To that effect that he should be mischieved:
Delivered him to ramping Lyons seven,
But of that dangerous den he was relieved,
Through miracle of the great God of Heaven.

Behold how Nebuchadonozor King,
Into the vall of Duran did prepare
An Image of fine gold a marvelous thing,
Threescore of cubits high, and six in square,
As more clearly the scripture doth declare;
To whom all people by proclamation,
With bodies bowed, & on their knees bare,

Right humbly made their adoration.

A great wonder was seen that day also:
How Nebuchadonozor in his ire,
Took Sidrach, Meshach, and Abergene,
Which would not bow their knees at his desire
To the Idol caus'd cast them into the fire
For to be burnt, ere he stir'd off the dead.
When he believ'd they were burnt bones & lyre
Was not consum'd a smale haire of their head,
The angel of the Lord was with them seen
Into that hot furnace passing up and down,
Into a rosie catch as they had been;
No spot of fire staining coat or gown;
Of victory they did obtain the Crown,
and were to them that made adoration
to that Idol, as bow'd their body down,
a witnessing of their damnation.

What was the cause, at me thou mayst demand,
that Solomon us'd no Imagery
In his triumphant temple for to stand,
Of abram, Isaac, Jacob, nor Jesse,
Nor to Volts, their safeguard through the sea,
Nor Josua their valiant Champion?
Because God did command the contrary,
they shou'd not use such superstition.

Behold how the great God omnipotent,
to preserve Israel from Idolatry,
Directed them a strait commandement,
that they should make no graven Images,
Neither of gold, Silver, Stone nor tree,
Nor give worship to any similitude,
Being in heaven, in earth, or in the sea,
But openly to his sovereign celsitude.

the prophet David plainly did reprove
Idolatry to their confusion;
In graven Stock or Stone that did believe,
Declaring to them their great abusion,
Speaking in manner of derision,
How dead Idols by mens hands wrought,
Whom they honor'd with humble adoration.
Were in the market dally sold & bought.

The Devils seeing the ill condition
Of the Gentils, and their unfaithfulness,
For to augment their superstition,
In these Idols they made their entereſs,
And in them ſpake, as ſoxies do expreſs,
Then men believed of them to get relief,
Aſking their help in all their buſineſs.
But finally they turn'd to their miſchief.

Truſt well, in them is no divinitie,
When with the rouſe their fair color doth fade,
Though they have feet, on foot they cannot ſte,
Howbeit the temple burnt about their head.
In them is neither friendſhip nor remead,
In ſuch figures, what favor can ye find?
With mouth and ears & eyes though they be made
All men may ſee they are dumb, deaf, and blind.

Howbeit they fall down flatly on the floor,
They have no ſtrength themſelves to raiſe again,
Though rats over them run, they take no cure:
Howbeit they broke their neck they feel no pain.
Why ſhould men Pſalms to them ſing or ſain,
Since growing trees that early beareth fruit,
Are more to praiſe, I make it to thee plain,
Then cutted ſtocks wanting both crop and root.

Of Edinburgh the great Idolatrie,
And manifeſt abomination.
On their feaſt days all creatures may ſee:
They bear an old ſtock Image through the towne,
With tabern, trumpet, ſhalm, and clarion,
Which hath been uſed many a year by gone,
With prieſts and friers into proceſſion.
Like unto Bell carried through Babylon.

Think ye not ſhame ye ſecular prieſts & friers,
To ſo great ſuperſtition to conſent?
Idolaters ye have been many years,
Exprels againſt the Lords commandement.
Wherefore, brethren, I counſel you repent:
Give no honor to carved ſtocks or ſtone,
But honor giv to God Omnipotent,
And praiſe him as, as wiſely writteth John.
By on your letters that uſes for to preach,

and

And do aduance forward Idolatry:
 Why do ye not the ignorant people teach,
 How a dead Image carued on a tree,
 As it were holy, should not honored be,
 Nor borne on burgeses backs up and down?
 But ye shew plainly your hypocristie.
 When ye passe foremost into processtion.

Is on your fosterers of Idolatry,
 That to the dead stocks doe reverence.
 In presence of the people publickly.
 Fear ye not God to commit such offence?
 I counsel you to do your diligence,
 To cause suppress so great abusion:
 Do ye not so, I dread your repentance
 Shall be nought else but clean confusion.

Had saint Francis been borne out thro the town
 Or saint Dominick, though ye had refused
 With them to have passe in processtion,
 In that case some would you have excused.
 How men may see how that ye have abused
 That noble town through your hypocristie:
 The people think that they may right well use it,
 When ye passe with them into company.

Some of you have been quiet counsellors,
 Provoking Princes to shed guiltles blood,
 Which never did your prudent predecessors:
 But ye like furious Pharisees dennd
 Of Charity which rent Christ on the rood.
 For Christs flock, without malice or ire,
 Converted fragile faultors, I conclud,
 By Gods own word, withoutten sword or fire.

Read ye not how Christ hath given command,
 If thy brother do ought thee to offend,
 Then secretly correct him hand for hand
 In friendly manner, ere that thou further wend,
 If he will not hear thee then make it kend,
 To one or two by true narration:
 If he for them will not this mis amend,
 Delate him to the congregation.

And yet if he remain obstinat,
 And to the holy Church uncounsellable, then

then like a turk hold him excommunicat
and with all faithfull folk abominable,
Banishing him that he be no more able
to dwell among the faithfull company;
When he repents be no unmercifull,
But him receive again right tenderly.

But our dumbe Doctors of divinity,
And ye of the late found religion,
Of poor transgressors ye have no pity,
But cryes to put them ay to confusion,
As cry'd the Jews for the effusion
Of Christs blood into their burning ire,
Crucifie: so ye with an union
Do cry, cause cast the faultier in the fire.

Unmercifull members of the Antichrist,
Extolling yout humane tradition,
Contrace the institution of Christ.
Fear ye not for divine punishment,
Though some of you be of good condition,
Ready to receive new recent wine:
I speak to you all houses of perdition:
Return in time, ere ye run to ruine.

As ran the perverle prophets of Baal,
Which did consent to the Idolatry
Of wicked Acha: king of Israel
Whose number were four hundred and fifty,
Which honored that Idol openly.
But when Elias did prove their abusion.
He caus'd the people slay them cruelly;
So in one hour came their confusion.

I pray yon print in your remembrance,
How the red Fraters for their Idolatry,
In Scotland, England, Spain Italy and France,
Upon one day were punisht piteously.
Behold how your own brethren now lately,
In Dutchland, England, Denmark & Norway,
Are troden down with their hypocrisie,
And as the snow are vanish quite away.

I marvel that our Bishops think no shame,
To give your Fraters such preeminence,
To use their office to their great defame. pread

Preaching for them in open audience,
 But might a Bishop augment his own expence,
 For each sermon ten Ducats in his hand :
 He would ere he did lack that recompence,
 So preach himself both into burgh and land.

I trust to see good reformation,
 When that we get a faithfull prudent King
 Which knows the truth and his vocation :
 All Publicans, I trust he will doun thring,
 And will not suffer in his Realm to reign
 Corrupted Scribes nor false Pharistience,
 Against the truth which plainly do malign,
 Till that King come we must take patience.

Now farewell friends, because I cannot flyte,
 Howbeit I could, ye must haue me excused :
 Though I against Idolatry indite,
 Of them despite that will not yet refuse it,
 I pray to God that it be no more used
 Among the Rulers of this region,
 That common people be no more abused,
 But give him glory that bare the thorny Crown.

Who teacheth us by his diuine Scripture
 To right prayer the perfect ready way,
 As writeth Matthew in his six chapter,
 In what manner, and to whom we should pray,
 A short compendious oration each day
 Most profitable both for body and soul :
 The which is not directed, I hear say,
 To John, or James, to Peter, or to Paul.

Not to none other of the Apostles twelve,
 Not to no saint, nor Angel in the heauen;
 But only to our father God himself,
 Which oration is contained full even,
 Most profitable for us petitions seven,
 Which we laick folk the Vater noster call.
 Though we say psalms, nine, ten or eleven.
 Of all prayers this is the principal.

By reason of the Father that it made
 Who was the son of God our saviour;
 And by reason to whom it should be said,
 To the father of heauen our Creator,

Who

Who dwelleth not in temple nor in tower ;
 He clearly sees our thought, will, and intent :
 What needeth us at others seek succour,
 When in all place his power is present ?

Ye priests of the priests, ye that should preach,
 Why suffer ye so great abusion ?

Why do ye not the simple people teach.

How and to whom to dress their oration ?

Why thole ye them to go from town to town,

In pilgrimage to any Imageries,

Hoping to get some satisfaction,

Praying to them devoutly on their knees ?

This was the practise of some pilgrimage,

When fillocks into Fife began the ton ;

With Jack & Thom then they took their boyage

In Angus to the field chappel of Dion.

Then Rittock there as ready as a con,

Without regard either to sin or shame,

Sawe Labay leave at leasure to leap on :

Far better been to have tarried at home.

I have seen pass a marvellous multitude,

Poung men and women singing on their feet,

Under the form of fained sanctitude,

For to adore an Image in Laboret :

Many came with their fellows for to meet,

Committing their foul fornication,

Some kiss the clagged tail of the Hermite :

Why thole ye this abomination ?

Of fornication and adultery,

Apperantly ye take but litle cure,

Seeing the marvellous infelicity,

Which hath so long done in this land endure,

Of your default which hath ... charge and cure!

This is of truth, my Lords, with your leave.

Such Pilgrimages have made many a whore,

Which if I pleased, plainly I might prove.

Why make ye not the Scriptures manifest

To poor people touching Idolatry ?

In your preaching why have ye not expres

How many Kings of Israel cruelly

Were punisht by God so rigorously ?

As Jeroboam, and many mo, no doubt,
For worshipping of carv'd Imagery,
Were from their realms rudely rooted out.

Why thole ye under your dominion,
A crafty priest, or fained false hermite,
Abusing the people of this region,
Only for their particular profite?
And specially that hermite Labriet,
He put the common people in believe,
That blind got sight, and crooked got their feet,
The which the pailard by no means can prieve.

Ye married men that have trim wanton wives,
And lusty daughters of young and tender age,
Whose honesty ye should love as your lives,
Permit them not to pass in pilgrimage,
To seek support of any flock image;
For I have known good women pass from home
Which have been trapped with such luss rage,
Have returned both with great sin and shame.

Get up, thou sleepest still too long, O Lord,
And make an hasty reformation
On them that do tramp down thy gracious word,
And have a deadly indignation
At them which make a true narration
Of thy Gospel, showing the verity:
O Lord, I make thee supplication,
Support our faith, our hope, and charity.

How King Ninus built the great City of
Nineve, and how he vanquished.

Zoroastes King of Bactria.

This Ninus of Assyria King,
When he had made his conquesting,
To build a city he him drest,
Choosing a place where he thought best,
Where he had first dominion,
In Assyria his own region:
Though Ashur, as the Scripture says,
Who came before king Ninus days,
He founded that famous city,
The which was called Ninive:

But

But as rehearseth Diodore
 Minus that city did decoy,
 So marvellous triumphantly,
 As ye shall hear immediately,
 Upon the flood of Euphrates,
 Which to behold great wonder was,
 An hundred and fifty stades,
 That City was of length I wis
 The walls an hundred foot of hight,
 No wonder was though it was wight,
 Such breadth about the walls there was,
 Three carts might sidlongs on them pass:
 Four hundred stades, fourscore and four,
 In circuit, but nine or more:
 Of towers about the walls Iween,
 A thousand and five hundred been.
 Of hight two hundred foot and more,
 As witnesseth famous Diodore,
 The Scripture maketh mention,
 When God sent Jonas to that town,
 To shew them of his punishment,
 Throughout the city when he went,
 Three dayes journey to him it was,
 The bible sayes it was no less.
 My son now have I shewn to thee,
 Of the building of Ninive:
 For the augmenting of his fame,
 Minus call'd it after his name.
 When he that great city had ended,
 To conquests more yet he intended.
 And did depart from Ninive,
 And raised up a great army
 Of the most halwart men and stout,
 Of all the regions round about,
 In great order took their journey,
 Toward the realm of Bactria,
 Of wight footmen I understand,
 He hath seventeen hundred thousand,
 Without horse men and warelike carts,
 Whom he ordered in sundry parts,
 Which to describe I am not able,

whose number is incredible.

Zoroastes that noble King,
 When Bactria had in governing :
 That prudent prince, as I heard tell,
 Did in Astronomy excell ;
 And found the art of Magia,
 With natural science many ma
 Seeing King Ninus in the field,
 Forwards to come with spear and shield,
 Four hundred thousand men he was,
 In his army there was no less,
 And met King Ninus on the border,
 Right valiantly and in good order
 On the vanguard of his army
 On them he rushed right rudely,
 And of them slew, as I heard say,
 An hundred thousand men that day :
 The rest that leaped were unslain,
 To Ninus great host fled again,
 Of that King Ninus was so noyed,
 He rested never till he destroyed,
 All whole that region up and down,
 And from the King did reave the Crown,
 And made the realm of Bactria
 Subject unto Assyria
 And in the self same land I twis
 He got his wife Semiramis,
 Which as mine author doth describe,
 Was then the lustiest on life ;
 That being done without sojourn,
 To Ninus he did return,
 With great triumph of victory :
 As mine author doth specifie :
 Both Decident and Orient
 Were all to him obedient.
 It would abhor thee to hear read,
 The guiltless blood that he did shed.
 When he had reign'd as you may hear,
 The space of threes and forty year,
 Being in his excellent gloie :
 The violent death did him devoye,

In what sort I am not certain.
 Some Author says that he was slain,
 And left into his heritage,
 A little child of tender age,
 Young Minus was the child's name,
 Which after showed in great fame:
 Some says, that by his wives treason,
 King Minus died in prison,
 As I shall shew ere I hence fare,
 As Diodore hath done declare.

Of the wonderful deeds of Queen *Semiramis*.

Ninus loved so ardently
 Semiramis his fair Lady
 There was nothing she would have done,
 But all obeyed was full soon.
 She seeing him so amorous,
 She grew proud and presumptuous,
 And at the King she did desire,
 Five dayes to govern his Empire:
 And he of his benevolence,
 Did grant her that preeminence.
 With Scepter, Crown and robe royal,
 And whole power Imperial.
 Till five dayes were come and gone,
 That she as King might reign alone.
 Then all the Princes of the Land,
 During that time made her a band,
 With banquet royal merrily,
 She treated them triumphantly,
 So the first day the people all
 Came to her service, bound and thrall,
 But ere the second day was gone.
 She took such gloze to reign alone.
 By a deceit made them among,
 The King she put in prison strong.
 I read well of his prisoning,
 But not of his delivring:
 Whobelt it was, into his towers,
 He did of death suffer the hours,
 And might not length his life one hour

Of the Monarchie.

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Though he was the first Conquerour,
Whose conquering, for to conclude,
Was not without shedding of blood.

Now have you heard of Ninus king,
How he began, and his ending.

Although mine Author Diodore
Of him hath written meekle more.

Princes for wrongous conquering,
Do make oftentimes an evil ending.

Though he had long prosperity,
He ended with great misery.

Of King Ninus Sepulcher.

The Queen a sepulcher made,
Where the King Ninus body had laid.

Of curious crafty work and wight,

The which had sides nine of hight,

And ten sides of breadth it was,

Diodore sayes, it was no less:

For eight sides a mile thou take,

And thereafter thy number make,

So by this compt it was ful right

A mile and eke a side full hight:

Except the Tower of Babylon,

So high a work, I read of none.

Semiramis his lusty Queen,

Considering what danger been,

To have a King of tender age,

Which might not use his valsalage,

He took a courageous conceit,

Thinking that he should make debate,

If any made rebellion

Contrare her son and region,

Whom she did foster tenderly

And kept him full queely.

She laid apart her own clothing

And took the rayment of a King,

Then she was into armour dight

For man know her by a Knight,

Instantly went to the war,

And to give battel took no fear,

Daunting

Daunting all realms round about,
 That all the world of her had doubt :
 More fortunate in her conquering
 Then was her husband Nimus king.

Babylon she did fortifie,

Temples and Towers triumphantly,
 So pleasantly did them prepare,
 Which in the earth had no compare :
 Howbeit Nimrod of whom I speak,
 The hideous Dungeon he caus'd make
 Ant of the city the fundament,
 to whom God made impediment.
 Where Nimrod left, there she began,
 And put to work many a man :
 Of all Realms round about,
 Of most engine she sought them out.
 She had working with rees and stones,
 twelve hundred thousand men at once.
 So read the booke of Diodore,
 And thou shalt find the number more.
 On every side of impbrates,
 that noble City builded was,
 And so that river of renown,
 Ran through the mid-part of that town.
 Over-thwart that flood the bridges made,
 Of marvellous strength, both long and broad,
 they were five flages large of length,
 On every bridge she made a strength,
 the circuit, as I said before,
 Four hundred flages and fourscore,
 the walls hight who would describe,
 three hundred foot, threescore, and five :
 Six carts might pass right easily,
 Above the walls of that City,
 Sidelongs without impediment,
 Consider then by your judgement,
 If these walls were hight or nought,
 And also curiously were wrought
 as Diodore hath done define,
 which both transcend my rude engine
 Of Babylon the magnificence,

To whom ye would give no credence,
 If I at length would put in list,
 Which Diodore hath done and yet.
 Compare with Cities and I none,
 To Nineve and Babylon
 From Nineve of Assyria,
 To Babylon in Chaldea;
 By bridges pleasant ye may pass,
 Upon the flood of Euphrates.
 Among the floods of Paradise,
 This Euphrates may bear the pise;
 All works which the Queen began,
 Transcended the engine of man.
 The proud Queen Penthesilea,
 The Princess of Amazons,
 With her Ladies triumphantly,
 At Troy which fought valiantly:
 Not yet the fair Waliden of France,
 Daughter of English ordinance:
 To Semiramis in her days,
 Were no compare, as books sayes:
 Except triumphant Julius.
 Strong Hannibal, or Pompeius:
 Or Alexander the Conqueror,
 I find no greater warrior,
 Would I reherse, as with Clarke,
 Her wonderful and valiant works.
 It were to me a great labor,
 And tedious to the Auditor,
 What she did in Ethiopia,
 And in the land of Media,
 Building Cities, Castles and Towers,
 Parks and gardens of pleasures:
 In the exalting of her name,
 And immortal to make her fame,
 Of Tarchus the high mountain,
 He caus'd run down, and made them plain,
 Great Dantes, the mountain high,
 Twenty and five stages of height,
 To her palace to draw a lock,
 A force of men she cut it through.

By force of men she cut it through.
 Had she kept her chastity,
 She might have been an A per se,
 When she had ordered her Empire,
 Of Aeneas took she took desire:
 A secret mansion she caus'd make,
 Wherein she pleasantly might take
 Young Gentle-men for her pleasure,
 The which she used above measure,
 One man alone might not be able
 To stanch her lust insatiable.
 When she was satisfied of one,
 She caus'd another come anon,
 The lusted in all that land,
 Came quietly at her command.
 When they at length had lyen her by,
 She slew all them right cruelly.
 When her son came to age perfyte,
 Of him she took so great delite,
 So caus'd him with her to ly,
 Among the rest right quietly.
 Some sayes with sensual lusts rage
 She bound him into marriage,
 And held him under tutorage,
 To uphold her authority.

How the Queen *Semiramis* with a great army
 past to *Indus*, and fought with the
 King *Staurobates*. And of her
 miserable end.

Vhen she had long time liv'd in rest
 To conquest more she her adiest:
 Because of diverse she heard tell
 How that the *Indus Oriental*
 Disceit'd in great commodities,
 As bectial, corns, and fruitful trees:
 All kind of spices delicious,
 Gold, silver, and stones precious:
 And how that plenteous land did bear
 Corn, fruit and wine stoffe in the year,
 With Elephants innumerable,
 In battie wondrous terrible:

She bearing this, and methke most,
 Believing to augment her glorie,
 Caus'd make strait proclamations,
 In all and sundry Nations,
 Showing how it was her desire,
 All princes under her Empire,
 In Egypt, and Arabia,
 In Persie, in Medie, and Chaldea,
 In Greece, in Asie, and Circasie,
 In Cappadoce, Lyde, and Paugistane,
 In Armentie, and Phrygia,
 In Pamphylia, and Aegyria,
 That each land after their degree,
 Should bring to her a great armie,
 In all the goodly haste they ma,
 And meet her into Bagria.
 Declaring them that her intent
 Was to pass to the Orient,
 And make war with the King of Inde,
 From time they knew what was her mind.
 Then by themselves each Region,
 Came forward with their garrison,
 Triumphantly in good array:
 To Bagria took the ready way,
 And made their musters to the Queen:
 But such a sight was never seen,
 In battel-ray so many a man
 At once, since God the world began:
 But Spanzie, France, Scotland, England,
 Dutchland, Denmark, nor yet Ireland,
 Were not inhabit in those dayes,
 Nor long after, my Author sayes.
 Cybelias he doth specifie
 The number of this great Army:
 Saying, there came at her command,
 Foot-men thirty hundred thousand:
 Of horse-men mounted gallantly,
 Five hundred thousand verily.
 And hundred thousand camels twight,
 On every Camel rode a knight.
 Prepar'd to pass into all parts,

D. There

There was an hundred thousand carts,
 Two thousand boats with her she carries,
 On horse, Camels, or Dromedaries,
 Bridges to make she did conclude,
 Over-thwart Judas that furious Flood,
 Which been of Jude the utmost border,
 On the which flood with right good order,
 Of her barges she bridges made,
 Whereon her great hoste safely rode.

C. Father, I would men understood,
 Might be at once brought to the field,
 Ready to fight with spear and shield.
 Some men would judge this been a fable,
 The matter been so untrueable.

C. It may well be, my son, said he,
 As by example we may see,
 How David King of Israel,
 His people caused number all,
 By Joab his chief Captain,
 As holy Scripture sheweth plain;
 Of fighting men into that Land,
 He found thirteen hundred thousand,
 With David in that smal Countrey.
 Might have raised such an army
 To this Lady it was no wonder,
 The which had great realms her under;
 Then Davids little Region,
 Though he had many a Legion
 Of men, no then I told before.
 Therefore my son, marvel no more.

When Staurobates King of Jude,
 Greatly perturbed in his mind:
 Hearing of such a multitude,
 To make defence he did conclude,
 And sent a message to the Queen,
 Praying her Majesty serene,
 That she would of her special grace,
 Give him licence to live in peace:
 Failing of that, though he should die,
 That he should make her fight or flee:
 And to his God a vow he made,

If no peace might of her be had,
And if he wou the victory,
That he the Queen should crucifie.
At his boarding the Queen made bours,
Saying, It shall be no words
Shall make me passe from my purpose,
Without great breaks, as I suppose.
The Challenger shew'd to the King
Of her presumptuous answ'ring.
Then Staurobates with and might,
Came forward like a noble Knight,
With many a thousand spear and shield,
Arrayed royal on the field.

Thinking he would his life defend,
In the battle make an end.

The Queen upon the other side,
Full of presumption and pride:
Her banners pleasantly display'd,
With hardy heart and unstay'd,
Upon Indus that famous flood,
They met, where shed was meekle blood.

In boats, balingers and barges,
The two armies on other charges:

Semiramis the batrel wan,
Where drown'd and slain were many a man.

So that the water of the flood
Ran red mix'd with mens blood.

The King of Inde with all his might,
From Indus flood he took the flight.

To this chief City he retired.
Where in his presence there appeared,

In battell-ray a new army
Of right invincible chevaley,

With Elephants an hideous number,
Which afterward made meekle cumber.

Semiramis and her company,
In the mean time right cruelly,

Destroyed the borders of that land,
Took prisoners mo then ten thousand.

She took a courageous conceit,
Great Elephants to counterfeit:

She had ten thousand oxen hides,
 Small shew'd together back and sides,
 With mouth and nose, teeth, ears and een,
 Quick Elephants as they had been,
 Right well stuffed with straw and hay
 Whereof the Indians took a fray:
 Upon Camels and Dromedaries,
 These false figures with her she carries.
 The Indians when they saw that sight
 Afraidly they took the flight:
 For such a sight was neber seen,
 If natural beasts they had been.
 The king himself was right afeared,
 Till he the verity had speared,
 And knew by his Explozatenes,
 They were but feigned false figures.
 Then manfully like men of war,
 Forward they came withoutten fear,
 Right so Semiramis the Queen,
 Which for on man was ay fifteen.
 These two armies full cruelly,
 They rush't together so rudely,
 With hideous cry, and trumpets sound,
 Till thousands lay dead on the ground.
 Semiramis had such a number,
 To order them it was great cumber.
 Then the great Elephants of Inde,
 Right strong and hardy of their kind,
 Forward they came, and would not cease,
 Till through the midst of the preas
 Of that great host they rudely rush'd,
 Their men and horse to earth they dush'd.
 These fained beasts withoutten spite,
 Were crush't and soyled under feet.
 The king of Inde with courage keen,
 Met with Semiramis the Queen,
 He riding on an Elephant;
 But she with him fought hand for hand,
 And gave the king so great assay,
 That he was never in such a fray.
 To strike at him she took no fear,

So well she used was in weer.
His strokes she had but little counted,
Where not the king was so well mounted,
Either at other stroke so fast,
Till they were tyred at the last.
The king he thought himself ashamed,
With a woman to be defamed,
And was determined not to flee.
Though in that battle he should die.
As one which had despaired been,
He rudely ran upon the Queen,
And through the arm gave her a wound,
Which to her heart gave such a sound,
That she constrained was to flee;
Then all the rest of her armie,
When they perceiv'd that she was gone,
To Indus flood they fled each one.
The Queen o'rethwart the flood she rode,
On bridges which were of boats made,
With her a sober company,
Which with her fled afrayedly,
The Indians followed on the chase,
Then to the bridges came such preas
Of fleeing folks, which was great wonder,
So that the bridges brake in sunder.
Some sunk, some down the river ran,
Then down'd was many noble man,
Which was great pity to deplore,
As witteth famous Diodore,
And finally, for to conclud,
Was never shed so meekle blood
At one time since the world began.
Nor slain so many guiltless man,
And all through the occasion,
And the pidesfull perswasion
Of this ambitious wicked Queen,
Such one was never heard nor seen.
Stanrobates the king of Inde,
Greatly rejoiced in his mind
Of this triumph and victory:
Semiramis with heart full sorie,

(seeing

Seeing so many tane and slaine,
 To her Country return'd again;
 Lamenting fortunes variances,
 Which broughd her to so great mischance,
 Before which was so fortunate,
 And then of comfort desolate.

Her son a man of perfection,
 Considering his subjection,
 His liberty he did desire,

That he might govern his Empire,
 Seeing his Mother's miseries,

And with that so ambitious;
 As mine Author both specifies,

He slew his Mother cruelly:
 What other cause or intention,

I find no special mention;
 Some sayes, to be at liberty;

Some sayes for her adultery;
 None other cause I can devise,

Except punishment divine;
 Of this fair Lady courageous,

Behold the ending dolorous;
 Who was but twenty years of age,

When she began her vassalage;
 And reign'd triumphantly but some,

The space of forty and two year;
 When she was slain she was threescore,

With years two, thirtie no more;
 As Diodore writtes in his book,

His Chronicles who like to look;
 Of this Lady I make an end:

Thinking no way I can commend
 A woman to be man like,

For men for to be women like;
 For why? 'tis been the Lords mind,

All creatures to use in their kind;
 Men for to have preeminence,

And women under obedience;
 Though all women inclined be

To have the sovereignty;
 In this Lady, who would not red

Of the Monarchie.

Till he her husband had supplie:
 To that intent that he might reign
 Alone to have the governing.
 Ladies no wayes I can commend;
 Presumptuously which do pretend
 To use the offices of a King,
 Or Realms take in governing,
 Howbeit they valiant be and wight,
 Going in battell like a Knight,
 As did proud Penthesilea,
 The Princess of Amazona,
 In mens habit against reason,
 As likewise I think derision,
 A Prince to be effeminate,
 Of knightly courage desolate,
 Neglecting his authority,
 Through beastly sensuality,
 Accompanied both days and nights,
 With women more then valiant Knights.
 Such Kings I discommend at all,
 Example of Sardanapal.

Father, said I, shew me howe long
 The succession of King Ninus rang.
 That shall I do with diligence,
 My son said he, ere we go hence:
 Since I have shewn at thy desire,
 What man began the first Empire,
 Now would I it were to thee kend,
 Of that Empire the fatal end.

How King *Sardanapalus* for his vicious life,
 made a miserable end.

Between the Conqueror *Ninus*
 And sensual *Sardanapalus*,
 I can find no special story,
 Worthy to put in memory,
 Except which I have done describe,
 Of *Semiramis* King *Ninus* wife,
 But I can find no good at all
 In the life of King *Sardanapal*.

Which was the six and thirty King,
 By line from Ninus descending:
 At length his life for to declare,
 I think it is not necessarie,
 Because that many cunning Clarke,
 Have done described in their works,
 How he was last of Assyrians,
 Which had the whole preeminence,
 The time of the first Monarchie,
 In Chronicles as thou mayest see:
 The last and the most vicious King
 Which in that Monarchie did reign,
 That Prince was so effeminate
 With sensual lust intoricate:
 He did abhor the company
 Of his most noble chevalry,
 That he might have the more delite
 To use his basely appetit:
 Conversed with women night and day,
 And clothed him in their array:
 So that no man that had him seen,
 Could judge a man that he had been:
 So he in whoredom and harlotry,
 Did keep himself so quietly:
 The Princess of Assyrians
 Of him they could get no presence;
 Thus lived he continually,
 Against nature so inordinately,
 When to the Perses and to the Medes,
 Reported was such vicious deeds,
 With the rulers of Babylon,
 They did conclude all into one,
 They would not suffer for to reign
 Above them such a vicious King.
 But Arbaces a Duke of Medes,
 He verily took in hand that deed;
 And first he came to Ninus
 To see the King his Majesty:
 And to one of the Kings guard,
 He gave a secret rich reward;
 To put him in a quyet place,

Of the Monarchie.

13

where he might see the king his Grace,
And be unseen of any sight.

But he saw neither King nor Knight.

Into his Daughters company

Except women allanerly,

And as a woman he was clay,

With women counselled and led:

And shamefully he was sitting,

With spindle and with rock spinning.

When Arbaces that sight had seen,

His courage rose up from the spleen;

And thought it small difficulty,

For to deprive his Majesty.

Then raised he the Persians,

With Medes and Babylonians,

Armed well with spear and shield;

Triumphantly they took the field.

The King raised the Assyrians,

Together with the Chaldeans,

And they resisted as they might:

But finally he took the sight,

To save himself in Ninive;

Then sieged they that great City,

Continually two years and more

As witeth famous Diodore,

Till that the flood of Euphrates

Arose with such a furiousness,

Where through the most part of the town;

By violence was beaten down.

Then when the King found no remedy,

But to be taken, or to be dead.

As men dispaired full of ire,

Cauf'd make a furious flaming fire,

And took his gold and jewels all,

With scepter, crown, and robe royal;

With all his tender scriptures,

That of his corps had greatest cures,

Together with his luby queens,

And all his wanton concubins,

And in that fire he did them cast;

Then lay himself in at the last,

where

where all were burnt in powder total,
 Thus ended King Sardanapal,
 without any repentance,
 As may be seen by this sentence
 Here following, which he did entite
 Before his death in great despite:
 Which is a right ungodly thing,
 As ye may see by this dying,

Epitaphium Sardanapali.

Cum te mortalem noris, presentibus exple
 Delitijis animum, post mortē nulla voluptas,
 Et Venere, & coenis, & plumis Sardanapali.
 Now have I shewn with diligence,
 The Monarchs of the Assyrians,
 The which at King Salmes began,
 And ended at this wicked man;
 And did endure withouten weare,
 A thousand two hundred and forty year,
 As doth enbite Ctesibus:
 Read him, and thou shalt find it thus.

THE THIRD BOOK.

Of the miserable destruction of the five Cities,
 called Sodom, Gomorrah, Seboim, Segor,
 and Adams, with their whole
 Regions.

FAther, I pray you to me tell,
 What noble thing that befel,
 During the reign of Assyrians,
 which had so long preeminence.
 I mean of other Nations,
 Under their dominations.

E. That must be done in terms short,
 Said he, as Goetts do report,
 Enduring the first Monarchit,
 Became that woeful misery
 Of Sodom, Gomorrah, and their region
 As Scripture doth make mention.

whose people were so sensual
 In filthy sins unnatural,
 The which into this vulgar verse,
 My tongue abhorresth to rehearse:
 Like brutall beasts out of their minde,
 Unnaturally abus'd their kind;
 By filthy sinking lecherie,
 And most abominable Sodomitie,
 As holy Scriptures do describe.
 In that Countrey were Cities five,
 Which were Sodom and Gomorrah,
 Seboim, Segor, and Adama:
 Among them all found there was none
 Unfilied, but Lot alone.
 Now Abraham dwelt near hand by,
 Which prayed for Lot eternally:
 For God made him advertisement,
 That he would make such punishment:
 To Lot two Angels God did send,
 Him from that fury to defend.
 When the people of that Region
 Saw the Angels come to the town,
 Transformed into faire young men,
 They purposed them for to ken,
 And abuse them unnaturally,
 With their foul sinking Sodomitie.
 Of that thing Lot was wonder too,
 And offered them his daughters two,
 Them at their pleasure for to use;
 But they his daughters did refuse.
 And then the Angels with their might,
 These men deprived of their sight,
 And so perforce left them alone.
 From Lots lodging when they were gone,
 They him commanded hastily,
 For to depart from that City:
 That foul unnatural lecherie,
 A vengeance from the Heaven did cry,
 The which did move God to such ire,
 That from the Heaven by fire and fere,
 With awful thundering rained down,

And

And did consume that whole region,
 Of all that land escap'd no mo,
 Except Lot, and his daughters two;
 His wife was turn'd into a stone,
 So wifeless was he left alone,
 For she was disobedient,
 And kept not the commandment,
 When the Angels gave them command,
 Soon to depart out of that land,
 They charged them under great pain,
 Never to look backward again,
 When Lots wife heard the thundering
 Of flaming fire, and lightening,
 The woful cryes lamentable
 Of people most conuientable:
 For none of them had force to flee,
 She yearn'd that for woful sight to see;
 And as she turned her anon,
 She was transformed in a stone,
 Where she remaineth to this day:
 Of her I haue no more to say.
 To show at length I am not able,
 That piteous process lamentable,
 How cities, castles, towns and towers,
 Stillages, battalies and bowiers,
 They were all into powder diu'n:
 Forests by the roots up riuen:
 Their king their queen, their people all
 Young and old burnt in powder smal.
 No creature was left alive.
 Fowels, beasts, man nor wife.
 The earth, the corn, herbs, fruits & trees,
 The children on the nurses knees.
 Right suddenly in an instant
 Unwarily came that iudgement,
 As it was in the time of Noe,
 When God did all the world destroy,
 And for the self sin of Sodomit,
 And most abominable bougerie.
 That vice at length for to declare,
 I think it now not necessary.

When

Of the Monarchie.

27

When all was burnt flesh, blood and bones,
The hills, valleys, rocks and bones;
The countrey sank for to conclude,
Where now there stands an ugly flood,
The which is called the dead sea,
Next to the countrey of Jude:
Whose sinking grounds black as tar,
The sight of it men feele on far.
Into Diantius thou may'st read
Of this countrey the length and bread,
Of length fifty miles and two,
And fourteen miles of breadth also.
Lot of his wife was so aged,
That to a mountain wold he pass.
Of company he had no mo,
Except his ludy daughters two:
And by their provocation,
As Moles makes narration,
Went into that mountain wild,
His daughters two he got with child,
For they believed in their thought,
That all the world was gone to nought.
As it became that Nation:
Thinking that generation
Would fail, except they craftily
Caused their father with them to ly.
And so they found a crafty wile,
How they their father might beguile,
And caused him to drink wight wine.
Which men to lechery doth incline,
When he was full and fallen in sleep,
His daughters quietly did creep
Into his bed full secretly,
Provoking him with them to ly:
He knew not how he was beguiled:
Till both his daughters were with child
And bare two sons in certain.
They being in that wild mountain,
Of whom the Nations did proceed,
As in the Scripture thou may'st read:
In the which Scripture thou may'st see.

At

At length this woeful miserie,
 This misery became but wear,
 From Noes flood three hundred year,
 Together with fourescore and eleven,
 As counteth Caxton full then.
 And after Noahs death Tgels,
 One and forty years there was :
 When Abraham was of age I ween,
 Fourescore of years and nineteen,
 Then this foul sin of Sodomitie
 Was punished so rigorously,
 Great God preserve us in our time,
 That we commit not such a crime.
 Tedious it were for me to tell
 This Monarchie during what befell.
 And wonders that on earth were wrought,
 Which to my purpose longeth nought :
 As home the people of Israel,
 Did long time into Egypt dwell.
 And of these great punition,
 Through Pharaohs persecution :
 And how Moles did them convoy
 Through the red sea with meekle joy :
 Where King Pharaoh was miserably
 Was drowned with his huge army :
 And how that people wandering was,
 Forty years in the wilderness.
 Moles that time, as I heard say,
 Received the Law on mount Sinay
 That time Josiah from Jordan,
 Led the people to Canaan,
 Where Saul, David and Solomon,
 With Hebrew Kings many one,
 Did richly reign in that Countrey,
 Enduring this first Monarchie.
 The siege of Thebes miserable,
 Where blood was shed incomparable,
 Of Noble-men into those dayes,
 With other terrible affrays.
 As how the Greeks wrought vengeance
 Upon the noble Troyans,

Because

Because that Paris did conhoi,
 Perforce take Helena to Troi,
 Which was King Menelaus wife,
 Where many a thousand lost their life.
 That time the valiant Hercules,
 Thoughout the world did him advise,
 Where he did many a danger see,
 As in his story thou mayst read:
 And how through Delianes his wife,
 This Champion did loose his life,
 In flaming fire full furiously,
 The death he suffered cruelly.
 That time Remus and Romulus
 Did found that City most famous
 Of Rome, standing in Italy,
 As in their story thou mayst see,
 Wouldst thou read Titus Livius.
 Thou shouldst find works monstrous
 Whose worthy deeds are well kend,
 And shall be to the worlds end:
 Though they began with cruelty,
 And ended with great misery,
 As been the matter to conclude,
 Of all shedders of Christians blood.
 In Greece the Orator Poetie,
 Medicine, Musick, Astronomie,
 During the Monarchie began,
 By Homerus that famous man,
 Together with Hesiodus,
 As divers Authors holdeth us,
 It were too long to put in time,
 The books that they wrote in their time.
 These were the arts principal,
 That Monarchie during which befel,
 As for good Abraham and his seed,
 Into the bible thou mayst read,
 How in his time, as I hear tell,
 Began the Kingdom spiritual:
 As I have shewn to thee before,
 Wherefore of them I speak no more.

A short Description of the second,
third and fourth Monarchies.

Further, said I, which was the man,
That the next Monarchy began?
C. Cyrus, said he, the King of Persie,
As Chronicles hath done rehearse,
Prudent and full of policy
Began the second Monarchy:
For he was the most godly King,
That ever in Persie or Medie did reign:
For he of his benignity
Delivered from captivity
The whole people of Israel,
Into the time of Daniel,
The which had been prisoners
In Babylon full seventy years,
therefore God of grace bening,
Gave him a divine knowledge,
During his time as I hear tell,
He used counsel of Daniel.
Carron at length doth specify
Of his marvelous nativity,
And of his vertuous upbringing,
And how he vanquishd Creus king,
With many other valiant deed,
As into Carron thou mayst read,
Whose succession did endure
to the tenth King thereof he surt,
But after his great conquering,
Right miserable was his ending,
As Herodotus doth describe:
In Scythia he lost his life,
where the undaunted scythians:
Vanquishd the noble Persians,
And after that Cyrus was dead,
Queen Tomyre hacked off his head,
which was the Queen of Scythians,
In despite of the Persians.
He cut his head, for to conclude,
Into a vessel full of blood,

And said these words right cruelly:
Drink thou thy fill, if thou be dry,
For thou didst ay blood shedding thirst,
Now drink at leasure, if thou list.
After that Cyrus succession
Of all the world had Possession,
Alexander with sword and fire,
Attain'd by perforce the third Empire,
Which was the King of Macedone,
With valiant Greeks many one:
In battell fell and furious,
Vanquish't the mighty Darius,
Which was the tenth and the last King,
Which did after King Cyrus reign:
As for this potent Emperour,
Alexander the Conquerour,
If thou at length would read his reign,
And of his cruel conquering,
In English tongue, in his great book,
At length his life there thou mayst look,
How Alexander that potent King,
Was twelve years in his conquering:
And how for all his great conquest,
He lived but one year in rest,
When by his servant secretly,
He poyson'd was full piteously.
Culcan and Alexander compare
To thunder of fire haught in the air:
A cruel planet, a mortal toterd,
Down thringing people with his sword,
Ganges that most famous flood,
He mixed with the Indians blood.
And Euphrates with the blood of perle:
Whose cruelty for to rehearse,
And guileless blood which he did shed,
Were right abominable to be read,
After his short prosperity,
He died with great misery,
It were too long to be decided,
How all their Realms were divided,
All while that Cesar Julius,

When

When he had vanquish'd Pompeius,
 Was chosen Emperour and King,
 Above the Romans for to reign.
 That potent Prince was the first man,
 Which the fourth Monarchie began,
 And had the whole dominion
 Of every land and region:
 Whose successors did reign but long,
 Over the world many hundred year:
 But gentle Julius, at last,
 Reign'd Emperour but little space,
 Which I think pity to deplore,
 In five months, and little more:
 By false exorbitant treason,
 That prudent Prince was trodden down,
 And murdered in the Council-house,
 By cruel Brutus and Cassius,
 After that Julius was slain,
 Did reign the Great Octavian,
 Of Emperours one of the best,
 During his time was peace and rest,
 Over all the world in each Region,
 As histories do make mention:
 And eke I make it to thee plain,
 During the time of Octavian,
 The son of God our Lord Jesus,
 Took mankind of the Virgin true,
 And was that time in Bethlem born,
 To save mankind that was forlorn,
 As Scripture makes narration,
 Of his blest incarnation.
 Now have I told thee as I can,
 How the fourth Monarchie began,
 But in thy mind thou mayst consider,
 How woefully power hath been but disorder,
 For all their great Empires are gone:
 Thou seest there is no Prince alone,
 Which hath the whole dominion,
 This time of every region.

C. Father, what reason had these Kings,
 To be of others reigns;

But any right and iust quarrel,
 Where thought that they might make battel,
 And common people to down ching?
 To this, said I, make answering.

C. My son, said he, that shall be done,
 As I best can, and that right soon:
 These Monarchies, I understand,
 Inordinate were by command
 Of God the Salmator of all
 For to down ching, and to make thial
 Undaunted people vicious,
 And eke for to be gracious,

To them which vertuous loves and good,
 As Daniel hath bene conceiv'd
 At length into his prophesies,
 How there shall be four Monarchies:
 His second chapter thou mayst see,
 How after the first Monarchie,
 When Nebuchodonozor king
 An Image saw in his sleeping,
 With auster look, both high and broad,
 And of pure fine gold was his head,
 His breast and arms of silver bright,
 His womb of copper, hard and tight,
 His loins and limbs of iron right strong,
 His feet of clay, iron mixt among.

From the mountain there came a fall,
 Without mens hands, a full great fall,
 Which on that figures feet did fall,
 And dang all down in powder shal.
 Of whose interpretation,
 Doctors do make narration:

The head of gold both signifie,
 First, the Assyrians Monarchie,
 The silver breast they do apply,
 To Persians which rang secondly:
 The womb of copper, or of brasse,
 Thirdly, to Greeks prepared was.

His loins and limbs of iron and steel,
 Clerks have them compared well,
 The Romans thogh their deligence,

To have the fourth preeminence
Above each other Nation.

By this interpretation,

The mixed feet with iron and clay,

Did signifie the latter day,

When that the world shall be divided,

As afterward shall be decided.

So Christ is signified the stone,

Whose Monarchy shall never be gone:

For under his dominion,

All Princes shall be trodden down.

When that great God Omnipotent,

Come to his general Iudgement,

His Monarchy shall then be known,

And after shall be to thee shewn.

And as the Scripture shall thee tell,

How in the sight of Daniel,

He saw into his vision,

By a plain exposition,

How that the Greeks would work vengeance

Upon the Perses and Persians,

Comparing the Greeks unto a Goat,

With an horn fierce, furious and hot,

Which kill'd the Rams with horns two,

Compar'd the Perses and Perses also,

And so by Daniels propheties,

All these great mighty Monarchies.

The world with other Realms supplis'd,

By the great God they were devis'd :

As he of Cæsar the Roman,

Son and heir to Cæspasian,

Made him a furious instrument

To put the Jews to great torment :

Which I suppose. etc I hence say,

Shortly that process to declare.

Of the most miserable and terrible destruction
of Jerusalem.

Further, said I, declare to me,
Enduring the fourth Monarchie,
The most misfortune that befall ?

C. My son, said he that shall I tell,
 The most and manifest misery
 Became upon that great City
 Jerusalem when it was suppressed,
 As doxies do make manifest:
 But as the Scripture doth devise
 Jerusalem was destroyed twice:
 First for their great Idolatrie,
 Which they committed in Iurie
 The honor ought to God alone,
 They gave to figures of stock and stone;
 Before Christs Incarnation
 Came this first desolation,
 Five hundred years fourscore and ten,
 In Chronicles as thou mayst ken,
 How Nebuchodonosor King,
 That famous city did down thing:
 Their King with people many one,
 Brought them all bound to Babylon,
 Where they remained prisoners,
 The space of threescore and ten years,
 And that first desolation
 Was called, the transmigration.
 Was no man left into their Lands,
 But poor folk laboring with their hands,
 Till mighty Cyrus King of Persie,
 As Daniel hath done rehearse,
 Was moved by God for to restore,
 The Jews where they dwelled before.
 If I neglect, I were to blame,
 The last siege of Jerusalem,
 Whose ruine was most miserable,
 And for to tell right terrible:
 Was never in earth, city, nor town,
 Got such extream destruction.
 The Towns of Tyre, Thebe, nor Troy,
 They never suffered half such noy.
 The Emperour Tiespasian;
 He did devise that siege certain.
 There was the Prophecie compleat,
 Which Christ spake on Mount Olivet;

when

When he Jerusalem beheld,
 The tears from his eyes distill'd,
 Seeing by divine piety,
 The great desolation and vengeance
 Which was to come on that City,
 His heart was pierced with pity,
 Saying: Jerusalem, if thou knew'st
 The great ruine, loest thou would'st rep;
 For ought that I can to thee shew:
 The misery thou wilt not know:

How had in consideration
 Thine holy visitation?
 The people will no way consider,
 Whom gathered I would have together
 As wandering sheep are without herds,
 As the hen gathered her birds
 Under her wings right tenderly,
 Which they refused despitefully:
 Wherefore shall come that dreadful day,
 That no remedy make you may,
 Thy dungeons shall be hung allover,
 So all the world shall at thee wonder,
 Thy temple now most triumphant,
 Shall be trod down among the sand.
 And as he saith, so it befell,
 As hereafter I shall thee tell.

C. Shew me, said I, with circumstance,
 The special cause of that mischance.

C. Said he: As Scripture doth conclud,
 For shedding of the guiltless blood
 Of prophets which God to them sent;
 And eke because that they miskeut
 Jesus the son of God sovereign,
 When he among them did remain:
 For all the miracles that he shew
 Maliciously they him miskeut:
 Though by his great power divine,
 The water clear he turn'd to wine
 And by the self same power and might,
 To the blind born he gave the sight:
 And gave the crooked men their feet,

And made the lepers whole compleat
 He healed all, and rais'd the dead,
 Yet held they him as mortal seed,
 Because he knew the verity.
 They did conclude that he should die.
 The Bishops Princes of the Priestes,
 They grew so bolden in their breasts:
 The scribes and doctors of the Law,
 Of God nor man they stood no awe
 On Christ Iesus to work vengeance,
 Right so the false Phariseans,
 A sect of fained religion,
 Devised his confusion,
 And sent their servants at the last,
 And with strong cords they bound him fast:
 Then scourged him both back and side.
 That none for blood might see his hide:
 There was not left a penny broad
 Unwounded from his head to feet,
 In manner of derision,
 They plat to him a cruel crown
 Of picking thorns sharpe and long,
 Which on his heavenly head they throng,
 Then caus'd him, for the greater lack,
 Bear his own gallows on his back,
 To the vile place of Calvary,
 Where many a thousand men might see:
 That Innocent they took perforce,
 And plat him backward to the crosse:
 Through feet and hands, great nails they thrust,
 Till blood abundantly out burst:
 Without grudging, clamor or cry,
 That pain he suffered patiently:
 And for augmenting of his griefs,
 They hanged him between two thieves:
 Where men might see the bloody brands,
 Which sprang forth from his feet and hands,
 Whose thorns thrust on his head,
 His piteous bulletring streams red:
 In the presence of many a man,

That Blood-Royal on rocks can
 Shortly to say, that heavenly King
 In extreame dolor there did ling,
 Till he said, Consummatus es,
 With a loud cry he gave the Ghost.
 When he was dead, they took a dart,
 And pierced that King through the heart
 From whom there came water and blood :
 The earth then trembled : so conclude,
 Phebus did hide his beams bright,
 That though the world there was no light,
 The great vale of the Temple rave,
 The dead men rose out of their grave,
 And in the City did appear,
 As in the Scripture thou mayst hear :
 Then Joseph of Arimathe,
 Did bury him right honestly,
 But yet he rose full gloriously,
 On the third day triumphantly :
 With his Disciples in certain,
 Forty days he did remain,
 After to heaven he ascended,
 The Jews nothing their life amended,
 Nor gave no credit to his laws,
 As at more length the people shaws :
 But cruelly they did oppress
 All men that Christs name did profess,
 And persecuted many one :
 They prison'd both Peter and John,
 And Stephen they stoned to the dead :
 From James the less they broke the head :
 This was the cause, in conclusion,
 Of these cruel confusion.

The prudent Jew Josephus sayes,
 That he was present in those dayes :
 And in his book makes mention,
 How after Christs ascension,
 The space of two and forty years,
 Began these cruel mortal tears,
 The second year of Tiberian.
 When many taken were and slain.

Of the Siege.

Josephus plainly doth conclude,
Was never seen such a multitude.
Before that time into the town,
Which came for their confusion,
Where great misfortune so befel,
To all the princes of Israel.
Conven'd again the time of pass,
But to return they had no grace.
The bold Romans with their Christian
Thus the son of Telsastian,
Their army over Jordan spied:
Then all men to the City fled,
Believing there to get relief,
But all that turn'd to their mischief:
The Romans leaped them about,
That by no way they might win out.
Six months did that Siege endure,
Where lost were many creature,
Which there in misery did remain.
Till they were all taken and slain.
During the time of this assaile,
Their meat and drink, and all did fail:
For there was such a multitude,
That thousands died for fault of food.
Necessity caus'd them to eat perforce,
Dog, cat, and ratton, as and horse:
Rich men behoved to eat their gold,
Then died for hunger manifold.
Such hunger was without remead,
The quick behov'd to eat the dead,
The filth of pithles many eat,
To length their life, they thought it sweet.
The famous Ladies of the town,
For fault of food they fell in swoon.
When they might get no other meat,
They kill'd their proper bastards to eat:
But all for nought despitefully,
Their own soldiers full greedily,
Left them that flesh most miserable:
And they with mourning lamentable,

For extreme hunger yeeld the spate,
 There was the prophetic compleat,
 As Christ before made narration,
 The day of his grim passion.
 When that the Ladies for him mourned,
 Full piteously to them he turned,
 And said: daughters, mouen not for me,
 Mourne for your own posterity:
 Within short time shall come that day,
 That men of this City shall say,
 When they are trapped in the snare:
 Bless be the womb that never bare,
 The barren pays then shall they bliss,
 That doleful day thou shalt not miss.
 This prophetic it came to pass,
 That they cry many loud, alas:
 Such sorrowful lamentation
 Was never heard in that Nation:
 Seeing the luscious Ladies sweet,
 Dying for hunger in the street:
 Their husbands, nor their children,
 Might give to them no comforting,
 Nor yet relieve them of their harms;
 But either dying in others arms,
 After this woeful indigence,
 Among them rose such pestilence,
 Wherein there died many hundred,
 Which to declare it were great wonder.
 And for final conclusion,
 These war-like walls they did ding down.
 Prince Titus with his Chevalry,
 With trumpets sounding triumphantly,
 He entred in that great City,
 But to deplore I think pity,
 The painful clamor horrible,
 Of wounded folk most miserable.
 There was nought else but take and slay,
 For there might no man win away:
 The strands of blood ran through the street,
 Of dead folk troden under feet.
 Old widows in the streets were smother'd

Young Virgins shamefully despoild.
The great temple of Solomon,
With many a curious carved stone,
With perfect pinacles on hight,
Which were both beautiful and twight,
Wherein rich jewels did abound,
They rushed rudely to the ground:
And set into their furious ire,
Sanctum sanctum into fire:
And with extreame confusion,
All their great dungeons they hang down.
There bruised were the golden breasts
Of Bishops Princes of the Bishops.
There taken was the great vengeance
Of the false scribes and phariseance:
All their painted hypocritie,
That time might make them no supplie.
That day they dolefully repented,
That to the death of Christ consented:
Though it was our salvation,
It was to their damnation.
The vengeance for the blood guileless,
From Abel to Zacharias,
That day upon Jerusalem fell,
But tedious it were to tell,
The great extreame confusion,
And of blood such effusion,
Was never slain so many a man.
At one time since the world began:
The jews that day got their desire,
Which they did ask into their ire,
As in the Scripture is specified,
That day when Christ was crucified:
When Ponce Pilate the President,
Said to them: I am innocent
Of the iust blood of Christ Jesus,
They cryed: his blood light upon us,
And on our generation:
They got their supplication:
That day with many a careful cry;

Their blood was shed abundantly.
 Josephus writteth in his Book,
 His Chronicles who list to look,
 During that cruel siege certain,
 Were eleven hundred thousand slain:
 Of prisoners were told and seen,
 Four score thousand and seventeen:
 Out of the land they did expel
 All the people of Israel:
 And for their great ingratitude,
 They live yet under servitude,
 There is no Jew in no Countrey,
 Which hath one foot of property,
 Nor never had withouten wear,
 Since this day sixteen hundred year:
 Nor never shall, I to thee shew,
 Till that they turn to Christs Law.
 Some sayes, that Jews manifold,
 Were thirty for a penny sold,
 As Judas sold the King of glorie,
 For thirty pennies, and no more.
 After that many were mischeved,
 When nobels past how long they lived
 Upon their gold, withouten doubt,
 They sit their bellies to search it out:
 The red to Egypt they did send
 Prisoners to their lives end.
 Titus took in his company,
 Great number of the most worthy,
 With him to Rome they led them bound,
 Then cruelly did him confound.
 His bloody for to decoy,
 And for augmenting of his glorie,
 Cauld put them into publick places,
 Where each man might behold their faces,
 Then with wild Lyons cruelly,
 He cauld devour them dolefully.
 This high triumphant mighty tolon,
 At Basch was put to confusion:
 Because that in the time of Basch,
 They crucified the King of grace.

Some haue this matter done indite,
 Doe vnatelly then I can write,
 Wherefore of it I speak no more,
 Only to God be laud and glorie.

Of the miserable end of certain tyrannous
 Princes, and especially the Beginners
 of the four Monarchies.

NOW to haue I done declare at thy desires,
 As thou demanded into terms short,
 And who began the principal Empires,
 As Chronicles and Stories do report :
 Wherefore, my son, I heartily thee exhort,
 Perfectly print into thy remembrance,
 Of this inconstant world the variance.

The princes of these four great Monarchies,
 In their most highest pomp imperial,
 Trusting most sure to be set on their seas,
 The fraudful world gave to them mortal falls
 For their reward, and dark memorials,
 Though over the world they had preeminence :
 Of it they got no other recompence.

For such like as the snow doth melt in May,
 Though the reflex of Ihebus beams bright,
 These great Empires right so are went away :
 Gone is their glorie, their power, and their might :
 Because they were robbers withouten right,
 And blood-thedders full cruel : for to conclude,
 Right cruelly therefore was shed their blood.

Behold how God ay since the world began,
 Hath often times made Kings instruments
 To scourge people, and to kill many a man,
 Which to his law were inobedient :
 When they had done, perfunish't his intents,
 In daunting wrongous people shamefully,
 He suffers them be scourged cruelly.

Even as the School-master doth make a wand
 To daunt and ding the scholars of rude engine,
 The which will not budge at his command :
 He scourges them, and only to that fine,
 That they should to his good counsel incline : when

When they obey, appeared in his ire,
He takes the wand, and casts it in the fire.

God of King Pharaoh made an instrument,
Which was the great King of Egyptance,
His own peculiar people to torment:
That being done, he brought on him vengeance,
And let him fall through disobedience;
And finally he with his great army,
In the red sea was drowned dolefully.

Right so Nebuchadonozor King,
God made of him a furious instrument,
Jerusalem and the Jews to down bring,
When they to God were disobedient:
His rest from him he riches and his rent,
And him transformed in a beast brutal,
Seven years and more, as writeth Daniel.

Alexander through pitiful tyranny,
In years twelve did make his great conquest,
By shedding lakeless blood full cruelly,
Till he was King of Kings he took no rest:
In all the world when he was full possest,
In Babylon throned triumphantly,
Through poison strong decayed dolefully.

Duke Hannibal the strong Carthaglane,
The daunter of the Romans pomp and glory:
By his power were many thousands slain,
As may be read at length into his story,
At Cannes where he won the victorie,
Of Romans hands that dead lay on the ground,
Three heaped bushels were of rings found.

Into that mortal battle, I heard sane,
Of the Romans most worthy warriors.
Attour Captains, were forty thousand slain:
Of whom there was thirty five senators,
And twenty Lords which had been pretors,
That died each in defence of their Countrie,
And for to hold these land at libertie.

What reward got the cruel Champion,
When he had slain so great a multitude?
And when the glass of his vain glory was run,
A shameful death: and shortly to conclude, this

This is reward of all shedders of blood :

For he got such extreame confusion,
He kill'd himself in drinking strong posson.

Behold the two most famous champions;

That is to say, Julius and Pompey.

Which did conquest all earthly regions,

As well many Lands as Isles into the sea,

And to the towne of Rome caus'd them obey :

For Pompeius subdued the Orient,

And Julius Cesar all the Occident.

But finally these two did strive for state,

Whereby three hundred thousand men were slaine :

But Pompeius after that great debate,

He murdered was, the Royle colled plain :

Then Julius was Prince and sovereign,

Above the whole world Emperour and King,

But into rest short time endur'd his reign.

For within five moneths and little more,

Amidst the Lords into the counsel-house,

He murdered was, what needs process more,

As I have said by Brute and Cassius.

If thou wouldst know their deeds dolorous,

Thou mayst at length go read the Roman story,

Which hath this matter put in memory.

Gone is the golden world of Assyrians,

Of whom King Sennius was first and principal.

Gone is the silver world of Persians.

The copper world of Greeks note that.

The world of iron, which was the last of all,

Compared to the Romans in their gloze.

Are gone right so, I hear of them no more.

Now in the world of iron mixt with clay,

As Daniel at length hath done indyte :

The great Empires are molten clean away,

Now is the world of dolor and despyce :

I see nought else but trouble infinite :

Wherefore my son, I make it to thee kend,

This world I wot, is drawing to an end.

Tokens of dearth, hunger and pestilence,

With cruel wars both by sea and land :

Realme against realme with mortal violence,
 Which signifies the last day even at hand:
 Wherefore my son, be in thy faith constant,
 Raising thine heart to God to cry for grace,
 And mend thy life while thou hast time and space.

Of the first Spiritual and Papal Monarchie.

C. Father, is there no prince reigning,
 Which hath the world at command,
 As had the King of Assyrians,
 Babel, Persia, or the Romans,
 Who hath now dominion
 Of every land and region?

C. There is no prince, my son, said he,
 That hath the principal Monarchie,
 Above the world universal,
 With whole power imperial,
 As Alexander, or Darius,
 Or as had Cesar Julius,
 For Orient and Occident
 Were all to them obedient:
 Notwithstanding, I find one King,
 Which into Europe now doth reign,
 That is the potent prince of Rome,
 Empiring over all Christendom,
 To whom no prince may be compare,
 As Cannon Lawes can declare.
 All princes of the Occident,
 Are to his grace obedient,
 For he hath whole power complant,
 Both of the body and the spirit.
 Which never had no prince before,
 Except the mighty king of glory.
 To Christ he is the great Lieutenant,
 In holy Peters seat sit and i.
 So he is of all Kings King,
 Which into Europe now doth reign.
 And as the Roman emperours,
 Having the world under their cures,
 Had princes, knights, and champions,
 Rulers into all regions,
 Upholding their authority,

Span.
Chie.

King Justice and policie :
Right to this potent pope of Rome,
The sovereign king of Christendom
hath into every Countrey,
His princes of great gravity :
In some Countrey his Cardinals,
In their most precious apparels,
Archbishops, bishops thou mayst see,
Defending his authority ;
With other potent patriarchs,
Colledges full of cunning Clarks :
Abbots and priors, as ye ken,
Rulers of religious men.
Officials with their procurators,
Whose longsome laws spoils the poore :
Archdeacons and Deacons of dignity,
Great doctors of divinity,
Their Chanters and their Sacrificians,
Their Treasurers and their Subdeacons,
Legions of priests seculars :
parsons, Vicars, Monks and Friars.
Of diverse orders many one,
Which longsome were for to expone :
In sundry habits, as ye ken,
Differing from other Christen men.
Fair Ladies of religion
professed in every region.
False Hermites fashioned like the friers :
proud parish Clarks and parsoners,
Their Gynters and their Chamberlains,
With their temporal Courtisans :
Thus all the world by land and sea,
His sanctitude they did obey ;
Not only his spiritual kingdom,
But the great emperor of Rome,
And kings of every region,
That day when they receive the crown,
They make oath of fidelity,
To defend his authority.
Moreover with humble reverence,
They make to him obedience,

By themselves, or Ambassadors,
Or other ornate Orators:
Who do withstand his Majestie,
His lawes or yet his libertie,
Or holds any opinion
Contrarie his great dominion,
Either by way of deeds or words,
Are put to death by fire and sword.
Saint Peter styled was sanctus,
But he is called sanctissimus.
his stile at length if thou wouldest know,
Thou must go look the Canon Law,
Both in the Arch of Clementin,
His stately stile there may be seen.
There thou shalt find, read if thou can,
How he is neither God nor man.

C. What is he then, by your judgement?

C. Said he: We think him different,
Far from our soveraign Lord Jesus,
And to his kind contrarious:
For Christ was natural God and Man.

C. If he be neither, what is he then?

C. The Canon law, my son, said he,
That question will declare to thee,
It doth transcend my rude ingine,
His sanctitude for to define;
Or to shew the authority
Pertaining to his Majestie,
So great a Prince where shalt thou find,
That spiritually may lose or bind:
Nor by whom sins are forgiven,
Be they with his disciples forgiven?
Whom ever he vint with his might,
They bounded are in Gods sight:
Whomever he looks on earth here below,
Are looked by God in his region.
As he is Prince of Purgatorie,
Delivering souls from pain to glorie:
Of that dark dungeon, withouten doubt,
Whomever he pleaseth, he takes out.
Our secret sin every year,

We must show to some Priest or Frier,
 And take their absolution,
 Or else get no remission:
 So by this did they clearly ken,
 The secrets of all secular men.
 Their secrets we know not at all,
 Thus are we to them bound and thral:
 Whatever their ministers commands
 Must be obey without demands.
 Wherefore, my son, I say to thee,
 This is a marvelous Monarchie,
 Which hath power Imperial,
 Both of the body and the soul.

C. Father, said I, declare to me,
 Who did begin this Monarchie?

C. Said he: Christ Iesus, God and man,
 That Empire graciously began,
 Not by fire, nor by the sword,
 But by the vertue of his word,
 And left into his Testament
 Many a devoute document,
 With his successors to be used,
 Though many of them be now abused:
 For Peter and Paul with all the rest
 Of their brethren, made manifest
 The law of God with true intent,
 Preaching the old and new Testament.
 They led their lives in poverty,
 Devotion and true humility,
 As did their Master Christ Iesus,
 And were not half so glorious.
 As their successors now in Rome,
 Empting over all Christendom,
 After the death of Peter and Paul,
 And of Christs true Disciples all,
 Their successors within few years,
 As at the more length the storie bears,
 Right cruelly came to the light,
 From spirital life to temporal right.

C. Father, ere we pass further more,
 When did begin their temporal gloire?

C.

The son said he, thou shalt understand,
 Were there a Pope got any land.
 Two and thirty great Popes of Rome,
 Received the crown of martyrdom:
 But not the threefold diadem.
 To wear three crowns they thought great shame,
 Till Sylvester the Confessor,
 From Constantine the Emperor,
 Received the Realm of Italy,
 Right so of Rome the great city,
 That was the root of their riches.
 Then sprang the well of wealthiness.
 When that the Pope was made a king,
 All princes bowed at his bidding.
 This act was done withouten wear,
 From Christs death three hundred year.
 Then Lady sensuality
 Took lodging in that great city,
 Where she sensyn hath done remain,
 As their own Lady sovereign.
 There kings into all Nations,
 Made priests great foundations:
 They thought great merit and honour,
 To counterfeit the Emperor,
 As did David of Scotland king.
 The which did found during his reign,
 Fifteen abbeyes with temporal lands,
 Withouten tithes and offerands:
 By whose holy simplicity
 He left the crown in poverty.
 Now have I shewn thee as I can,
 How their temporal Empire began,
 Ascending up as grete by grete,
 Above the Emperors maiestie:
 So when they got among their hands,
 Of Italie all the Emperors lands,
 After that into each Countrey
 Sprang up their temporality,
 With such great riches and such rent:
 That they gan to be negligent,
 In making ministration.

To Christs true Congregation,
 And took no more pain in their preaching;
 And far less travel in their teaching:
 Changing their Ipirituality
 In temporal sensuality.

C. Father, think ye that they are sure,
 That their Empire shall long endure?

C. Apparently it may be kind,
 Said he, their glory shall have an end.
 I mean their temporal Monarchie,
 Shall turn into humility:

Through Gods word, without debate,
 They shall turn to their first estate,
 As in Daniels prophetic appears,
 Thereto shall not be many years:
 Albeit Christs faith shall never fail,
 But more and more it shall prevaile.
 Though Christs true congregation
 Suffers great tribulation.

C. Father, said I, by what reason,
 Think ye their empire should come down,
 Considering their preeminence?

C. said he, for disobedience,
 Shunning the commandment
 Which Christ left in his testament,
 Using their own tradition,
 Contrate Christs institution:
 For Christ in his last convention;
 The day of his ascension,
 To his disciples gave command,
 That they should pass to every land:
 To teach and preach with true intent,
 His Law and his commandment:
 No other office he to them gave:
 He did not bid them seek of crabs,
 Corps, presents, nor offerands,
 Nor yet Lordships, nor temporal lands:
 But now it may be heard and seen,
 Both with thine ears, and eke thine een,
 How prelates now in every land,
 Take little cure of Christs command:

Neither

The third Book

Fleeth into their deeds noy lator,
 Neglecting their own canon lator :
 Using themselves contractions,
 For the most part to Christ Jesus.
 Christ thought not shame to be a preacher;
 And to all people of truth a teacher :
 A Pope, a Bishop a Cardinal,
 To teach and preach will not be thral.
 They send forth friers to teach for them,
 Which makes the people mock them for shame.
 Christ would not be a temporal king,
 Richly into no realm to reign.
 But fled temporal authority,
 As in the Scripture thou mayst see.
 All men may know how Popes reign
 In dignity above all Kings,
 As well of temporality,
 As into spirituality.
 Thou mayst see by experience,
 The popes princely preeminence.
 In chronicles if thou list to look,
 How Carlson writes in his book,
 A notable narration.
 The year of our salvation,
 Eleven hundred and six and fifty,
 Pope Alexander presumptuously,
 Which was the third Pope of that name,
 Frederick the Emperour he did defame,
 In Genke that triumphant town,
 That noble emperour he caus'd lay down
 Upon his tomb with shame and lack,
 Then trod his feet upon his neck,
 In token of obedience :
 There he shew his preeminence,
 And caus'd his Clergy for to sing
 These words hereafter following :
 Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis,
 Et conculabis leonem et draconem, that is
 Thou shalt walk upon the Adder and Coatrice,
 And thou shalt tread down the Lyon and dragon.
 Then said the humble Emperour :

I do to Peter this honour,
 The Pope answered with words wroth,
 Thou shalt me honor and Peter both.
 Christ for to show his humble spirit,
 Did wash his poor disciples feet:
 The Popes holiness I wis,
 Will suffer Kings their feet to kiss.
 Birds had their nests, & fowls their den,
 But Christ Jesus a saviour of men.
 In earth had not a penny bread,
 Whereupon he might repose his head;
 Albeit the Popes excellence
 Hath Canles of magnificence:
 Abbots, Bishops, Cardinals,
 Have pleasant palaces royals,
 Like Paradise all these pleasant places
 Wanting no pleasure of their faces.
 John, Andrew, James, Peter nor Paul,
 Had few houses among them all;
 From time they knew the verity,
 They did contemn all prosperity:
 And were right heartily content
 Of meat and drink and abusement.
 To save mankind that was forlorn,
 Christ bare a cruel crown of thorn.
 The pope three crowns for the nonce,
 Of gold, powdered with precious stones:
 Of gold and silver, I am sure,
 Christ Jesus took but little cure,
 And left not when he yeeld the spite,
 To buy himself a winding-sheet:
 But his successor good Pope John,
 When he deceased in Avignon,
 He left behind him a treasure
 Of gold and silver great measure,
 By a iust computation,
 Well five and twenty million,
 As doth ensite Palmerus:
 Read him and thou shalt find it thus.
 Christ disciples were well known.
 Through vertue which was to them shewn:

but

But specially fervent charity,
 Great patience and humility.
 The popes flocks in all regions,
 Are known best by their clipped crowns.
 Christ he did honor matrimonie
 Into Cana of Galilee,
 Where he by his power divine,
 Did turn the water into wine:
 And eke he choos'd some married men
 To be his servants, as ye ken.
 And Peter during all his life,
 He thought no sin to have a wife,
 He shall not find in no passage,
 Where Christ forbiddeth marriage,
 But lawfull for each man to marry,
 Which lacks the gift of chastity.
 The pope hath made the contrarie law
 In his kingdom, as all men know,
 None of his priests dare marry wives,
 Under the pain even of their lives:
 Though they have concubines fifteen,
 Into that case they are overseen.
 What chastity they keep in Rome,
 Is well known over all Christendom.
 Christ did show his obedience,
 Unto the Emperors excellence,
 And caused Peter for to pay
 Tribute to Cesar for them tway.
 Paul bids us be obedient
 To kings as the most excellent:
 The contrarie did Pope Celestin,
 When that his sanctitude serene
 Did crown Henry the Emperour,
 I think he did him smal honor,
 For with his hand he did him crown,
 Then with his feet the crown cast down,
 Saying, I have authority,
 Men to exalt to dignity,
 And to make Emperors and Kings,
 And then deprive them of their reigns.
 Peter by mine opinion,

Did never use such dominion :
Apparantly by my judgement,
This Pope read never the new testament :
If he had learned at that lose
He had refused such vain gloze :
As Barnabas. Peter and Paul,
And right so Christs disciples all.
The good captain Cornelius,
When saint Peter came to his house,
To worship him fell at his feet :
But saint peter with humble sprits,
Did raise him up with diligence,
And did refuse such reverence.
Right so saint John the Evangelist,
The Angels feet he would have kiss,
And he refused such honor,
Saying, I am but servant,
And eke thy fellowe and thy brother :
Give glory to God, and to none other.
And likewise Barnabas and paul.
Such honor did refuse at all,
In Lystra where they wrought great works :
The priests of Jupiter and his clerks,
And all the people with their advise,
Would have made to them sacrifice,
Of which they were so discontent,
That they their clothing rave and rent,
And paul among them endely ran,
Saying, I am a mortal man :
Give glory to God of kings king,
That made heaven, earth, and every thing,
Since peter and John vain gloze refused
With popes why should vain gloze be used :
peter, Andrew, John, James and paul,
And Christ true disciples all,
By Gods word their faith defended :
To burn and scald they never pretended.
The pope defends his traditions,
By flaming fire without remissions :
Albeit men break the Law divine,
They are not put to so great pine,

For whoredom, nor idolatry,
 For incest, nor adultery;
 Of when young virgins are deflored,
 For such things men are not abhored;
 But who that eats flesh into Lent,
 Are terribly put to torment:
 And if a priest happen to marry,
 They do him banish curse and wary,
 Though it be not against the Law
 Of God, as men may clearly know.
 Betwixt these two what difference been,
 By faithful folk it may be seen.
 Such Antitheses many mo,
 I might declare, which I let go:
 I may not care to compile.
 Of each Order the hateful stile:
 The silly Nuns will think great shame,
 Except they called be, Adam:
 The poor priest thinks he gets no right,
 Be he not stiled like a Knight,
 And called sir, before his name,
 As sir Thomas, and sir William.
 All Monks, as ye may hear and see,
 Are called Deans, for dignity:
 Albest his mother milk the kow,
 He must be called, Dean Androw.
 Dean Peter, Dean Paul, Dean Robert:
 With Christ they take a painful part,
 With double clothing from the cold,
 Eating and drinking when they would,
 With curious countering in the Queer:
 God knows if they buy heaven full dear.
 My Lord Abbot right venerable,
 My marshalled upmost at the table:
 My Lord Bishop right reverent,
 Sits above Earls in Parliament:
 And cardinals during their reigns,
 Fellows to Princes and to Kings:
 The Pope exalted in honor,
 Above the potent Emperor.
 The proud person I think truly,

Of the Monarchie.

He leads his life right lustily :
For why he hath no other synne,
But takes the tithes, and spends them syn :
But he is obliſt by reason
To preach unto his pariſhon :
Though they lack preaching ſeventeen year,
He will not lack a peck of beare :
Some parſon hath at his command
The wanton wenches of the land :
As they have great prerogatives,
That they may part ay with their wiues,
Without diuorce or ſummoning,
Then take another without wedding.
Some would think it a luſty life,
Ay when he liſs to change a wiſe,
And take another of more beauty :
But ſeculars lack that liberty,
The wiſch are bound in marriage.
But they liſe rams into their cage,
Unpiſſed, runs among the ewes,
So long as nature in them grows :
And eke the Vicar, as I told,
He will not fail to take a kow,
And upmoſt cloth (though babes them hau)
From a poor ſilly huſband-man,
When that he lyeth for to die.
Having ſmal children two or three :
That hath three kins withouten ma,
The Vicar muſt have one of tha,
With the gray cloke that haps the bed,
Albeit that he be poorly cled :
And if his wiſe die on the moyn,
Though all the babes ſhould be ſolowin,
The other kow he clecks away,
With the poor coat of raploch gray :
And if within two years or three,
The eldeſt child happen to die,
Of the third kow he will be ſure.
When he them hath all vnder cure,
And father and mother both are dead,
Beg muſt the babes without remead :

They

The third Book

Lay down the corps at the black stile,
 And there it must remain a while,
 Till they get sufficient sovereignty,
 For their Church right and duty.
 Then comes the Lands-loyd perforce,
 And cleeks to him an hired hoyle.
 Poor laborers would these labors were done,
 Which never founded was by reason.
 I heard them say under confession,
 That Lads was brother to oppression.
 My son, I have shewn as I can,
 How the fifth Monarchye began,
 Whose great Empire for to report,
 At length the time been all too short.

A short Description of the Court of Rome.

Father, said I, what rule keep they in Rome
 Which hath spiritual dominion,
 And Monarchye aboue all Christendom?
 Shew me, I make you supplication.

O. My son, would I make true narration,
 Said he, to Peter and Paul though they succeed,
 I think they proue not that into their deed.

For Peter, Andrew and John, were fishers fine,
 Of men and women to the Christian faith:
 But they have spred their net with hook and line,
 On rents, riches, on gold and other graith:
 Such fishing to neglect they will be laith.
 For why, they haue fished ouer-thwart strands,
 A great part truly of all temporal lands.

With the tenth part of all goods moveable,
 For the upholding of their dignities,
 So been their fishing very profitable,
 On the dry land, as well as on the seas:
 Their very matter they spread ouer all countreys,
 And with their hose-net dayly drawes to Rome,
 The most fine gold that is in Christendom.

I dare well say, within this fifty year,
 Rome hath receiued forth of this region,
 For bulls and benefices which they buy ful dear,
 That might ful well haue payed a kings ransom.
 But were I worthy for to wear a crown,

Priests should no more our substance so consume,
Sending yearly so great riches to Rome.

Into their trammel-net they sang'd a fish
More then a whale, worthy of memory,
Of whom they had many a daint dish,
By which they are exalted to great glory.
That marvellous monster, called purgatory:
Albeit to us it be not amiable,

It hath to them been very profitable.

Let they that fruitful fish escape their net,
For which they have so great commodities:
A more fat fish I trust they shall not get,
Though they should search out through the Ocean
Rode, the deadly dolorous delights. (leas:
Silly poor priests may sing with heart full joy,
Lack they that painful palace purgatory.

Farewell monkry, with chaunon nun and frier,
Alace, they will be lightened in all lands:
Cobles will no more be known in church or queer,
Let they that fruitful fish escape their hands.
I counsel you to bind them fast in bands:
For Peter, Andrew, nor John could never get
So profitable a fish into their net,

Their merchandise into all nations.
As printed lead, their wax, and their parchment,
Their pardons and their dispensations,
They do extort some temporal princes rent,
In such traffick they are not negligent.
Of benefices they make good merchandise,
Whom simmony, which they hold little vice.

Christ did command Peter to feed his sheep.
And so he did feed them full tenderly;
Of that command they take but little keep,
But Christs sheep they spoil piteously,
And with the wool they clothe them curiously:
Like greedy wolves they take of them their food:
They eat their flesh and drink both milk and blood.

For their office they serve but little hye:
I think such pastors are not worth to vyle,
Which cannot guide their sheep about the myre,
they

The third Book 10

They are so buſie in their Merchandize:
Though Peter was porter of paradise,
That pleaſant paſſage craftily they cloſe:
Though their right felo gets enter I ſuppoſe.

Chriſt Ieſus ſaid, as Mattheu hath report,
To be to ſcribes, and to phariſiance,
The which did cloſe of paradize the port:
Of them we have the ſame experience,
To enter there they make ſmal diligence,
They take ſuch care of temporal buſineſs,
Right ſo from us they ſtop the plain entres.

The ſpiritual keyes that Chriſt to Peter gave,
Their color with ſmoke and ruſt are ſad:
Unexerciſed they hold them in their neede:
Of that office they ſeeme to be deſiſed
With Gods word, except that they amend it,
Opening þ poſt which long time hath been cloſed,
That we may enter with them and be rejoyced.

Contrarie to Chriſts inſtitution,
To them that live in habit of a frier,
Rome hath them granted full remiſſion,
To paſſe to heaſen ſtraight way withouten weare,
Which been in Scotland uſed many a year.
Is there ſuch vertue in a friers hood,
I think in vaine Chriſt Ieſus shed his blood.

Would God, the pope who hath preeminence,
With advice of his Councils general,
That they would make their debtful diligence,
That Chriſts Lawes might be kept over all,
And truly preached both to great and ſmal:
And give to them ſpiritual authority,
Which can perfectly ſhow forth the verity.

Who cannot preach a pried ſhould not be named
As may be proved by the Lawe divine:
And by the canon Lawe they are defamed,
That take a priedhood but only to that ſine:
To all vertue their hearts they ſhould incline,
In ſpecial to preach with true intents,
And miniſter the needful ſacraments.
As for their monks, their chanoines and their friers.

in lusty Lanes of religion.
 I know not whereto their office eerts:
 But men may see their great ambition:
 They are not like, into conclusion,
 Either into their words, nor by their works,
 To the Apostles, prophets, nor patriarchs.
 If presently these priests cannot preach,
 Then let each Bishop have a suffragan,
 Or successor, who can for people teach,
 On their expence ready to remain,
 To cause the people from their vice refrain:
 And when a priest happens to deceale,
 Then put a perfect preacher in his place.

Do they not so, on them shall by the charge,
 Giving unable men authority.
 As who would make a blind man to a target,
 Of one blind both which can no danger lack:
 If that his brother, in such a way he
 Who gave the blind man such commendation,
 Should of the sin make redemption.

The bishops Lanes that are conversant
 And not conforming to the Law divine,
 They should expel, and hold them out,
 When they perceive them come to an end,
 Invented but by carnal men's cunning:
 As that law which forbids marriage,
 Causing young clerks turn into lustful age.

Full hard it is charity to observe,
 Without great grace and abstinence,
 Into our flesh as resigneth till we starve,
 That first original sin concupiscence,
 Which we through Adam's disobedience
 Have long incur, and must endure for ever,
 Till that our soul and body death offend.

Wherefore man's law of marriage the hand
 In paradise: as scripture does record.
 In Galilee, right so I understand,
 Was marriage honoured by Christ our Lord:
 His Law and not thereto they do controul.

I think, for me, better that they had slept,
Then to have in for a tear, and never wept.

Look not Christ Jesus his humanity
Of a Virgin in marriage contracted,
And of his flesh clad his divinity?
Why have they none this blessed womb desired
In their kingdom? would God it were conceived
That young Peter's might marry lady wives,
And not in sensual lust to lead their lives.

Did not Christ choose of honest married men,
As well as they had kept chastity,
For to be his disciples, as yet ken,
As in the scripture clearly thou mayst see?
They keeped till their wives with honesty:
As Peter, and his spouse brethren all,
Observed chastity matrimonial.

But now appears the prophetic of Paul,
How some should rise into the latter age,
That from the rent faith should depart and fall,
And some forsooke the bond of marriage,
As thou shalt find into that same passage,
They should command from meats for to abstain,
Which God crept his people to sustain.

But since the Pope our spiritual Prince & king,
He both overles such vices manifested,
And in his kingdom suffers for to reign,
The men by whom the verity is suppressed:
I excuse not himself more then the rest.
Alace, how should his members be well used,
When thus our spiritual heads are abused?

The famous ancient Doctor Avicen,
Says, when ill rheum descendeth from the head
Into the members genders meekle pain,
Except there be made hastily remed,
When the cold humors both therefrom proceed,
In sinews it causeth Arthritica,
Right so into the hands Chiragra.

Of maledicks it genders many mo,
Except men get some sovereign preserue,
As in his thighs Sciatica passio,

And in the breast sometimes the strong caterbe,
 Which causeth men right hastily to sterbe :
 And Podagra right distelle for to cure
 In mens feet which long time both endure.

So to this most triumphant court of Rome,
 This similitude I may well well compare,
 Which hath been heir ship over all Christendom,
 And to the world an evil exemplare,
 That sometimes was lead-star and luminaire,
 And the most sapient seat of sanctitude,
 And now alas, bare of beakitude.

Their kingdom may be called Babylon,
 Which sometime was a bright Ierusalem,
 As plainly meaneth the Apostle John,
 Their most famous city hath lost the name :
 Inhabiters thereof their noble name,
 For why they haue of saints the habitation,
 As Simon Magus made a tabernacle.

A horrible vall of every kind of vice,
 A loathly loch of sinking lecherie,
 A cursed cave, corrupted with covetise,
 Bordered about with pride and simonie :
 Some say, a cistern full of sodomitie ;
 Whose vice in special, if I would declare,
 It were enough for to perturb the air.
 Of truth the whole Christian religion,
 Through them is scandalized and offended :
 It cannot fall but their abusion,
 Before the throne of God it is ascended.

I dread but doubt, except that they amend it,
 The plagues of John his revelation,
 Shall fall upon their generation.

O Lord, which hath the heart of every king
 Into thine hand, I make thee supplication,
 Convert that court, that of thy grace benign,
 They would make general reformation
 Among themselves in every nation,
 That they may be an holy exemplar
 To us thy poor Laick common popular.

Hungred, alas, for fault of spiritual food,
 F. because

Because from us is his the unity:
 O prince, that shed for us his precious blood,
 Kindle in us the fire of Charity,
 And save us from eternall misery,
 Now laboring in the Church militant,
 That we may come to the Church triumphant.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

Making mention of the death of the Antichrist
 of the general judgment, &c. With an Ex-
 hortation by Experience to the Courteour.

C. **P**udent Father, Experience,
 Since you of your benevolence,
 Hath caused me for to consider,
 How worldly pomp & glorie been fitt

By diuerse houses miserable,
 Which to rehearse been lamentable
 Yet ere we pass out of this vale,
 I pray you, give me your counsel,
 What shall I do in time coming,
 To haue the glorie everlasting?

C. My son, said he, set thine intent
 To keep the Lords Commandement:
 And means thee not to climb ouer hy,
 To no worldly authority,
 Wherin this world do most reioyce,
 Are farded ay from their purpose,
 Wouldest thou leave worldly vanities,
 And think on foure extremities,
 Which are to come, and that shortly,
 Thou wouldest neuer sin wilfully:
 Being these foure in thy memory,
 Death, the hell and heauenly glory,
 And extreame iudgement general,
 Where thou must render a count of all;
 Thou shalt not fail to be content,
 Of god's life and lober rent,
 Consoling no man can be sure
 In earth one hour for to endure:

So all worldly prosperity
 Is mixed with great misery.
 Wert thou Emperor of Asia,
 King of Europe and Africa,
 Great Dominator of the sea:
 And though the heavens did thee obey,
 All fishes swimming in the Strand,
 All beasts and fowls at thy command;
 Concluding thou wert king over all,
 Under the heavens imperial,
 In that most high authority,
 Thou shouldst find least tranquillity:
 Example of King Solomon,
 Whose precious life had never none:
 Such riches with so great pleasure,
 Had never King nor Emperor,
 With most profound intelligence,
 And super-excellent sapience.
 His pleasant habitations,
 Surpassed other Nations,
 Gardens and parks for harts and birds,
 Stanks with fishes of diverse kinds:
 Most profound masters of Warlike,
 That in the world was none them like:
 Such treasure of gold and precious stones,
 In earth had never King at once.
 He had seven hundred lusty Queens,
 And three hundred fair concubines.
 In earth there was no thing pleasant,
 Contrarious to his command;
 Yet all his great prosperity,
 He thought to vain and vanity,
 And never found repose complete,
 Without affliction of the spirit.

E. Father, said I, it marvels me,
 He having such prosperity,
 With so great riches above measure,
 For he had infinite pleasure.

E. My son, said I, if thou wouldst know,
 The verity I shall thee shew;
 There is no worldly thing at all,

May satisfie a mans soul;
 For it is so insatiable,
 That heaven and earth may not be able
 A soul alone for to content,
 Till it see God Omnipotent.
 Was never done, nor never shall be
 Satisfie, that sight till that he see.
 Wherefore, my son, let not thy cure
 In earth where nothing can be sure,
 Except the death alanerly,
 Which follows men continually:
 Therefore, my son, remember thee,
 Within short time that thou must die,
 Not knowing when, how, or in what place,
 But as it pleaseth the King of Grace.

Of Death.

Of miseries most miserable,
 Is Death, and most abominable:
 That dreadful dragon with his darts,
 As ready for to pierce the hearts
 Of every creature on live:
 Contrare whose strength may no man strive,
 Of potent death this sore sentence,
 Was given through disobedience
 Of our parents: woe, therefore,
 As I have done declare before,
 How they and their posterity,
 Were all condemned for to dy
 Albeit the flesh to death be thial,
 God hath the soul made immortal:
 And so of his benignity,
 Hath mixt his iudice with mercy:
 Therefore call to remembrance,
 Of this false world the variance,
 How we like pilgrims euen and moirors,
 Are travelling through this vale of sorow:
 Sometime in vain prosperitie,
 And sometime in great misery.
 Sometime in blis, sometime in ball,
 Sometime right sick, and sometime hall:
 Sometime full rich, and sometime poor: when

wherefore, my son, take little care,
 Neither of great prosperity,
 Nor yet of greater misery:
 But pleasant life, and hard mischance,
 Ponder them both in one ballance.
 Considering none other authority,
 Riches, wisdom, nor dignity,
 Empire of realms, beauty, nor strength,
 May not one day our lives lengthen:
 Since we are sure that we must die,
 Farewel all vain felicity.
 Greatly it doth perturb my mind,
 Of violent death the divers kind:
 Though death to every man resorts,
 Yet strikes he into sundry sorts.
 Some by hot fevers violence,
 Some by contagious pestilence,
 Some by Justice execution,
 Been put to death without remission.
 Some hanged, some do lose their heads,
 Some burnt, some sodden into leads,
 And some for their unlawful acts,
 Are rent and riven on the racks.
 Some are dissolved by poison,
 Some in the night are murdered down,
 Some falls into phrenesie,
 Some dies into hypopisie,
 And other strange infirmities,
 Wherein many a thousand die,
 Which humane nature doth abhor;
 As in the gut, gravel and gore.
 Some in the flux and fever quartan,
 But ay the hour of death's uncertain.
 Some are dissolved suddenly,
 By catharre or apoplexy:
 Some do destroy their self, and also
 As Hannibal and wise Cato.
 By thunder death doth some consume,
 As he did the third King of Rome;
 Called Tullus Hostilius.

As wisteth great Maltrus:
 For he and his household at once,
 Where burnt by thundre, flesh and bones,
 Some die by extreme griefe
 Of joy, as Maltrus both wept
 Some by extreme melancholy,
 Will die but other maltrus
 In Chronicles thou may well ken,
 How many hundred thousand men
 Are slain: since first the world began,
 In battel, and how many a man,
 Upon the seas do last their lives,
 When that ship upon the rocks rides:
 Though some die naturally through age,
 Far mo die ravine in a rage,
 Happy is he the buried hath space,
 At his last hour to cry for grace,
 Albeit death be horrible,
 I think it should be comfortable
 To them of the faithful number,
 For they depart from care and tumber,
 From trouble, ceaseth, smart and strife,
 To joy an everlasting life,
 Holborne Virgillius
 To that effect he wisteth thus:
 In Whace when any child was born,
 Their kin and friends was them before
 With dolent lamentation,
 For the great tribulation,
 Calamity, cumber and care,
 That they on earth are to have;
 But at their death and burying,
 They make great joy and singing,
 That they have past from misery,
 To rest and great felicity.
 Since death been final conclusion,
 What shall's worldly provision,
 When holborne may not contramand,
 For strength the war may not stand:
 Then thousand millions of treasure,
 May not prolong the life one hour:

After whole violent departing,
 Thy spirit shall bus tarrying,
 Straightway to joy inestimable,
 Or to strong pain intollerable:
 Thy vile corrupted carion,
 Shall turn to putrifaction,
 And so remain in powder small,
 Unto the iudgement general.

A short Discription of the Antichrist.

Said I, Father, I hear men say,
 That there shall rise before that day,
 Which ye call general iudgement,
 A wicked man from Satans seed,
 And contrary that law of Christ,
 Called the cruel Antichrist:
 And some sayes that mischievous man
 Descend shall of the tribe of Dan,
 That should be born in Babylon,
 The which deceiue shall many one,
 Infidels shall of every sort,
 With that false prophet take a part:
 And how Enoch and Elias,
 Shall preach against that false William:
 But finally his false doctrine,
 And he, shall be put to ruine:
 But neither by the fire nor sword,
 But by the vertue of Gods word:
 And if this be of veritie,
 The sooth, I pray you, shew to me:
 E. My son, said he, as writeth John,
 There shall not be a man alone,
 Having that name in special;
 But Antichrist, in general
 Have been, and now are many one:
 And right so in the time of John,
 Where Antichrist, as himself sayes,
 Is presently now in these dayes,
 Are right many withouten doubt,
 Where these false laws well sought out:
 Who was a greater Antichrist,

And more contrarious to Christ,
 Then the false prophet Balaam,
 Whiche his craft was made to sweare
 In Turke yet they are observed,
 Where throug the hell he hath deserved.
 All Turke, Saracens and Ieros,
 That in the son of God not troles,
 Are Antichristis. I thes declare,
 Becaus to Christ they are contrate.
 Daniel sayes in his propheties,
 That after these great monarchies
 Shal rise a marvelous potent king,
 Whiche with a shamesol face shal reign,
 mighty and wise in dark speakings,
 And prosperous in all pleasant things:
 Throug his falsnes and craftyness,
 He shal flou into wealthyness.
 The godly people he shal noy
 By cruel death, and them destroy,
 the king of kings shal him gainstand,
 then he destroyed wothoutten hand.
 Paul says of the Lords coming,
 That thes shal be a departing,
 And that man of iniquitie,
 To all men he shal opened be:
 whiche shal sit on the holy seat,
 Contrary God to make debate:
 But that son of perdition
 shal be put to confusion,
 By power of the holy spyt,
 when he his time hath dont compleat.
 Belieue not that in time coming,
 A greater Antichrist shal reign,
 Then there hath been, and presently
 Are now, as clarks can espy:
 Therefore my will is that thou knate,
 whateuer they be that make the law,
 Thoug they be called Christian men
 By natural reason thou mayst ken,
 Be they never of so great valor,
 Pope, cardinal, king, or emperor,
 Crotting their traditions

Whoe Christs institutions,
 Making laws contrarie to Christ;
 He is a very Antichrist;
 And who doth foelishly or desperately
 Such laws, I make it to the end,
 Be he a Pope, Emperour, King or Queen,
 Great sorrow shal on them be seen,
 At Christs his extreame Iudgement,
 Except in time they do repent.

A short Remembrance of the most terrible
 day of Iudgement.

C. Father, said I, with your licenes
 Since you haue such experience,
 Per one thing as you would I speak,

When shall this dreadfull day appear,
 Which you call Iudgement general?
 What things before that day shal fall?
 Where shal appear that dreadfull Judge?
 O how may faultres get refuge?

C. Said he, as to thy first question,
 I can make no solution:
 Wherefore perturb not thine intent,
 To know the day, houre, or moment;
 To God alone the day is known,
 Which never was to Angels shewn:
 Albeit by diuerse conjectures,
 And principal expositions,
 Of Daniel and his prophesie,
 And by the sentence of Elie,
 Which haue declared as they can,
 How long it's since the world began:
 And for to howe haue done their cure,
 How long they trust it shal endure:
 And eke how many ages been.

As in their works it may be seen.
 But to declare those questions,
 There are diuerse opinions.
 Some writers haue the world diuided
 In six ages, as been decided,
 Into *Falscuilis temporum*, And

And Chronica chroniconum
 And by the sentence of Elie,
 The world divided is in three,
 As cunning master Carlon,
 Hath made plain exposition.
 How Elie says withouten doubt,
 The world shall last six thousand years,
 Of whom I follow the sentence,
 And let the other books go hence,
 From the creation of Adam,
 Two thousand years to Abraham:
 From Abraham by this narration,
 To Christ his incarnation,
 Right so hath been this thousand years,
 As by their propheties appears:
 From Christ, as they make to us kend,
 Two thousand years to the worlds end,
 The which are by gone, as I ween,
 A thousand six hundred, ten and threene,
 And so remains to come but twear,
 Three hundred threescore, and eighteen years,
 And then the Lord omnipotent,
 Shall come to his great judgement,
 Christ says: The time shall be made short,
 As Matthew plainly doth report,
 That for the worlds iniquitie,
 The latter time shall shortly be,
 For pleasure of the chosen number,
 That they may passe from care and cumber,
 So by this count it may be kend,
 The world is drawing near an end:
 For legions are come no doubt,
 Of Antichrist were they sought out:
 And many tokens do appear,
 As after shortly thou shalt hear:
 How that saint Jerome hath indyte,
 That he hath read in Hebrew wryte,
 Of fifteen things in special,
 Before that Iudgement general:
 Of some of them I take no cure,
 Which I find not in the scripture.

A part of them though I declare,
 First I will to the scripture sort:
 Christ layes before that day of doome,
 There shall be signs of sun and moon:
 The sun shall hide his beames light,
 So that the moon shall give no light:
 The glistering stars by mens iudgement
 Shall fall forth of the firmament.

Of these signs ere we farther goe,
 Some moral sense we will expone,
 As cunning clerks have oft declared,
 And have the sun and moon compared,
 The sun to the state spiritual,
 The moon to princes temporal.
 Right so the stars they doe compare
 To laick common populace,
 The moon and stars have no light,
 But the reflex of Phebus bright:
 So when the sun of light is dark,
 The moon and stars must needs be mick,
 Right so when pastors spiritual,
 Popes, Bishops and Cardinals,
 In their beginning shew'd great light,
 The temporal state was ruled right:
 But now alas, it is not so,
 Their shining lamps been long ago,
 Their radious beames are turn'd to reeds:
 For now in earth nothing they seek,
 Except riches and dignity,
 Following their sensuality,
 Many prelates are now reigning,
 The which no more do understand
 What doth pertain to their office,
 Then they can kindle fire with yce.
 Who be to Popes. I say for me,
 That suffers such enormity,
 That ignorant worldly creatures
 Should in the church have any cure.
 No marvel though the people slide,
 When they have blind men to their guides:
 For a prelat that cannot preach,

Not Gods Law to people teach,
 Clay compares them in his weak,
 To a dumb dog that cannot bark,
 And Chide him called in his grief,
 As if like a murderer or a thief.
 The cunning Doctor Augustin,
 To wolves and devils both them destin,
 The cannon Law doth him belame,
 That of a prelat bears the name,
 And will not preach the divine law,
 As the decrees plainly shew,
 But those that have authority,
 To provide spiritual dignity,
 Might if they pleased to take pain,
 Cause them light all their lamps again,
 But ever apace, that is not done,
 So darkned been both sun and moon,
 Where kings lives well declared,
 The which are to the moon compared,
 Men might consider their estate,
 From charity degenerate.
 I think they should think methke shame,
 Of Chide for to take their surname:
 They live not like to Christians,
 But more like turks or pagans,
 Turks contrare turks make little to care,
 But children princes sake no fear,
 Which should agree as brother with brother:
 But now each one dings down another:
 I know no reasonable cause wherefore,
 Except pride, covetous and vain glory,
 The emperor moves his ordinance,
 Contrare the potent king of France,
 And France right so with great rigor,
 Contrare his friend the emperor:
 And right so France against England,
 England also against Scotland,
 And eke the Scots with all their might,
 Do fight for to defend their right,
 Between the realms of Albion,
 Where battles have been many one.

Can be made no affinity,
 Nor yet no consanguinity:
 Nor by no way they can consider,
 That they may have no peate together:
 I dread these wars make no ending,
 Till they be both under one king,
 Though Christ the Sovereign king of grace,
 Left in his testament love and peace,
 Our kings from war will not refrain,
 Till there be many a thousand slain:
 Great damage made by sea and land,
 As all the world may underneath.

C. Father, I think that temporal Kings
 May fight for to defend their reigns:
 For I have seen the spiritual state
 Make war, their rights for to debate.
 I saw Pope Julius manfully,
 Pass to the field triumphantly,
 With a right awful ordinance,
 Contrare Letois the King of France:
 And for to do him more despite,
 He did his Region interdict.

C. My son, said he, as I suppose,
 That belongs well to our purpose,
 How sun and moon are both denude
 Of light, as clerks do conclude:
 Comparing them, as you heard tell,
 To spiritual state and temporal:
 And common people have despised,
 Which to the stars have been compared,
 Lack people follow ay their heads,
 And specially into their deeds,
 The most part of religion
 Been turned to abusion.
 What doth avail religions weeds,
 When they are contrare to their deeds?
 What holiness is there within
 A wolf clad in a wedders skin?
 So by these tokens doth appear,
 The day of Judgement nathew near.
 Now let us leave this moral sense,

proceeding to our purpose hence,
 And of this matter speak no more,
 Beginning where we left before.
 the scripture sayes: After these signs,
 Shal be seen many marvelous things,
 Then shal rise tribulations
 In earth, and great mutations,
 As well here under, as above,
 when power of the heavens shal move,
 Such cruel wars shal be ere then,
 Was never since the world began;
 The which shal cause great indigence,
 As dearth, hunger and pestilence:
 the horrible sound of the sea,
 The people shal perturb and flee,
 Jerome sayes: It shal rise on sight
 Above the mountains by mens sight;
 But it shal not spread o'er the land,
 But like a wall shal straight upland,
 Then settle down again so low,
 that no man shal the water know:
 Great toales shal runneth, rore and raile;
 whose sound resound shal in the aire.
 All fish and monsters marvelous,
 Shal cry with sounds odious,
 that men shal wither on the earth,
 And weeping waile shal there weild,
 with loud alace, and wail-away.
 That ever they lived to see that day,
 And specially those that dwelling be
 Upon the coasts of the sea.
 Right so, as Jerome concludes,
 Shal be seen furies on the floods:
 The sea with moving marvelous,
 Shal burn with flames furious:
 Right so shal burn fountains and flood,
 And herb and trees shal twist like blood.
 Fowls shal fall forth out of the air,
 wild beasts to the plain repaire,
 And in their manner make their moan,
 howling with many grisly groan.

The bodies of the dead creatures,
 Appear shal in their sepulchres;
 then shal both men, women and bairns
 Come crying forth of dark caverns,
 where they for dead were hid before,
 with sighs and sobes, and hearts full soze,
 standing about as they were wood,
 affamished for fault of food:
 None may make other comforting,
 But double grief and lamenting.
 What may they do but weep and wonder,
 when they see rocks shake all asunder,
 through trembling of the earth and quaking.
 Of sorrow then shal be no slaking,
 they that are living in those dayes,
 May tell of terrible affayes:
 Then riches, rents, and great treasure,
 that time may do them small pleasure:
 But when such wonders do appear,
 Men may be sure that day drawes near,
 The iust men shal passe to the gloze,
 Uniuert to pain for evermore.

E. Father. said I, my party read
 An article into our creed,
 Saying, that Christ Omnipotent,
 Into that general Iudgement,
 Shal iudge both quick and dead also:
 wherefore declare me ere I go,
 If there shal any man or wize,
 That day be founden upon life?

E. Said he. As to that question,
 I shal make some solution:
 The scripture plainly doth expone,
 when all tokens are come and gone,
 Pet many an hundred thousand men
 that self-same day shal be liuand,
 Albeit there shal no creature,
 Neither of day nor hour be sure:
 For Christ shal come so suddenly,
 That no man shal the time espy,
 As it was in the time of Noe, when

When God did all the world destroy:
 Some on the field shall be labouring,
 Some in the temple marrying,
 Some before Judges making plea,
 And some men falling on the sea.
 Those that be on the field going,
 Shall not return to their longing;
 Who been upon the house above,
 Shall not have leaue to remove.
 Two shall be in the Mill grinding,
 Which shall be taken without warning,
 The one to everlasting glore,
 The other lost for evermore.
 Two shall be lying in one bed,
 The one to pleasure shall be led,
 The other shall be left alone,
 Sleeping with many a grievous groane.
 And so, my son, thou mayst well trow,
 The world shall be as it is now,
 The people using businesse,
 As holy Scripture both expresse.
 Since no man knows the hour nor day,
 The Scripture bids us watch and pray,
 And for our sins be penitent,
 As Christ would come incontinent.

The manner how Christ shall come to his Judgement.

When all tokens are brought to end,
 Then shall the son of God descend;
 As fire-flaught baskily glancing,
 Descend shall the great heavenly King,
 As Rhebus in the Orient
 Ligheneth in half the Occident,
 So pleasantly he shall appear
 Among the heavenly clouds cleare,
 With great power and Maiestie,
 Above the country of Iude,
 As Clerks have concluded hail,
 Direct above the ludy vale
 Of Iosopbat, and mount Olivet:

All prophesie there shall be compleat,
 The angels of the orders nine,
 Environ shall the throne divine,
 With humble adoration,
 Making him ministration:
 In his presence there shall be burn
 The sign of crosse, and crown of thorn,
 Pillar and nails, scourges and spear,
 With every thing that did him deere,
 The time of his grim passion,
 And for our consolation,
 Appear shall in his hands and feet,
 And in his side, the print compleat
 Of his five wounds precious,
 Shining like rubies radious,
 To reprobates confusion,
 And for final conclusion,
 He sitting in his tribunal,
 With great power imperial,
 Then shall an Angel blow a blast,
 Which shall make all the world agast,
 With hideous voice and vehement,
 Rise up dead folk, come to judgement,
 With that all reasonable creature,
 That ever was formed by nature,
 Shall suddenly rise up as once,
 Conjoined with soul, flesh, blood and bones,
 That terrible trumpet, I hear tell,
 Shall be heard in heaven, earth & hell:
 Those that were drowned in the sea,
 That boudrous blast they shall obey,
 Where ever the body buried was,
 All shall be found into that place,
 Angels shall pass in the four airts
 Of earth, and bring them from all parts,
 And with an instant diligence,
 Present them to his Excellence,
 Saint Jerome thought continually
 On this Judgement so ardently:
 He said: Whether I eat or drink,
 Or wake, or sleep, forsooth I think,
 That

That terrible trumpet like a bell,
 So quickly in mine ears both knel,
 As instantly as it were present;
 Rise up, dead folk, come to Judgement.
 If Saint Jerome took such alarm,
 Alace, what shal we sinners say.
 All those that shal be found alive,
 Then shal immortal be helive:
 And in the twinkling of an eye,
 With fire they shal translated be,
 And never for to die again.
 As diuine scripture sheweth plain:
 As ready both for pain and gloze,
 As they which died long time before.
 Some authors say, they shal appear
 In age of three and thirty year,
 Whether thy die young or old,
 Whose great number may not be told.
 That day shal not be miss one man,
 Which was born since the world began.
 The Angel shal them separat
 As doth an herd, sheep from the goat.
 And those that be of Belials band,
 Trembling upon the earth shal stand
 On the left hand of that great Iudge;
 But esperance to get refuge:
 But those that are predestinat,
 Shal from the earth be eleuat;
 And that most happy Company,
 Shal ordered be triumphantly,
 At the right hand of Christ our king,
 High in the air with loud louing.
 Full gloriously there shal compear,
 More bright then phebus in his spear,
 The Virgin Marie Queen of Queens,
 With many a thousand of Virgins,
 The fathers of the Old Testament,
 Which were to God obedient,
 Father Adam shal them convoy,
 With Abel, Seth, Enoch and Noe,
 Abraham

Abraham with all his faithful works,
 With all the prudent patriarchs:
 John the Baptist shal there compare,
 The principal and last messenger,
 Which came but half a year before
 The coming of the king of glory.
 Moses and Aarons honorable
 With all true prophets venerable.
 David with all the faithful kings,
 Which vertuously did rule their reigns.
 The noble chiefe of Iosue,
 With gentle Judas Maccabe,
 With many a noble champion,
 Which in their time with great renown
 Fought valiantly to their lives end,
 The Law of God they did defend.
 With Eve that day shal be present,
 The Ladies of the Old Testament
 Deborah, Adams daughter deare,
 With four most lusty Ladies cleare,
 Which kept were in the Ark with Noe.
 Sara and Returah with joy,
 The which to Abraham wives been,
 With good Rebecca there shal be seen.
 The prudent wives of Israel.
 Good Leah, and the fair Rachel,
 With Judith, Hester and Susanna,
 And the right sapient Queen Saba.
 There shal compare Peter and Paul,
 With Christ his good disciples all.
 Lawrence and Steven with their blisshand,
 Of Martyrs mo then ten thousand.
 Gregorie, Ambrose and Augustin,
 With confessors a triumphant train,
 With Saint Francis and Benedick,
 Saint Bernard and saint Dominick,
 With smal numbers of Monks and Friars,
 Of Carmelites and Cordeliers,
 That for the love of Christ only,
 Renounc'd the world unfeignedly:
 With Elizabeth and Anna,

All good wibes shall compare that day
 The blest and holy Magdalen,
 That day before her sovereign,
 Right pleasantly he shall present,
 All sinners that were penitent,
 Which of their guilt here asked grace,
 In heaven with her shall have a place.
 But two be to that hateful band,
 Which shall stand loth at his left hand
 And then to Kings and Emperors,
 That were unrighteous conquerors,
 For their gloie and particular good,
 Caused shed so meekle sakelesse blood,
 Both scepter, crown, and robe royal,
 That day they shall make count of all,
 And for their cruel tyranny,
 Shall punish be perpetually.
 Ye Lords and Barons more and less,
 That your poor tenants did oppress,
 By great Griefum and double mail,
 More then your lands were afill,
 With sore crossbitt cartlage,
 With merchants of their marriage,
 Commented both in peace and war,
 With burdens more then they can bear,
 Be they have payed to you their mail,
 And to the priest the tithes hall:
 And when the land again is sown,
 What rests behind, I would were known.
 I trust, they and their poor household,
 May tell of much hunger and cold,
 Except ye have of them pity,
 I dread ye shall get no mercy,
 That day when Christ Omnipotent,
 Comes to his general iudgement.
 He be to publick oppressors,
 To tyrants and to transgressors,
 To murderers and common thieves,
 That did not mend their great mischiefs;
 Fornicators and usurers,
 Common publick adulterers.

All perberse wicked hereticks,
 All false deceitful schismaricks,
 All that be present in that place,
 With many lamentable apace,
 The curst Cain that never was good,
 With all sheppers of Sabel's blood,
 Nimrod the founder of Babelon,
 With false Idolaters many one,
 Sinus the King of Assyria,
 With great dole shall compare that day,
 Which first invented Imagery,
 Whence through came great Idolatry,
 For making of that Image Bell,
 That day his hye shall be in hell,
 The great oppressor Pharaon,
 That tyrant Emperor Nero,
 Shall with them curst King beed
 With many other careful King,
 The cruel King Antiochus,
 With the most facions Diocetius,
 Great oppressors of Israell,
 That day their hye shall be in hell,
 With Judas shall compare a clan
 Of false traytors to God and man,
 There shall compare of every land,
 With Ponc what a haillful band
 Of temporal and spiritual States,
 False Judges with their Advocats,
 There shall our Symptours of the Session,
 Of all that faulter make cleare confession,
 There shall be seen the fraudful faillies,
 With Sheriffs, Bishops, and of Baillyes:
 Officials with their consistorie clerks,
 Shall make count of their wrongous works,
 They and their perberse procutors,
 Oppressors both of rich and pious,
 Though Dilatours full of false deceit,
 Which many one caus'd hem their meat,
 Great dole that day to Judges been,
 That comes not with their conscience clean,
 That day that pass by peremptors,

without cautell, or dilatorie,
 No duplicandum nor triplicandum,
 But shortly passe to sentenciandum,
 without continuations,
 Or any applications:
 What sentence shall not be retreated,
 Nor with no man of Law debated.
 Ye Laborers of sea and Land,
 Perfect crafts-men, and vey merchants,
 Leave your becces and crafty talcots,
 Witheddilly simple folk beguiles,
 Make recompence here as ye may,
 Remembering on that dreadfull day.
 With Mahomet shall compare, no doubt,
 Of Antichrist an bloody rout.
 Bishop Annas and Caiaphas,
 With them in company shall passe.
 The Scribes and false Pharisees,
 Which wrought on Christ your violence,
 With many a curk and Sacerdote,
 With great sorow there shall be seene
 popes with their traditions,
 Contrarie Christ's instructions,
 With many a cowe and clipped croton,
 Which Christ Jesus hath beaten down:
 And would not suffer for to preach
 The verity, nor the people teach,
 But lach men put to great content,
 Which used Christ his sacrament,
 All Kings and Dukes there shall be bend,
 The which such Lawe did defend.
 To that court shall come many one
 Of the black yok of Babylon:
 The innocent blood that day shall cry
 A loud vengeance full vitrouly,
 On those cruel bloody butchers
 Of Wannes, pophes and preachers
 Some with the lawe, some with the sword,
 Which plainly preaches Gods his word,
 That day they shall rewarded be,
 Conform to their iniquitie.

The Sodomites and Gomorrahites,
 On whom God brought so great vengeance,
 And Cozab, Dathan, and Abiron,
 With their assistants many one:
 The holy Scripture will thee tell,
 How they sank down all to the hell,
 With Sennacherib that reioys,
 Of proud Babels a shameful soys.
 The self same way there shal be seen,
 Wary a cruel careless Queen;
 Queen Semiramis, King Nimus wife,
 A tyger full of fure and strife.
 Together with Queen Jezebel,
 Which was covetous and cruel.
 The false deceitful Dalila,
 With cruel Queen Clytemnestra,
 The which did murder on the night,
 Hamemnon both wife and might.
 The which was her sovereign Lord,
 As Greek stories do record:
 With cruel Antiochus many one,
 Which long time were for to expone.
 Pe wanton Ladies and burghis folkes,
 That nois for sicker talke scribes,
 Slapping the filch among your feet,
 Haling the vnt into the street,
 That day for all your pompe and pride,
 Your tails shal not your hips hide.
 These vanities ye shal repent,
 Unless that ye be penitent.
 With Pythionissa, I hear tell,
 Which raised the spirit of Samuel,
 That day with her there shal reioys,
 Of rank witches a sorrowful soys,
 Brought from all parts many a myle,
 From Savoy, Echolt and Argyle,
 And from the Rhynns of Galloway,
 With a woeful wail-away.
 Ye brethren of religion,
 In time leave your abusion.

which which ye have the world abused,
 O: ye that day shal be refused,
 I speake to you all in general,
 Not to one eider special:
 That day all creatures shal ken,
 If ye were saines or worldly men,
 O: if ye took the chapelry,
 That ye might live most pleasantly,
 And get good large portion,
 O: for a godly devotion,
 That day your sained sanctitude
 Shal not be known by your hood:
 Your superstitious ceremonies,
 Participat toke Indulgences,
 Cord, cutted shooes, nor clipped head:
 That day shal stand you in no stead:
 For colles black, gray, nor hogard,
 Ye shal that day geve no reward.
 Your polst painted flattery,
 Your dissimulat hypocrite,
 That day they shal be clearly known,
 When they shal reape as they have sown:
 Therefore in time be penitent,
 O: else that day ye shal be went.
 I pray you heartily, as I may,
 Remember on that dreadful day,
 Ye Abbots, Bishops, or Priores,
 Consider what ye do confesse;
 And howe that your promotion
 Was nothing for devotion,
 But to obtain the Abbacy:
 Ye make your voto of chastity,
 Of poverty and obedience:
 Therefore remove your conscience,
 How these three votos been observed,
 And what reward hath been deserved:
 Therefore repent while ye have space,
 Since God is liberal of his grace.
 O Father, said I, hearken to me,
 Where shal our wickednes ordered be,
 Which now are in the world abused?

with whom shal come that spiritual band:

C. Said he, as saint Barnard describes;
Except that they amend their lives,

and leaue their wanton vicious works:

As with the Prophets, not Patriarchs;

nor with the Doctors and Confessours;

The which to Christ were true Preachers:

Their predecessors Peter and Paul,

that day will them misknow at all:

so shal they not, I say for me;

with the Apostles ordered be:

I trust they wil' dwell on the border

of hell, where there shal be no order,

along the flood of Whilgaton,

Or on the brayes of Hebron,

lying on Chardon, I conclud,

to ferry them over that furious flood,

to eternal confusion,

Except they leaue their abusion.

I trust, these prelates more and less,

shal make cleare count of their riches,

that dreadful day with hearts full sore,

and what service they did therefore.

The princely pomp, or apparel

of Pope, Bishop, or Cardinal,

their coyall rents and dignitie,

that day shal not regarded be.

There shal no talles, as I hear say,

of Bishops be worn up that day.

Will they not with their conscience cleare,

in them great sorow shal be seen,

except that they their liues amend

in time, and so I make an end.

The manner how Christ shall give his
Sentence.

W^HEN all these Congregations
Are brought out of all Nations,
and shal be without proceles;
he shal make so long delays:

For in the twinkling of an eye,
 All mankind shal presented be,
 Before that Kings excellence.
 Then shouly shal he give sentence :
 First, saying to that blessed band,
 Which ordeed be at his right hand,
 Come with my fathers benediction,
 And receive your possession,
 Which was for you preordinate
 Before the world was first create.
 When I was hungry, ye me fed :
 When I was naked, ye me clad :
 Oft times ye gave me barley,
 And gave me drink when I was dry :
 And visit me with milder meek,
 When I was prisoner and sick :
 In all such tribulation,
 Ye gave me consolation.
 Then shal they say : O potent King,
 When saw we thes desires such thing ?
 We never saw thine Excellence
 Subdued to such indignence
 Yet shal he say, I you assure,
 When ever ye did receive the poor,
 And for my sake made them supplie,
 That gift doubtless ye gave to me :
 Therefore shal now begin your gloie,
 Which shal endure for evermore.
 Then shal he look on his left hand,
 And say unto the hainful band,
 Goe with my malediction,
 To eternal affliction,
 In company with fiends fell,
 In everlasting fire of hell.
 When I hood naked at your gate,
 Hungry and thirsty, cold and trest,
 Right feeble, sick, and like to die,
 I never got of you supplie :
 And when I lay in prison strong,
 Of you I might have liven full long,
 Without your consolation,

O: any suppotation.

Trembling for dread, then shal they say,
With many hideous harm-say:

Alace, good Lord, when shal we thee
Subiect to such necessitie?

When shal we thee come to our doore,
Hungry and thirly, naked and poore?

When shal we thee in prison ly,

O: thee refused harbery?

Then shal that most precellent King,

To these wretches make answering:

That time when ye refus'd the poore,

Which needful cryed at your doore,

And of your superfluity,

For my sake made them no supply:

Refusing them, ye me refused:

With wretchedness so ye were abused:

Therefore ye shal haue to your hye,

The everlasting burning fyre,

Without grace, peace, or comfortyng.

Then shal they cry full sore weeping:

That we were made, alace, good Lord:

Alace, is there no mercie?

But thus withouten hope of grace,

Thy presence of that pleasant face,

Alace, for us it had been good,

We had been smozed in our coud.

Then with a rear the earth shal rive,

And swallowe them both man and wiffe.

Then shal these creatures forloyn,

Mary the hour that they were born,

With many an hideous cry and yell,

From time they feel the flames fell,

Upon their tender bodies bite,

Whose tormentes shal be infinit.

The earth shal close, and from their sight

Shal taken be all kind of light.

There shal be howling and weeping,

Withouten hope of comfortyng.

In that inestimable pain,

Eternally they shal remain,
 Burning in furious flames red,
 Ever dying, but never dead :
 That the smal minute of an hour,
 To them shal be so great dolour,
 They shal think they have done remain
 A thousand years into that pain.
 Alace. I tremble to hear tell,
 That terrible tormenting of hell.
 That painful pit for to deplore,
 Which must endure for evermore.
 Then shal these glorified creatures,
 With mirth and infinit pleasures,
 Conveyed with ioy angelical,
 Pass to the heavens imperial,
 With Christ Iesus our sovereign king,
 In gloire everlastingly to reign ;
 Of man which passeth the engine,
 The thousand part for to define,
 Planerly to the least pleasure,
 Preordinat for one creature.
 Then shall a fire, as clerks saie,
 Make all the hills and valleys plaine,
 From earth up to the heavens empyre.
 All shal renew'd be by that fire,
 Purging all thyngs material,
 Under the heavens Imperial :
 Both earth and water, fire and aie,
 Shall be more perfect made and saie,
 The which before had mix'd been,
 Shal then be purifi'd and made cleane.
 The earth like crystal shal be clear,
 And every planet in his sphere,
 Shal rest withoutten more moving,
 Both carry heaven and crystalin.
 The first & highest heavens moveable.
 Will stand but turning, firm and stable.
 The sun into the Orient
 Will stand, and in the Occident
 Rest shal the moon, and be more clear
 Then now is Phebus in his sphere :

And eke the Lantern of the heauen,
 Shall giue more light by degrees seuen
 Then it giue since the world began;
 The heauens renewed shall be then.
 Right so the earth with such deuise,
 Compared to the heavenly paradise:
 So heauen and earth shall be all one,
 As meaneth the Apostle Iohn.
 The great sea shall no more appear,
 But like a crysal pure and clear,
 Passing imagination
 Of man, to make narration,
 Of gloire, which God hath done prepare
 To every one which cometh there;
 The which with eares, nor yet with eye
 Of man may not be heard nor seen:
 With heart it is unthinkable,
 And with tongue unprouincable:
 Whose pleasures shall be so perfite,
 Having in God so great delite.
 The space now of a thousand year,
 That time shall not an hour appear;
 Which cannot comprehend be,
 Till we that pleasant sight shall see.
 When Paul was ravish't in the spitte
 To the third heauen of gloire replat:
 He sayes, the secrets which he saw
 They were not lawfull for to shaw
 To no man on earth liuand:
 Therefore preas not to understand,
 Albeit thereto thou hast desire.
 The secrets of the heauens Empire,
 The more men look on Phebus bright,
 The more feeble shall be their sight.
 Right so let no man set his cure
 To seek the high diuine nature.
 The more men study, I suppose,
 Shall be the more from their purpose:
 To know whereto should men intend,
 Which Angels cannot comprehend?

But after this great Judgement,
 All things to us shall be patent.
 Let us with Paul our minds adress,
 We being full of heav'nly bliss,
 Full humbly he teacheth us
 Not for to be too curious:
 Albeit men be of great engine,
 To seek the highest secrets divine,
 Whose judgements are unsearchable,
 His ways strange and invedigable,
 That is to say past out finding,
 Of whom no man can find ending.
 It sufficeth us for to implore,
 Great God to bring us to his glory.

Of certain pleasures of the glorified bodies.

SINCE there is none in earth may comprehend
 The heavenly glory and wisdom infinite:
 Wherefore my son, I pray thee not pretend
 Too far to seek the matter of desire,
 Which passeth natural reason to desire,
 That God before that he the world creat,
 Prepar'd to them which are predestinate.
 All mortal men shall be made immortal,
 That is to say, never to die again:
 Impassible and so celestial,
 That fire nor sword may do to them no pain,
 Nor heat, nor cold, nor frost, nor wind, nor rain:
 Though such things were, may do to them no harm,
 These creatures right so shall they be as clear.

As flaming Simeon in his mansion,
 Considering then if there shall be great light,
 When every one into his region
 Shall shine like to the sun, and be as bright:
 Let us with Paul desire to see that sight.
 To be dissolved Paul had a great desire,
 With Christ to be into the heavens empire.

And moreover, as clerks can describe,
 These marvelous lights they been incomparable:
 Among the rest, in all their senses live,

The

They shall haue sensual pleasures desirable:

The heavenly sound which shall be inueterable,
Into their ears continually shall ring.

And eke the sight of Christ Iesus our King.

Into this triumphant throne Imperial,

With his Mother the Virgin, Queen of queens,

There shall be seen the court celestial,

Apostles, martyrs, confessors and Virgins,

Brighter then Phoebus in his sphere that shines,

The Patriarchs and Prophets venerable,

There shall be seen in gloire inestimable.

And with their spiritual eyes shall be seen

That sight which is most superexcellent,

God as he is, and evermore hath been,

Continually that sight contemplant.

Augustin saith: He rather take on hand

To be in hell, he seeing the essence

Of God, then he in heaven without his presence.

Who seeing God in his Divinitie,

He seeth in him all other pleasant things,

The which with tongue cannot pronounced be:

What pleasure been to see the King of kings?

The greatest pain the damned folk doth in things,

And to the devils most punishment,

It is of God to lack fruition.

And moreover they shall feel such a smell,

Surmounting far the steepe of earthly odors:

And in their mouth a taste, as I hear tell,

Of sweet and supernatural savours:

As they shall see the heavenly bright colours,

Shining among these creatures divine,

Which to describe transcendeth mans ingine.

And eke they shall haue such agility,

In one instant to passe for their pleasure,

Ten thousand miles in twinkling of an eye,

So that their joyes shal be without measure.

They shall reioice to see the great dolour

Of damned folk in hell, and their torment,

Because it is of God the iust iudgement.

Subtilty they shall haue marvelous.

Supposing that there were a wall of brass,
 A glorious body may right basily,
 Out through the wall without impediment pass,
 Such like as both the sun-beams out through the
 As Christ to his disciples did appear, (glasse)
 All entrance close, and none of them did fear.

Albeit in heaven though every creature
 Have not alike felicity and gloire;
 Yet every one shal have so great pleasure,
 And so content, that they desire no more:
 To have more joy they shal no more employe,
 But they shal all be satisfied and content,
 Like to this rude example subsequente.

Take a crobat, a pint-pot, and a quart,
 A gallon picher, a puncheon and a tun
 Of wine, or balm, give every one his part,
 And fill them full till they be over-run:
 The little crobat in comparison,
 Shal be so full, that it shal hold no more
 Of such measure, though they were twenty (score)
 Into the tun, or in the puncheon,
 So that these vessels in one quantity
 May hold no more, except they over-run,
 Yet have they not alike in quantity:
 So by this rude example thou mayst see,
 Though every one be not alike in gloire,
 Are satisfied, that they desire no more.

Though presently by God his providence,
 Both beasts and fowls, and fishes in the sea,
 Are necessary for mans sustenance,
 With corns, herbes, flowers, and fruitful trees,
 Then shal there be no commodity:
 The earth shal bear no plant, nor beast bntall,
 But as the heavens shal be bright like crystal.

Suppose some be on earth walking here below
 Of high above, toher ever they please to go,
 Of God they have as clear fruition,
 Both east and west, up, down, or to and fro:
 Clerks have declared pleasures many mo,
 Which both transcend all mortal mans ingine.

The thousand part of those pleasures divine,
 Into the heaven they shall perfectly know
 Their tender friends, their father & their mother,
 Their predecessors whom they never saw;
 Their spouses, children, their sister & their brothers;
 And every one that have such love to other,
 Of others gloze and joy they shall rejoice,
 As of their own, as clerks do suppose.

Then shall be seen that bright Jerusalem,
 Which John saw in his Revelation;
 The mortal men, alas, are lost to blame,
 That will not have consideration,
 And a continual contemplation,
 With hot desire to come unto that gloze,
 Which pleasure shall endure for evermore.

O Lord, our God, and King Omnipotent,
 Which knowest ere thou the heavens and earth creat,
 Who wouldst to thee be glorified.

And to desire for to be reprehended.
 Thou knowest the number of predestinat,
 Whom thou didst call, and had them justified,
 And shall in heaven with thee be glorified.

Grant us to be, Lord, of that chosen sort,
 Which of thy mercy superexcellent
 Didst purifie, as Scripture hath report,
 With the blood of that holy Innocent,
 Jesus, which made himself obedient
 Unto the death, and served on the rood:
 Let us, O Lord, be purged with that blood.

All creatures that ever God created,
 As wisteth Paul, they wish to see that day:
 When the children of God presenting ed,
 Shall do appear in their new fresh array:
 When corruption shall be cleant & all away,
 And chang'd shall be their mortal quality,
 In the great gloze of immortality.

And moreover all things corporal
 Under the concave of the heavens Empire,
 That now so labor subiect are and shall:
 Sun, Moon and stars, earth, water, ay and fire,
 In

In a manner they have an hot desire,
 knowing that day, that they may be at rest,
 As Crimus expoundeth manifest.

And let the great Globe of the Firmament
 Continually in mourning warbelous:
 The seven Planets contrary their Intent,
 Revolve about with course contrarious.
 The wind and sea with boisterous motions,
 The troubled air, with frost, and snow and rain,
 Until that day, they stand ay in pain.

And all the Angels of the orders nine,
 Having compassion on our miseries,
 They wish after that day, and to that fine
 To see us freed from our infirmities,
 And cleansed from these great calamities,
 And troublous life which never shall have end
 Until that day, I make it to thee end.

An Exhortation given by Father Experience,
 unto his Son the Courteour.

My Son, now mark well in thy memoire,
 Of this false world the trouble transiour:
 Those dreadful days do now draw near an end:
 When call on God to be thine adiutor.
 And every day, my son, memento most:
 And wish not when or where that thou shalt dwell
 Here to remain, I pray thee not pretend,
 And since thou knowest the time is very short,
 In Christ his blood let all whole they comfort.

Be not so much so lye in temporal things,
 Since thou perceivest Pope, Emperour, nor Kings
 Into the earth have no place permanent:
 Thou seest that death them dolefully doth bring,
 And drives them from their rents, riches, and reigns:
 Therefore on Christ consign thy whole intent,
 And of thy calling be right well content:
 When God that severeth the fowles of the air,
 All needful things he shall for thee prepare.

Consider in thy contemplation,
 My Son, the wondrous creation, Panting

Worke hath suffered this misery mortal :
 By torments with celebration,
 With dolor, dread and desolation :
 Gentles, and chosen people of Israel,
 To this unhap, are all subject and that ;
 Which misery no man shall ever escape
 Till the last day, my son, thereof be sure.

That day, as I have made narration,
 Shall be the day of consolation,
 To all the Children of the chosen Number :
 There ended shall be their desolation.
 And eke I make thee supplication,
 In earthly matters take this no more cumber.
 Dread not to die, for death is but a slumber :
 Live a just life, and with a joyous heart,
 And of thy goods take pleasantly thy part.

Of our talking now let us make an end :
 Behold how Shebus downward doth descend,
 Toward his Palace in the Decident :
 Dame Turchin, I see, he doth pretend,
 Into her watry region to descend,
 With visage pale into the Orient.
 The beauteous donks, the roses redolent,
 The many-golden that all day were rejoyced
 Of Shebus heat, now craftily are belied.

The blisful birds are bowning to their trees,
 And ceaseth from their heavenly harmonies.
 The corn-crash in the craft I hear her cry :
 The hawk, the hawkelet, ferble of their eye,
 For their pastime now in evening fies.
 The nightingale with mirthful melodie,
 Her natural notes do pierce up through the sky,
 To Cynthia making her observance,
 Which on the night doth take her vassance.

I see Bolt Arctick in the North appear,
 And Glennis rising with her beams clear,
 Wherefore, my son, I hold it time to go.
 Would God, said I, you did remain all year,
 That I might of your heavenly lessons lear :
 Of your departing I am very wo.
 Take patience, said he, it must be so :

Perchance I shall returne with diligence,

Thus I departed from Experience.

And sped me home with heart sighing full sore.

And entred in my quiet Quarters:

I took paper, and there began to write

This misery, as you have heard before:

All gentle Readers heartily I implore,

For to excuse my rural rude endite:

Though Pharisees would have at me despite,

Whose would not that their craftiness were kend,

Let God be Judge, and so I make an end.

Finis quod L. J. A. D. S. A. P.

The Testament and Complaint of our Sovereign
Lord King *James* the fifth his *Papingo*, lying
sore wounded, & may not dy, till every man
have heard what she sayes; wherefore, gentle
Readers, hast you, that she may be pur out of
pain: Complied by Sir *David Lindsay* of the
Mount, Knight, *alias* Lyon, King of Arms.

Livor post fata quiescit.

THE PROLOGUE.

Although I had ingine Angelical,
With sapience more then Solomonical,
I wot not what matter put in memory:

The Poet old in stile heretical,
In bitter and subtil termes Rhetorical,

Of every matter, tragedy and story,
Specially to their high laud and glory,
Have done endite: whose supream sapience

Transcendeth far my dull intelligence.

Of Poets now into our vulgar tongue,
For why, the bell of rhetoric been rung
By Chancer, Gower, & Gatt laureat,

Who dare presume these Poets to impugn,
Whose sweet sentence through Albion been sung:

Or who can now the works countrecast:

Of

Of Kennedie, with terms aureat,
 Of wisse Dumber, who language had at large,
 As may be seene into his golden charge?
 Quintus Mercet, Ruyt, Henderson, Hay & Holland
 Though they be dead, their lives are liuing,
 Which to rehearse, makes readers to reioyce
 Place, for once that lamp was in this land,
 Of eloquence the flowing balmy strand:
 And in our English Rhetorick the role,
 As of rubies the carbuncle is chose.
 And as Pithus doth Cynthia pierce,
 So Saten Doboglas, Bishop of Dunkel,
 And when he was into this land alive,
 Above vulgar Poets prerogative,
 Both in pirctick speculation:
 I say no more: good readers may describe
 His worthy works: in number tho then five:
 And specially the true translation
 Of Virgil, which been consolation
 To cunning men, to know his great ingine,
 As well in natural science, as diuine.

And in the Court been present in these dayes,
 That ballads, bibles, lullies and layes,
 Which to our Prince dayly they do present:
 Who can say more then Sir James English sayes,
 In ballads, sayes, and in pleasant playes?
 But Culrois hath his pen made impotent:
 Kid in cunning and pirctick right prudent:
 And Stewart who desires a dately style,
 Full ornat works dailly doth compile.

Stewart of Lorn will carp most curiously,
 Galbraith, Kinloch, when they list them apply,
 Into that art are craftie of ingine:
 But now of late is hart up haillie,
 A cunning clerk, which writeth craftillie,
 A plane of Poets, called Walleneine,
 Whose ornat wittes, my wits cannot deffine:
 Set he into the court authority,
 He will pierce Quintine and Kennedy.

So though I had ingine, as I haue none;

I know not what to write, by sweet S. John:
For why, in all the earth, of eloquence
Is nothing left, but barren book and stone.

The polite terms are pulled every one,
By whichs furnished poets of prudence;
And since I find none other true sentence,
I shall declare ere I depart you fro,
The complaint of a wounded papingo.

Wherefore because my matter is but rude,
Of sentence and of rhetorick denude,
To rural folk my mistings is directed,
Far seemed from the sight of men of good:
For cunning men I know will soon conclude,
It nothing dothes, but so: to be rejected:
And when I hear my matter is detracted:
Then shall I stopar, I made it but in motes,
To landwart lasses, that milke the vine and clove.

The Complaint of the Papingo.

Who climbs too hy, perforce his foot must fall,
Expream I shall thee by experience,
If that thou please to hear a piteous tale,
How a fair bird by fatal violence,
Deuoyd was, and might not make defence
Contra the death, so failed natural strength,
As after I shall show you at more length.

A Papingo, right pleasant and vertice,
Presented was to our most noble King,
Of whom his Grace a long time had desire
None said in forme. It too flew never on wing:
This proper bird he gave in governing
To me, which was his simple serviture,
To which I did my diligence and cure.

To learn her language artificial,
To play plat-foot, and whistle, foot before:
But of her inclination natural,
She countesseit all sowls less and more:
Of her courage she would without my lore,
Sing like the melle, and crow like the cock,
Beh like the glee, and chant like the laderock.

Of the Papingo,

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Back like a dog, and kekble like a kat,
 Bleat like an hog, and bulle like a bull,
 Cail like a goul, and weep when she was hurt;
 Clink on a cord, and laugh, and play the fool,
 She might have been a mischief against you.
 This blessed bird was to me so pleasant,
 Whence ever I fare, I have her on mine hand.

And so beset upon a mirthful morning,
 Into my Garth I pass me to repose,
 This bird and I, as we were wont beset to be,
 Among the flowers fresh, fragrant and so moist:
 By vital spirits duely did rejoice,
 When Phebus rose, and rave the clouds sable,
 Through brightness of his beams amiable.
 Without vapor was well purificat.

The temperat air, soft, sober, and seren:
 The earth by nature so edificat,
 With wholesome herbs, blew, white, red and green,
 Which cleave my spirit from the spleen,
 That day Saturn and Mars durst not appear,
 Nor Cole from his cave he durst not fear.

That day perforce behoved to be fair,
 By influence and course celestial,
 No planet press'd to so perturb the air:
 For Mercurie by moving natural,
 Crasten was into the throne triumphal
 Of his mansion, into the fifteen geese,
 In his own sovereign sign of Virgine.

That day did Phebus pleasantly depart
 From Gemini, and entred into Cancer:
 That day Cupido did extend his dart,
 Venus that day conjoyned with Jupiter.
 That day Neptuneus hid him like a shair:
 That day Dame Nature with great business,
 Furthered flock to home her craftiness.

And retrograde was Mars in Capricorn,
 And Cynobla in Magitar assailed:
 That day came Ceres, goddess of the corn,
 Full joyfully John upon land she pleased:
 The bad respect of Saturn was appeased
 That day by Juno, of Jupiter the joy,

Dec.

Pertrubbing spirits causing to hold coy,
The sound of birds surmounting all the skye,
Which melodie of notes musical,

The balme drops of dew I can up drye,
Hanging upon the tender twigs small,
The heavenly hew and sound angelicall,
Such perfect pleasures printed in mine heart,
That with great paine from them I might depart.

So still among these herbs amiable
I did remain a space for my vantage,
But worldly pleasure is so variable,
Mixed with sorrow, dread, and inconstance,
That thereunto is no comparisance:

So might I say, my heart solace, alace,
Was driven to dolor in a little space.

For in that earth among these fragrant flowers,
Walking alone, none but my bird and I:
Unto the time, that I had said mine hours,
This bird I set upon a branch me by,
But she began to speak right speedily,
And in that tree did so highly ascend,
That by no way I might her apprehend.

Sweet bird, said I, beware, mount not too high,
Return in time, perchance thy feet may fayle;
Thou art right fat, and not well us'd to flee:
The greene gladd, I dread thee thee alsoyle,
I will, said she, Gladly quod Gladlyte,
It is my kind to climb ay to the height;
Of feather and bone, I wot well I am light.

So on the highest little tender twig,
Which twigs display'd, she sat full wantonly,
But Bolas blew a blast ere ever she told,
Which brake the branch, and blew her suddenly
Down to the ground with many a careful cry,
Upon a hob, she lighted on her brest,
The blood rush'd out, and she cry'd for a pite.

God wot, if then mine heart was too begone,
To see that fatal sight among the flowers,
Which with great mourning gan to make her moan,
Now coming age, said she, the fatal hours.

Of the Papingo.

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Of bitter death, now must I shole the sholors
 O name Nature, I pray thee of thy gract,
 Lend me leasure to speak a little space.

For to complain my fate unfortunate,
 And to dispone my goods ere I depart,
 Since of all comfort I am desolate,
 Alone, except the death here with his dart,
 With a woful chear, ready to pierce mine heart:
 And with that word she took a passion,
 Then flatly fell, and swooned into swoon.

With sory heart pierc'd with compassion,
 And sale tears distilling from mine een,
 To hear that birds lamentation,
 I did approach under an hawthorn green,
 Where I might hear and see, and not be seen:
 And when this bird had swooned those of this,
 She began to speak, saying on this wise:

O false fortune, why hast thou me beguil'd?
 This day at morn, who knew this careful case?
 Gave hope, though thee my reason was exil'd,
 Having such trust into thy fained face:
 That ever I was brought to the court, alace,
 Had I in forest flown among my peers,
 I might full well have lived many years.

Prudent counsel, alace, I did refuse,
 Against reason using mine appetite:
 Ambition did so mine heart abuse,
 That Colus at me had great despite,
 Poets of me have matter to indite.

Which clamb so high, and too is me therefore,
 Not doubting that the death should me devour,
 This day at morn my form and featherm case,
 Above the proud peacock was precelling:

And now a cating carion full of care,
 Bathing in blood down from heart distilling,
 And in mine ears the bell of death is knelling.
 O world so false, and changeable felicity,
 Fry on thy pride, avarice and immundicity.

In thee, I see nothing is permanent,
 Of thy short solace, sorrow is the end,

The

The Complaint

Why false unfortunate giles been to you lent,
This day still proud, the more nothing to spend,
Oh, ye that do pretend ay to ascend,
By fatal end have in remembrance,
And you defend from this unhappy chance,
Whether that I was stricken in extasie,
Or through a strong imagination:
But it appeared in my fantasie,
I heard this dolent lamentation:
Thus dulledd into desolation,
We thought this bird did live in her manner
Her counsell to the king, as you shal hear.

The first Epistle of the Papingo, direct to King James the fifth.

Prepotent Prince peerless in pulchritude,
Glorie, honor, land, triumph, and bloud,
Be unto thine high excellent cellitude,
With martial deeds condign of memory.
Since Atropos consumed hath my glorie,
And dolent death, alas, must us depart,
I leave to thee my true unsauken heart.
Together with this Cedul subsequent,
With well reverent recommendation:
I grant thy grace gets many document,
By famous fathers predication:
With many notable narration,
By pleasant Poets in style herosical,
How thou shouldst guide thy seat imperial.
Some do deplore the great calamities,
Of divers realms the transmutation,
Some piteously do treat of tragedies,
All for thy Graces information:
So I intend but adulation,
Into my barren rustical indite,
Amongst the rest (sir) something for to write.
Soveraign, cooeur this simple similitude.
Of officers serving the Seneyorile:
Who guides them well, get at thy Grace great good:
Who are unind, degraded are of glorie,
And cancellat out of thy memory:

Providing them more pleasant in their place,
Believe right so God shall do with thy Grace.

Consider well thou be officiar,
And a bassal to that King incomparable;
Bids thou to please that puissant prince preclare,
Thy rich reward shall be inestimable,
Exalted high in in glorie interminable,
Above Archangels, vertuous Doctores,
Pleasantly placed amongst the Principales,

Of thy vertue Worths perpetually
Shall make mention untill the world be ended:
If thou exerce thine officer pndently,
In heaven & earth thy Grace shall be commended:
Wherefore I fear that he be not offended,
Which hath exalted thee to such honor,
Of his people to be a Governor.

And in the earth hath made such ordinance,
Under thy feet all things terrestrial,
Are subject to thy pleasure and valiance:
Both fowls and fishes and beastes rational:
Wen to thy service, and women they are that:
Dancing, hunting, arms, and lawfull armies,
Proordinat by God for thy pleasure.

Waters of musick to recreate thy spirit,
With haunted voyce, and pleasant instrument:
Thus mayst thou be of all pleasures compleat,
If in thine office thou be diligent:
But be thou found sloathful and negligent,
Or unjust in thine execution,
Thou shalt not fall divine punishment.

Wherefore since thou hast such capacity
To learn to play so pleasantly, and sing,
Ride horse, run spear, with great audacity,
Shoot with hand-bow, cross-bow, and culvering:
Among the rest, fir, learn to be a King:
Both on that craft thy pregnant flesh ingine,
Oragten to thee by influence divine.

And since the definition of a King,
Is for to have of People governance,
Whiches thee first, above all other thing,
To put thy body to such ordinance,

That

That thy vertue thine honor may advance :
 For how should princes govern their regions,
 That cannot durly guide their own persons ?
 And if thy grace would be right pleasantly,
 Call thy counsel, and call on them thy cure,
 Thine iust decrees defend and fortifie :
 Without good counsel may no prince long endure :
 Work with counsel then shall thy work be sure.
 Choose thy counsel of the most sapient,
 Without regard to blood, riches, or rent.

Among all other pastime and pleasure,
 Not in thine adolescent years young,
 Wouldst thou each day study but half an hour,
 The regiment of princely governing,
 To thy people it were a pleasant thing,
 There mightst thou find thine own vocation,
 How thou shouldst use the scepter, sword & crown.

The chronicles to know, I thee exhort,
 Which may be mirror to thy maiestic
 There shalt thou find both good and ill report,
 Of every Prince after his quality :
 Though they be dead, yet their works shal not die.
 True well thou wilt be filled in that hope,
 As thou deserves to be put in memorie.

Request that Roy which was rent on the rood
 That to defend from deeds of defame,
 That no worst report of thee but good :
 For Princes dayes endure but as a dream :
 Since first King Fergus bare a diadem,
 Thou art the last King of Auescore and five,
 And all are dead, and none but thou alive.

Twofold number fifty and five were slain,
 And most part of their own misgovernance :
 Wherefore, I thee beseech, my soveraign,
 Consider of their lives the circumstance :
 And when thou knowst the cause of their mischance,
 On vertue then exalt thy self on high.
 Trusting in God to escape that destinie.

Treat each true Baron as he were thy brother,
 Which must at need thee and thy realm defend :
 toben

When suddenly one doth oppresse another,
 Let justice mixe with mercy them amende.
 Give them their hearts, thou hast enough to spend;
 And by the contract, thou art but King of bone,
 From hence that their hearts are from thee gone.
 I have no leisure for to write at length,
 My whole intent unto thine Excellence:
 Perceaved so I am in wit and strength,
 My mortal wound hath me such violence:
 People of wit may have experience:
 Because, alas, I was unconscionable:
 Now must I die a captive miserable.

The second Epistle of the Papingo, directed
 to her brethren of Court.

Brethren of Court, with mine piteous dial,
 To the great God heartily I commend you:
 I impune my fall in your memorial,
 Together with this rebul that I send you:
 Do preals over high, I pray you, not pretend you,
 This vain ascense of Court who will consider,
 Who sits most high, that sits his seat most slender.
 Do ye that now go lanching up the ladder,
 Take heed in time, fastning your fingers fast,
 Who climbs most high, most dunt hath of the wax,
 And least defense against the bitter blast (cher,
 Of false fortune, which never taketh rest:
 But now redoubted dayly she doth all things,
 Not sparing Woves, Emperors nor Kings.
 Though ye be mounted up above the ayres,
 And have both King and court in governance,
 Some were as high, which now right lowly lyes,
 Complaining sore the court its variance:
 The present time may be experience,
 Which though vain hope of court now climb so high,
 In lacken toings, when they thought best to fly.
 Since each court is untread and transitory,
 Hanging as oft as weathercock in wind,
 Making some glad, and other some right soyr:
 Comed this day the morn may go behind.

Let not vain hope of court your reason blind.
 And tell some men will give you lands as a reward
 That would be glad to see you hang on cords.

I durst declare the miserability
 Of diverse courts, were not my time so short;
 The dreadful change, vain glory, and vanity,
 The painful pleasures, as Poets do report.
 Sometime in hope, sometime in discomfort:
 And how some men do spend their youthhood here
 In court, and ends into the hospital.

How some in court are gayer counsellors,
 Without regard to common weal of Kings,
 Caring their cure for to be conquerors;
 And when they were high raised in their reigns,
 How change of court them dolefully down brings,
 And when they were from their estate depolish,
 How many of these fall here right rejoiced.

And how some fained fools and flatterers,
 For small service obtain oft great rewards:
 Banners, pike-sticks, cultrons, and clatterers,
 Lot up from lands, then lights among & launders
 Blasphemers, beggars, and common bards,
 Sometime in court have more authority,
 Than devout Doctors of Divinity.

VVho in some court been bairns of Belial,
 Full of dissimul'd painted flattery,
 Provoking by intoxicat counsel,
 Princes to whoredom and to harlotry:
 Who do in princes put such halatry,
 I say for me, such peart provocators,
 Should punishment be above all wrong traitors.

What travel, trouble, and calamity
 Have been in court within these hundred years
 What mortal changes, and what miseries:
 What nobles men been brought upon their knees:
 And tell, my friends, how you must now
 So fies in Court been no tranquillity. (freewill)
 Set not on it your whole felicity.

The Court changes oftentimes with such entrance
 That few or none may make it resistance:

Speeth not the prince more then the page,
 wel appeareth by experience.
 The Duke of Rothay might make no defence,
 which was pertaining Roy of this region,
 but dolefully devoured was in prison.
 What dread, what dolor, had that noble king
 Robert the third, when once he knew the case
 Of his two sons the doleful departing,
 Since David dead, and James captive slave!
 So true Scots men which was a careful case.
 His may ye know, the Court is wariand,
 when blood royal the change may not gainstand.
 Who reign'd in roue more hit & triumphand
 When Duke Burbot while that his day endured
 May he not then protecter of Scotland?
 Of the Court he was not well assured.
 It changed so, his long service was frownd;
 He and his fair son Walter but remond,
 faulted were, and put to doleful death.
 King James the first the patron of piety,
 Son of engine, and pearl of policy,
 Well of Justice and flood of eloquence,
 whose virtue both transtend my language,
 so to deserve; yet when he stood most ble,
 by false exorbitant conspiracy,
 That prudent prince was pitifully put down.
 And James the second Roy of great renown,
 being in his super-excellent age,
 through rakeless shooting & a get at canon,
 the doleful death slave did him in none.
 One thing hath been of which I marvel more,
 that fortune had at him such mortal feed,
 being fifty thousand to wast him by the head.
 By heart is pierc'd with paine for to pause,
 for to write that Courts variance.
 James the third when he had government;
 the dolor dread and desolation,
 the change of Court and conspiracy;
 and how that Cobrian with his company,
 that time in Court clamb to presumptuously.

It had been good their haires had not been torn
 By whom that noble prince was so abused :
 They grow as do the weeds among the corn.
 That prudent Lords counsel was refused,
 And held him quier, as he had been inclosed
 In place that prince by these abusion,
 Was finally brought to confusion.

They clamb to him, and got such audience
 And with their prince grew so familiar :
 His german brethren might get no violence :
 The Duke of Albany, and the Earl of Mar,
 Like banisht men were holden at the bar :
 Till in the King there grew such mortal fear,
 He sizem'd the Duke, and put the Earl to dead.

Thus Cobian with his captive company,
 Forc'd them to flee, but yet they wanted feathers,
 Above the high cedars of Lebanon :
 They clamb to him till they lay over their ladders,
 On Ladder bidge, then heaped there in tenders,
 Strangled to death, they got no other grace :
 This king captive, which was a careful case.

To put in wille the fate misfortunat,
 And mortal change perturbed mine engin :
 My wits were weak my fingers faint,
 To bid or write the canonic and rime,
 The civil war, the battle intestine,
 How that the son with banner broad displayed,
 Against his father in battle came arrayed.

Alas God ! say the prince had been comforted
 With sapience of the proud Solomon.
 And with the strength of Samson been supported
 With the horn horn of the great Agamemnon.
 What should I wish ? remedy there is none :
 At moor & king, with scepter, sword and crown,
 At night with death a deformed carion.

Alas where is that right redoubtless Roy,
 That potent prince, gentle James the first ?
 I pray to Christ his soul so to convey :
 A greater noble never reign'd on the earth.
 O Jacobus ! may may be thy weid :
 For he was micro, or humillite,

Star and Lamp of Liberty.

During his time so justice did prevail,
The savage Fles trembled for terror:
Caldale, Cusdale, Aldonsdale and Annandale,
Duch not rebell, doubting his dints dour,
And of his Lords had such perfect favour:
So for to shew that he affear'd not one,
But through the realm he would ride him alone.

And of his Court through Europe spang the
of lady Lords, and tender Ladies ying, (same
Triumphant, turneys iusting, & knightly game,
With all pastime, according for a king.
He was the gloze of princely governing:
Who through the ardent love he had to France,
Against England did move his ordinance.

Of Flodden field the ruine to resolve,
Of that most dolens day for to deplore,
I will for dread, lest dole you desolve:
Shew you that prince in his triumphant gloze,
Destroy'd was, what needeth proce's more?
Not by the vertue of the English ordinance,
But by his own willful misgovernance.

Alace, that day had he been counsellable,
He had obtained land, gloze, and victory:
Whose piteous proce's been so lamentable,
Joy for to put in memory.

I never read in tragedy nor story,
Of one journey so many nobles slain,
For the defence and love of their soveraign.

Now brethren mark into your remembrance,
A mirror of these mutabilitie's,

As may ye know of the Courts inconstance:
When Princes are thus pulled from their seats.
After whose death, what strange adversities?
What great misrule into this region rang,
When our prince yong could nether speak nor gang?

During his tender youth & innocence, (chancer
What South, what real, what murder and mis-
There was nought else but breaking & mischance
And that Court there reign'd such variance:

Diverse rulers made diverse ordinance,
Sometime our Queen reign'd in authority,
Sometime the proud Duke of Albany.

Sometime the Realm was ruled by regents,
Sometime by Lieutenants Leaders of the Law,
Then reign'd so many disobedients,
That soon or none good of another day:
Oppression did so loud his trumpet blare,
That none durst ride but into fear of wear.
John upon land that time did lose his meir.

Who was more high in honor, eld and
Then was Margaret our high and mighty Queene,
Such power was to her appropriated, (refr.)
Of this our realm, that she was Governesse,
Yet came a change within a short space:
That pearl pearly, that lusty pleasant Queene,
Long time into that Court durst not be seen.

The Archbishop of saint Andrews James Beith
Chancellor and primate in power pastoral,
Clamb next the King, most in this region:
The ladder hook, he lay, and got a fall:
Authority, nor power spiritual,
Riches, friendship might not that time prevail,
When dame Curia began to stir her tail.

His high penance avail'd him not a mite,
That time the Court bare him such mortal hate,
As prisoner they kept him in despite,
And sometime with not where to hide his head:
But misgust'd like John the Reaff he yeed.
Had not been hope bare him such company,
He had been strangled by melancholy.

What cumber & care was in the court of France
When King Francis was taken prisoner.
The Duke of Bourbon amidst his ordinance,
Died at one stroke, right ballful brought to bear:
The Court of Rome that time ran all arrear,
When Pope Clement was put in prison there.
The noble city put to confusion.

In England who had greater governance,
Then their triumphant courtly Cardinal,

The common-wealth, some sayes, he did advance,
By equal Justices, both to great and small :
There was no bias unto him peregal :
English-men sayes, had he reign'd longer space,
He had deposed saint Peter of his place.

His princely pomp, nor papal gravity,
His Palace regal, rich and radious;
Nor yet the flood of superfluity
Of his riches, nor fravel tedious,
When once Dame Curia held him odious,
Quall'd him not his prudence most profound,
The ladder broke, and he fell on the ground.

Where been the Doughty Earls of Douglas,
Which royally into this region rang,
For fault and blame? What needeth more process:
The earl of March was marshalled them among.
Dame Curia them dolefully beheld throng
And none of late who claimd more his among us.
Than did Archbald, sometime the earl of Angus?

Who with the Prince was more familiar,
Nor of his Grace had more authority?
Was he not great Warden and Chancellor?
Yet when he stood upon his highest crest,
Lending nothing but perpetuity,
Was suddenly deposed from his place,
For fault and blamed, he got no other grace.

Wherefore trust not into authority,
O dear brethren, I pray you heartily,
Nurms not in your vain prosperity:
Confirm your trust in God all utterly,
Then serve your prince with heart and truly:
And when ye see the Court is at the best,
Counsel you then draw you to your rest.

Where is the high triumphant court of Troy?
O Alexander, with his twelve prudent peers?
O Julius, that right renowned Roy?
Agamemnon, and worthy in his wars?
To shew their fine and shapely houses affeers:
Some unnumberd were, some poisoned piteously,
These careful courts dispersed dolefully.

Truſt well there is no conſtant court but one,
 Where Chriſt is King, whole time interminable,
 And high triumphant glorie ſhal never be gone:
 That quiet court miſchief and immutable,
 Without variance ſtands as firm and ſtable:
 Diſſimulance, flattery, and falſe report,
 Into that Court ſhall never get reſort.

Truſt well my friends, this is no fained ſave,
 For who that is in the extreame of death,
 The verity doubtleſs they ſhould declare,
 Without regard to favour, or to feare.
 While ye have time, dear brethren make remed:
 Adieu for ever, of me ye get no more,
 Beſeeching God to bring you to his glorie.

Adieu, Edinburgh thou high triumphant towne
 In whose bounds right merrily I have been:
 Of true tradesmen the root of this region,
 Well ready to rectifie Court, King, and Queen:
 Thy policy and iudice may be ſeen.
 Where devotion, wiſdom, and honeſty,
 And reverence loſt, it may be found in thee.

Adieu, fair Snoddon with thy towers hie,
 The Chappel royal park and table round:
 May, June, and July, would I dwell in thee.
 Where I a man might hear the birds ſound,
 Which both againſt thy royal rock reſound.
 Adieu Lichgoh, whose palace of pleaſant,
 Might be a pattern in Portugal or France.

Farewel, Falkland the foſtrels lure of Fiſh,
 Thy polite park under the Lotmond ſtate:
 Sometime in thee I led a loſly life:
 Thy fallow deer to ſee them rake and raze.
 Court-men to come to thee they ſand great ad:
 Saying, thy Burgh been of all booroos baſt,
 Becauſe in thee they never got good ale.

The communing between the papingo,
 and her holy Executors.

The By percer'd the Papingo in pain,
 He lighted down, and ſained him to ground.

Sister, said he apace, who hath you slain.
 I pray you, make provision for your spite :
 Dispose your goods and you confels compleat :
 I have power by your contrition,
 Of all your misse to give you full remission,
 I am said he, a Channon regular,
 And of my brethren prior principal :
 My white rocket my clean life doth declare
 The black is of the death memorial :
 Wherefore I think all your goods natural,
 Should be submitted whole unto my cure,
 Ye know I am an holy creature.

The raven came rousing when he heard I raise,
 So did the glee with many a piteous pebe,
 And fainedly they counterfeit great care.
 Sister said they, your recklessness we reio :
 How best it is our counsel you enio,
 Since pretend to this promotion,
 Religious men of great devotion.

I am black monk, said the rattling raven :
 So said the glee, I am an holy frater,
 And have power to bring you quick to heaven :
 It is well known, my conscience been clear,
 The black Bible pronounce I hal perqueer,
 So to our brethren you will give some good :
 God wot, if ye had need of liues food.

The papingo said, Father, by the rood,
 Albest your rayment be religious like,
 Your conscience I suspect, it be not good :
 I did perceiue when visibly ye did pike
 A chicken from an hen under a dike.

I grant said he, that hen he was my friend,
 And I that chicken took but for my tiend,

You know the faith by us muh be sustain'd,
 So by the pope it is preordinat,
 That spiritual men should live upon their tiend :
 But well I wot you been predestinat,
 In your extreame to be so fortunat,
 To have such holy consolation :
 Wherefore we make you exhortation.

Since

Since Dame Nature hath granted you such great
Leasure to make confelton general,
Shew forth your sin in time while you have space,
Then of your goods make a memorial.
We three shall make your feast funeral,
And with great blissh bury we shall your bones,
Then tremble twenty trattle all at once.

The rukes that ear that men shall on them red,
And cry *Commemoratio animarum* :
We shall make chickens weep, and gassings peie,
Although the geese and hens should make alarme,
And we shall serve *secundum usum sacrum*,
And make you safe we find saint Blaise to burgh,
Crying to you the careful colnogh.

And we shall sing about your sepulture,
Saint Wungos Patins, and the meekle Cere,
And then devoutly say, If you assure,
The old placebo backward on the beeh :
And we shall wear for you the mourning weed,
And though your quicke witch plato were possed,
Devoutly shall your dirigle be pyed.

Father sayd he, your second worke fast,
Full sore I may be contrary to your deeds :
The wives of the villages cryes with care,
When they perceiue ye mowe owestards their mead,
Pone false conceit both dur and make sore dread,
I marvel sorely that ye be not ashamed
For your default, being so sore dismayed.

I do abhor my poore perturbed spite,
to make to you any confelton :
I hear men say, you are an hypocrite,
Exempted from the Senety of the Confelton.
To put my goods in your confelton,
that will I not so help me Dame Nature,
For of my corpe I will give you no cure.

But if I had the noble nightingale,
the gentle jay, the meel, and turtle dove,
Mine obsequies and feast funeral,
Order they would with notes all of the new,
the pleasant gotten man Angel-like of hem

would God I were with him this waye confes
And my deuil duly by him adred.

The mirthfull, I was with the gay gold, pink,
And lusty lark, would God they were present,
Wine forgetting sorrow, they would forgetthink,
And comfort me that been so impotent.
The fowls, mallard and partrick, most prudent,
I knowe they would my bleeding haunch belient,
With her most vertuous sons refreshing.

Count me the case under confession,
The glee said proudly to the papings:
And we shall cleare by our profession
Counsel to keep, and shew it no more.
We the helpe, ere thou depart us fro,
Declare to us some causes reasonable,
Why we are holden so abominable?

By the travel thou hast experience,
First being byed into the Orient:
Then by the good service and diligence,
To princes made here in the Occident:
Thou knowest the vulgar peoples judgement,
Where thou transcurved the hot Oriental,
Then next the cold the place Septentrional.

So by thine high ingine superlative,
Of all Countreies thou knowest the qualities:
Wherefore I thee conuince by God alme,
The verie declare withouten lies,
What thou hast heard by lands or by seas,
Of us church men, both good and evil report,
And how they iudge, shew us, we thee exhort.

Father, said he, I cattive creature,
Dare not presume with such matter to meet:
Of your cases, ye know, I have no cure:
Demand them which with prudence do excel:
I may not peto, my pains have been so fell:
By chance ye will not stand content,
I know the vulgar people their indgement,
Yet will I death a little withstand to his hurt,
All that I say in my memorial.

I shall declare with true unveiled heart.

And first, I say to you in general,
The common people sayeth, ye be all
Degenerate from your holy primitives,
As testifies the records of your lives.

Of your peerless prudent predecessors,
The beginning, I grant, was very good:
Apostles, Martyrs, Virgins and Confessors,
The sound of their excellent sanctitude,
Was heard over all the world, by land and flood,
Planting the faith by predication,
As Christ had made to them narration.

To fortifie the faith they took no fear
Before princes: preaching right prudently;
Of dolorous death they doubted not to bear,
The verity declaring fervently,
And martyrdom they suffered patiently:
They took no cure of lands, riches nor rent:
Doctrine and death were both equivalent.

To shew their works at length were great and
Whose miracles they were so manifest. (Dir.)
In Name of Christ they healed many hundred,
Raising the dead, and purging the possessed
With perverse spirits which had been oppressed:
The crooked can, the blind men got their een.
The deaf men heard, and lepers were made clean.

The Bachelors spoused were with poverty,
Into those days when they flourished with fame:
And with her sacred Lady Chastity,
And Dame Devotion notable of name:
Dumbls they were, simple, and full of shame.
Thus Chastity and Dame Devotion,
Were principal cause of their promotion.

Thus they continued in this life viding,
Ay till theresigned in Romes great city,
A potent Prince, was named Constantine
Perceived the Church had spoused poverty,
And discontent, and moved with pity,
Cautious of choice he put between them two,
And parted them with honest words two.

Then forth with a great solemnity,
He granted any dispensation,

The church he spoused with Dame Property,
Which hastily by proclamation,
To poverty caus'd make narration.
Under the pain of piercing of her eene,
That with the church she never should be seen.

Saint Sylvester & time reign'd Pope in Rome,
Which first consented to the marriage
Of Property, of which began the bloom,
Taking the cure on her with his courage :
Devotion drew her to an hermitage,
When he considered Lady Property
So high exalted into dignity.

O Sylvester ! where was thy discretion,
Which Peter did renounce, thou didst receive :
And when and John they did leave their possession,
Their ships and nets, their lines, and all the lave:
Of temporal substance nothing would they have,
Contrarious to their contemplation,
But soberly their sustentation.

John the Baptist went to the wilderness,
Lazarus, Martha, and Marie Magdalen,
Left heritage and goods, both more and less :
Pudent saint Paul thought property profane,
From robyn to robyn he ran, in wind and rain
Upon his feet, teaching the word of Grace,
And never was subjected to riches.

The glee then said : I hear nothing but good,
Proceed shortly, and thy matter advance.
The papingo said : Father, by the rood,
It were too long to hear the circumstance,
How Property with her new alliance,
Grew great with child, as true men to me told,
And bare two daughters goodly to behold.

The eldest daughter named was Riches,
The second Sister Sensuality,
Which did increase within a short process,
As pleasant to the Spirituality,
In great substance and excellent beauty,
These ladies too grew so within few years,
That in the world were none might be their peers.

Thus

The Complaint

This royal Riches and Lady Sensual,
From that time forth they took whole governance
Of the most part of the spiritual:

And they again with humble observance,
Amovously their wits they did advance,
As true lovers their Lady to please:

So too it then their hearts were right at ease.

Some they forgot to study, pray and preach,
They grew so subject to Dame Sensual:

And thought but pain poor people for to teach:

Yet they hearken to their counsaile,

They would no more to marriage be thral,
trusting surely to observe chastity.

And all began to say, Sensuality.

Apparently they did expel their wives,
that they might live at large without chivalry,

As liberty to lead their lusty lives,

thinking in that that been in marriage:

For new faces provoke no new courage,

ring chastity they turn into delight,

Wanting of wives been cause of appetite.

Dame Chastity did steal away for shame,
when once she did perceive their purveyance:

Dame Sensual a letter did proclaim,

And her called Italy and France.

In England could she get no ordinance,

then to the King, and to the court of Scotland

she turned her withouten more demand.

trusting into that Court to get comfort,

she made her humble supplication:

Shortly they said, she should get no support,

But threatened her with blasphamation:

so pricks she go make your procreation:

It is, said they, many a hundred year,

since Chastity had any entrance here.

spread for travel, he to the palace pass,

And to the rulers of Religion:

Of her presence shortly they were again,

Saying: they thought it but adulation

her to receive: so with conclusion,

with one advice decreet and gave down,
they would recit no rebel out of Rome.

Should we receive that Romans have refused,
And banish England, Italie and France,
For your flattery, then were we well abused:
pass hence, said they, and fast your images advance,
Among the Puns go seek your ordinance:
For we have made oath of fidelity
to Dame Riches and Sensuality.

then patiently she made progression
towards the Puns with heart sighing full sore.
they gave her presence with procession,
Receiving her with honor, laud and gloire,
purposing to preserve her evermore:
Of that novels came to Dame property,
to Riches, and to Sensuality.

which sped them at the post right speedily,
And set a siege proudly about that place:
the silly Puns did yield them hastily,
And humbly of that guilt they asked grace,
then gave their hands of perpetual peace:
Receiving them, they cast up doors wide,
then Chastity there no longer might bide.

So for refuge fast to the Friers she fled,
Who said, they would of Ladies take no cure,
where is she now? then said the greedy glee,
Not among you, said she, I you assure:
I trust she be upon the boyrout-moor,
By south Edinburgh, and that right many means
profess among the sisters of the Beans.

there hath she found her mother poverty,
And devotion her own sister carnal:
there hath she found faith, hope and charity,
together with the vertuous Cardinal.
there hath she found a convent yet unthral
to Dame Sensual, nor yet with riches abused:
So quietly these Ladies are included.

that great said: I mead that they assailed,
they render them, as did the holy Pung,
Doubt not, said he, for they are so attailed,

they

They purpose to defend them with their gunns:
Ready to shoot, they have six great canons,
Perseverance, constance and conscience,
Rudicity, labor and abstinence.

To resist subtil Sensuality,
Strongly they are enarmed feet and hand
By abstinence, and keeped poverty.
Contrare riches, and all her false serbands.
They have a Bombard brated up in bands,
To keep their post in the midst of their close,
Which is called, Domine, custodi nos.

Within whole shot there dare no enemies
Approach their place, for dread of dints deure:
Both night and day they work as busie bees,
For their defence, ready to stand in tour:
And have such watches on their utter tour,
That daine Sensual with siege dare not assaile,
Nor come within a shot of their artaile.

The priat said: Wherefore should they presume,
For to resist sweet Sensuality,
O daine Riches, which rulers are at Rome:
Are they more constant in their quality,
Then the princes of spirituality,
Which pleasantly withourten obstacles,
Have them received in their habitacle?

How long trow ye, these Ladies shal remain:
So solitarie in such perfection?
The papinge said: Brother, in certain,
So long as they obey correction,
Choosing their heads by election,
Antihal to riches and to poverty,
But as requirerh their necessity.

O prudent prelates, where was your prescience,
That took in hand to oblerve chastity
But auere life, labor and abstinence?
Perceiue ye not the great prosperity,
Apparently to come of property?
Ye know great heat, great ease and idleness,
To lecherie was mother and mistress.

Thou raven's nrook'd, the raven said, by y' rood,

So to requite riches and property:
 Abraham and Isaac were rich, and very good:
 Jacob and Joseph had prosperity.
 The payingo said: that is of verity
 Riches, I grant, is not to be refused,
 Providing also that they be not abused.

Then layd the raven a replication,
 And said: The reason is not worth a miste,
 As I shal prove with protestation:
 That no man take my word into despite:
 I say, the temporal princes have the wite,
 That in the Church such pastors do provide.
 To govern souls, themselves that cannot guide.
 Long time after the Church took property,
 The prielts liv'd in great perfection,
 Antithial to riches or sensuality,
 Under the holy spites protection,
 Duly chosen by election,

As Gregorie, Jerome, Ambrose and Augustine,
 Benedic, Bernard, Clement, Cleve, and Linc.

Such patient prielts entred by the post,
 Pleasing the people by predication:
 Now dyk-lowers do in the Church resort,
 By symonie and supplication
 Of princes, by their presentation:

So filly souls that are the Lords sheep,
 Are given to hungry ravenous wolves to keep.

No marvel is though the religious men,
 Degenerated be, and in our life confused,
 But sing and drink, none other craft we ken,
 Our spiritual fathers have us so abused:
 Against our will these traytors been intrused,
 Laick men have now religious men in cures,
 Profane virgins in keeping of strong whores.

Princes, princes, where is your high prudence,
 In disposition of your benefices?

The guarding of your Conscience,
 Is some cause of these great enormities:
 There is a sort waiting like hungry flies,
 For spiritual cure, though they be nothing able,
 Whose greedy thirst been as insatiable. Princes

Princes, I pray you be unmerciful
 To vertuous men having so small regard:
 Why should vertue through flattery be refused,
 That men of cunning can get no reward:
 Alas, that ever a dagger or a baile
 A whore-maister, or common haraure,
 Should in the Church get any kind of cure,
 Where I a man worthy to wear a croone
 My toben ther, baken my benefices;
 I should cause call a Congregation,
 The principal of all the prelaties,
 Good cunning Clerks of Universities,
 Good famous fathers of religion,
 With their advice make disposition,
 I should dispose all offices pastoral:
 To doctors of divinitie or iure:
 And cause Dame vertue pull up all her staffe,
 When cunning men had in the church most cure,
 Cause Lords (and their sons, I you assure,
 To seek science, and famous schools frequent,
 Then them promote that were most sapient.
 Great pleasure 'twere to hear a Bishop preach
 A Dean a doctor of divinitie,
 An Abbot which could well the convent teach,
 A parson flowing in philosophie,
 A time my time to wish which will not be,
 Where not the preaching of the begging friers,
 Nor were the faith among the seculars,
 As for their preaching said the payings,
 I them excuse, for why, they been so chial
 To property and her dng two daughters two,
 Dame riches and fair Lady sensual:
 They may not use no pastime spiritual:
 And in their habits take such great delight,
 They have refused russet and rapluch white,
 Taking to them scarlet and creamose,
 With mencher, neckleek, Greece, and rich armures:
 Their low hearts are exalted in hie,
 To see their payal pompe it is a pite,
 Whose rich array is now with fringes fine;

Upon the hatching of the Bishops mool,
Then ever had Peter of Paul against pool.

Their fair Ladies their chains may not escape,
Dance sensual such seed in them hath sown;
Lesse skatch it were with licence of the Pope,
That each Michel a toise had of his own,
then see their bastards throughout the cuntry blown,
for now be they well commed from the schools,
They fall to work as they were common butts.
Wem said the glee, thou preached all in vain:

As secular folks have of your case no cure.
I grant said she, yet men will speak again,
How ye have made an hundred thousand hooys,
which had not been, were not your lecherous lures,
And if I lie, heartily I me repent:
Was never a bind, I know more penitent.

Then she her spouse with devout countenance,
To that false glee, which failed him a frier:
And when she had fulfilled her penance,
Said sweetly at her he can enquire:
Choose you said he, which of us brethren here,
Shall have of your natural goods the cure:
You know none been more holy creatures.

I am content said the poor payingo.
That you frier glee, & cohy monk your brother,
Have cure of all my goods, and the no mo,
Since at this time friendship I find no other.
We shall be to you true, as to our brother,
Said they and chose to fulfill her intent.
Of that said she, I take an instrument.

The pyat said, what shall mine office be?
Over-man said she, unto the other two.

The rousing raven said, sweet sister let see
Your whole intent, for it is time to go.
The greedy glee said: Brother do not so:
We will remain, and here hold up her head,
And never depart from her till she be dead.

The payingo thanked them tenderly,
And said, Once ye have care on you the cure,
Then part my natural goods equally,
That ever I had or have of same nature.

Firſt to the hotwat indigent and poor,
Which on the day ſor ſhame ſhall not be ſeen,
To her I leaue my gay galbert of green.

My bright depured eyes as cryſtal clear,
Unto the Bark ye ſhal them both preſent,
In Phebus preſence whilſt dare not appear,
Of natural light he is ſo impotent.

My burniſht becke I leaue with good intent
Unto the gentle piteous pelican,
To help to pierce her tender heart in thwaite.

I leaue the gonk which hath no ſong but one
My muſick with my voice angelical;
And to the goole giue ye when I am gone,
Mine eloquence and tongue theſopical:
And take and buy my bones great and ſmall,
Then cloſe them in a caſe of Cbur ſine,
And them preſent unto the phoenix ſyne.

To burn with her when ſhe her liſe renewe
In Arable ye ſhal her find but loſe,
And ſhal her know by her moſt heavenly helme
Golds, azure, golde, purple and ſynep;
Her date is ſor to liue ſixe hundred year.
Wake is that bled my commendation,
Alſo I make you ſupplication.

Since of my corpe I haue giuen you the cure
Ye ſpech you to the Court but carrying.
And take mine heart of perfect poſtature,
And it preſent unto the ſoueraign king:
I know ye will it cloſe into a ring.

Commend me to his Grace, I you exhort,
And of my paſſion make him true report.

Ye theer my tripes ſhal haue ſor your travel
With liber and lung to part equal among you,
Praying Pluto the potent prince of hell,
If ye ſaſtise, that in his net he ſarg you.
Be to me true, though I nothing belong you,
Some I ſuſpect your conſcience been too large,
Doubt not, ſaid they, we take it with the char.

Adet, brethren, ſaid the poor papir go,
To talk no more, I haue no time to ſarry:
But ſince my ſpitt muſt from my body go,

Recommended it to the queen of Farle,
 eternally into her court to tarrye,
 In wilderness among the bolts bore.
 Then she inclin'd her head, and spake no more,
 Plunged into her mortal passion,
 Full grislylike she gripped to the ground:
 It were too long to make narration,
 With sighs full sore, with many a sing and sound
 Out of the wound the blood did so abound,
 A compass round was with her blood made red:
 Without remed there is nothing but dead.
 And by the bad in Panus thus said,
 Extincted was her natural senses five:
 Her head full softly on her shoulders laid,
 Then yield the spelt with pains punitive.
 The raven began rudely to tug and rive,
 Full ravenous-like, his empty throat to feed,
 His softly brother (said the greedy gled.)
 While she is hot, let part her even among us,
 Take thou an halt, and reach to me the other:
 Into our right, I wot no twight dare wrong us.
 The pyat said, the fiend receive the other,
 And make ye me step-batn, and I your brother.
 And do me wrong (sir Gled) I know your heart.
 Take heed, said he, the puddings for thy part.
 Then wot ye well mine heart was wonder late
 For to behold that doleful departing:
 Her angel feathers flying in the air,
 Except the heart was left of her nothing:
 The pyat said, that pertains to the king,
 Which to his Grace I purpose to present.
 Thou (said the gled) halt fast of thine intent.
 The raven said, God no: I ray in a rope,
 If thou get this to either king or duke:
 The pyat said, plain I not to the Duke,
 Then in a smother I be smother with smook.
 With that the gled the piece caught in his clook,
 And flew his way, the rest with all their might
 To chase the gled, flew all out of my sight.
 Now have ye heard the little tragable,

The soie complainie, the testament and mischaunce
Of this pooz bier which did ascend so hie :
Beseeching you excuse mine ignorance,
And rude endite, which is not to aduance.
And to the Quier I giue commendement,
Make no repair where Poets been present.

Because thou been of eberwick so benigne,
We neuer seen near hand none other book :
With King nor Queen, with lord, nor men of gowd,
With coat unclean. claim kindied to some cook
Greal in a nook. when they list on thee look.
For smel of smook men lust abhor to hear thee.
Hear I forswear thee, wherfore to lurk go lear thee.

The Dream of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,
Knight, familiar servitor to our Sovereign
Lord, King James the fifth.

The Epistle to the Kings Grace.

Right potent Prince, of his imperial blood,
Unto thy Grace I rend it he well known,
My service done unto thy Celsitude,
Which needeth not at length for to be shown :
And though my youth-hood near be overblown,
Exerc'd in seruite of your Excellence :
Hope hath me bight a goodly recompence.

When thou wast young, I bare thee in my arms
Full tenderly till thou began to gang :
And in thy bed oft happenet thee full warm,
With Lute in hand then sweetly on thee sang.
Sometime in dancing hercesfully I dang,
And sometime playing fairer on the lute,
And sometime of other offices taking cure.

And sometime like a friend transfigurat,
And sometime like a greivous ghost of gae,
In divers forms oft-times misfigurat,
And sometime disguised full pleasantly,
Since thy birth, I have continually

The Prologue.

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been exercis'd and us to the pleasure;
And sometimes backward, tapper, and carbout.

Thy purse-monger and secret thesaurer,
Thine usher ay since thy nativity:
And in thy chamber chief cubicular,
Which in this house hath kept my latour.
Loving be to the blessed Trinity,
That such a blessed woman hath made so able,
As such a Prince to be so agreeable.

But now thou art by natural influence,
Rich of ingine, and right inquisitor,
Of antique stories and deeds martial:
Hole pleasantly the time for to overdrine,
Have at length the stories to describe,
Of Hector, Arthur, and gentle Iulius,
Of Alexander and worthy Pompeius,
Of Jason and Medea all at length,
Of Hercules the adz honorable.

And of Samsons supernatural strength.
And of the leel Lovers the stories amiable.
And oftentimes have I sained many a fable
Of Crochus the sorow and the joy,
And sieges all of Ty, Thebes and Troy.

The prophettes of Hymer, Sed and Merlin,
And many other pleasant history.
Of the red Ceyn, and the Gye Carlin:
Comforting thee when that I saw thee soye:
Now with support of the King of glory,
I shal thee show a story of the new,
The which before I never to thee shew.

But humbly I beseech thine Excellence,
With what terms though I cannot expresse,
This simple matter for lack of eloquence:
Yet notwithstanding all my business,
With heart and hand my mind I will adrese,
As I best can, and most compendiously.
Now I begin, the matter hapned thus.

The Prologue.

I Into the Kalends of January,
When fresh Whedus by moving circular,
From

From Capricorn was entred in Aquarie,
 With blasts that had the branches made full bare,
 The snow and frost perturbed all the air,
 And steemed Floia from every bank and bay,
 Through the support of austere Colus.
 After that I the longsome winter night
 Had lyen waking in my bed alone,
 Through heavy thought, that no way sleep I might,
 Remembryng of divers things by-gone.

So up I rose and clothed me anone:
 By this fair Titan with his beams light,
 Over the world had spread his banner bright.
 With cloke and hood I dressed me belive,
 With double shoes and mittens on mine hand,
 Albeit the air was right penetrative,
 Yet fure I forth, lanching ou'rthrough the land
 Toward the sea, to sport me on the sands;
 Because unbloomed was both bank and bay:
 And so as I was passing by the way,

I met Dame Floia in hole-weed disguised,
 Which into May was dyed and delectable,
 With surdy flowers her tresses was suspended:
 Her heavenly brow was turned into sable,
 Which sometime were to labors amiable;
 Fled from the frost the tender flowers I saw,
 Under dame Natures mantle lurking late.

The small fowls in flocks late I see,
 To Nature making lamentation:
 They lighted down beside me on a tree:
 Of their complaint I had compassion,
 And with a piteous lamentation,
 They said, Blessed be summer with thy flowers,
 And wretched be thou winter with thy showers.

Alace, Aurora, the silly lark can cry,
 Where hast thou left thy balmy liquor sweet
 That us rejoiced, we mounting in the sky?
 Thy silver drops are turned intoleet,
 O lady Whibus, where is thy whol some heat,
 Why sufferest thou thine heavenly pleasant face
 With misty vapors be obscur'd? alace.

The Prologue.

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Where art thou May, in June thy sister Queen,
 All bordered with desires of delight?
 And gentle July with thy mantle green,
 Embalmed with roses both red and white?
 How old and cold January in despite,
 Keenes from us all pastime and pleasure:
 Alack, what gentle heart may this endure?
 Overspied with the clouds odious,
 Was the golden skyes of the Quent:
 Changing in sorrow songs melodious,
 Which we had wont to sing with good intent,
 Resounding to the heavens firmament:
 But now our day is changed into night,
 And that they rose, and flew out of my sight.
 Beside in heart, passing full sobertie,
 Into the sea forward I past anon:
 The sea was out, the sand was smooth and dry,
 Then up and down I mused mine alone,
 Till that I spy'd a little cave of stone;
 High in a craig, upward I did approach,
 Without saying, and clamb up to the roach.
 And purposed for pausing of the time,
 To defend from otiosity,
 With pen and paper to register in time,
 The merry matter of antiquity,
 And idleness, grown up of iniquity,
 She made so dull my spirits out within,
 That I knew not at what end to begin.
 But late still in that cave, where I might see
 The waltering of the waves up and down:
 And this false worlds instability;
 Into the sea making comparison,
 And of this wretched worlds variation:
 To them that fixe all their whole intent,
 Considering who most had, should most repent.
 So with my hood I happed me full warm,
 And in my cloke I soled both my feet:
 I thought my corps with cold should take no harm:
 My mistans held my hands full well in heat:
 The scouling rock me covered from the fleet,
 And here still bid I sit my bones for to rest;

Till Orpheus with sleep my spirit oppress.
 And through the boystrous blasts of Colus,
 And through my waking on the night before;
 And through the seas moving marvellous,
 By Neptune, with many a rout and roar.
 Contraint I was to sleep withouten more,
 And what I dreamed in conclusion,
 I shal you tell a most marvellous vision.

The Dream of Sir David Lindsay.

I thought a Lady of portraiture perfect,
 Did salute me with benign countenance:
 And I which of her presence had desire,
 To her again made humble reverence,
 And her demanded, saving her pleasure,
 What was her name? the answer a courteous
 Dame Remembrance, said she, called am I.
 Which come now is for pastime and pleasure
 Of thee, and for to hear thee company;
 Because I see thy spirit without measure,
 So sore perturbed by melancholy:
 Causing thy corps to wax both cold and dry,
 Therefore get up and go anon with me,
 So were we both in stinking of an eye
 Down through the earth in midst of the center
 Ere ever I was, into the lowest hell:
 And in that careful cave when we did enter,
 Pouting and pouting we heard with many a yell,
 In flame of fire right furious and fell,
 Was crying many careful creature,
 Blaspheming God, and warping nature.
 There saw we diverse Popes and Emperors,
 Without recover many careful king.
 There saw we many wrongous conquerors,
 Withouten right reavers of other reigns:
 The men of hie lay bounden into chains,
 There saw we many careful Cardinal,
 And Archbishops in their pontifical.
 Proud and perverse Prelates out of number,
 Bishops, Abbots, and false flattering Friars:
 To specify them all, it were a slender;

Regular Chanons, churche monks and charterers,
 Cuious clerks, and pious seculars,
 There was some part of each religion,
 In holy Kirk which did adun.

Then I demanded Daims Remembrance,
 For cause of their viclars punishment;
 He said, the cause of their unhaply chance,
 Was covetous lish and ambition:
 The which now makis them lack fruition
 Of God, and here eternally burne in hell,
 Into this painful paysoned pit of hell.

And they did not improve the ignorant,
 Disproving them to practice by preachings;
 But served worldly desires insatiate,
 And were provoked by these lishen flitchings,
 Not for their science, wisdom, nor their teaching,
 By simonie was their promotion,
 More for desires, then for devotion.

Another cause of the punishment
 Of these unhaply viclars complaint,
 They made not equal distribution
 Of holy Kirk treasures, nor rent;
 But temporally they have it all mispent,
 Which shoud have been expended into charite,
 To uphold the sick in poverty.

The second part, to sustain their charges,
 The third part to be given to the poor;
 But they mispent these goods all other ways,
 On carth and vice, on harlotry and whores;
 Those carous took no cure of their cures,
 Their church ruilte, their houses cleamy clep,
 And richly ruled both in bread and beir.

Their hallowe halis proudly they provided,
 The Kirk goods largely they did on them spend;
 In their default these scholars toke ensigne to,
 And counted not Christ God for to offend,
 Which caus'd them lack grace at the latter end,
 Being that rent, I saw in cups of beir,
 Simon Pateris and Bishop Calaphas,
 Bishop Canis and the traitor Judas

Shahommet that pooyest poysonable;
 Cois, Dathan and Abiram there was,
 Wretches we saw innumerable.
 It was a sight right monstrous lamentable,
 How that they lay into their flames fleeing,
 With careful eyes, sois groaning and weeping.

Religious men were punisht painfullie,
 For vain glorie and disobedience,
 Breaking their constitutions wilfully:
 Not having their othe-men in reverence,
 To knowe their rule they took no diligence;
 Unlately they used Property,
 Passing the boundes of wilfull Dobery.

Full loud weeping, with voices lamentable,
 They cryed loud: O Emperour Constance,
 Why may we be the possession poysonable,
 Of all our great punishment and pain:
 Albeit your purpose was to a good fine,
 Thou banisht from us true Devotion,
 Having such eye to our promotion.

There we beheld a den full holowous,
 Where that Whores and Lutes temporal
 Were crucifd with paines rigorous.
 But to relieve their paines in special,
 It both eases all my mental:

Impetuable pain they had but comforting:
 Their blood royal made them no supporting.

Some rather king for cruel opprelston,
 And other some for their wrongous conquests,
 Were condemned they and their succession,
 Some for publick adultery and incest,
 Some suffered people never to live in rest,
 Deelyted so in pleasure sensual,
 Wherefore their pain was there perpetual.

There was the cursed Emperour Nero,
 Of Cleury mee the horrible wretel.
 There was Pharoah, with many princes mo,
 Oppressors of the Children of Israel.
 Word, with many mo then I can tell.

Thence Pilate was there hanged by the halfe,
With unjust Judges, for their sentence false.

Dukes, Marqueses, Earls, Barons & Knights,
With their princes was punisht painfull,
Particulant they were of their unrightes.
Forward we went, and let these Lords be,
And saw where Ladies lamentably,

Like man Lyons were carefully crying
In flame of fire right furiously fryng.

Empresses, Queens, and Ladies of honor,
Many Dutchess, and Countess full of care,
They pierd mine heart these tender creatures,
So pined in that pit full of despair.

Plunged in pain with many cruel care,
Some for their pride, some for adultery,
And for their tyling of men to lechery.

Some had been cruel and malicious,
Some for making of wrongons heritors,
For to rebearse their lives vicious,
It were a great day to the auditors.

Of lechery they were the very lures,
With their provocative impudicity,
Thought many a man to infelicity.

Some women for their pusillanimity,
Set with shame they did them never shive,
Of secret sins done into quiety,
And some repented never in their life.

Withouthen such those rustians did them espy
Rogously without any compassion,
Great was their dool and lamentation.

That we were made, they cry'd full oft, alace!
Thus tormentid with pains intollerable.

We mended not when we had time and space,
But took in earth our larks delecrable:

Wherefore with hands ugly and horrible,
We are condemn'd for evermore, alace,
Eternally withouthen hope of grace.

Where is the meat and drink delicious,
With which we fed our careful carious:
Gold, silver, ilk, and pearls precious,

Of riches, rents, and one possession,
 Of thibouten hope of our remission.
 Place, our pains they are unsufferable,
 And our torments to count innumerable.

Then we beheld together many a thousand
 Common people lay lying down in the street:
 Of every state there was a doleful band,
 There might be seen many a sorrowful eye,
 Some for sin, in death, and some for age,
 And some for lack of recreation:
 Of wrongous goods without remission.

Wynswayn merchants for their wrongous wares
 Vendors of gold, and common usurers:
 False men of law in cruelly right cunning:
 Thieves, rangers, and public oppressors:
 Some part thereof were of wilful doers,
 Craftsmen there saw the out of number:
 Of each sort to declare, it were a number.

Also long some for me is to write,
 Of this pylon the pains in special:
 The heat, the cold, the dolor and despit;
 Therefore I speak of them in general.
 That doleful den, that furnace infernal,
 Whose reward is to rest without remission,
 Ever dying, and never to be dead.

Hunger and thirst in head of meat and drink,
 And for their clothing, coats and scorpions:
 That dark mansion is capiced with pain,
 They see nothing but horrible visions;
 They have but dreams and derisions.
 Of foul stinks, and blasphemations.
 There feeling is importable passions.

For melody, miserable mourning;
 There was no solace, but dolor infinite,
 In that full bed bitterly burning,
 Of sobbing, sighing, howling, and with spere,
 Their consciences their hearts so did bite;
 To hear them stre, it was a cause of care,
 As in despair plunged into despair.

A little above that dolorous dungeon,
 We entered into a countrey full of care, where

where that we saw many a legion
weeping & howling with many a rueful rail.
What place is that, said I, of bliss so bare?
She answered and said, Purgatory,
whiche purgeth souls ere they come to glory.

I let no pleasure here, but mische pain:
Whetstone said I, leave we this soyt in thral,
I purpose never to come here again,
But yet I do believe, and ever shall,
That the true hirk can no ways erre at all:
Such things to be as clerks do conclude,
Albeit my hope stands most in Christs blood.

Above that, in the third pillon anone,
we entered in a place of perdition,
where many babes were making dyartie mone,
Because they lacked the fructioun
Of God, which was the great punition.
Of baptism, they lacked the ensenys.
Upward we went, and lest that mirthless murther.

Into a vault above that place of pain,
Into the which but sojourne we ascended,
That was the Limb, in the which we remain,
Our soye-fathers, because Adam offened,
Eating the fruit, the which was so offened.
Many a year they dwell in that dungeon,
With darkness, and with desolation.

Then through the earth of nature cold and dry,
Glad to escape thole place perillous;
we passed us right wonder speidly;
Yet we beheld the secrets marvelous,
Of mynes of gold and bones precious:
Of silver, and of every fine metel,
which to declare it were too long to dwell.

Up through the water shortly we intended,
which environs the earth withouten doubt:
Then through the air shortly we ascended,
his regions through beholding in and out:
which earth and water closed round about:
Synne shortly upward through the fire we went,
which was the highest and hottest element.

When we had all the elements overpass,
That is to say, earth, water, air and fire:
Upward we went withouten ayre reb,
To see the heavens was our most desire:
But ere we might to the heavens aspire,
It behoven us to pass the way full even,
Up through the spheres of the planets seven.

First to the moon, and visit all her sphere,
Queen of the sea, and brant of the night:
Of nature moist and cold, and nothing clear,
For of her self she hath none other light.
But the reflex of Phoebus beams so bright,
The twelve signs she passeth round about,
In eight and twenty dayes withouten doubt.

Then we ascended to Mercurius,
Whiche Poets call the God of eloquence:
Right honoꝝ-like with terms delicious,
In art expert, and full of sapience.

It was pleasure to gaze on his prudence:
Painters and Poets are subject to his cure,
And hot and dry he is of his nature.

Also as cunning Astrologers sayes,
We doth compleat his course naturally,
In three hundred and eight and thirty dayes,
Then upward we ascended hastily
To fair Venus, where the right lustily
Joves set into a sea of silver green.

That faire fresh Goddess, that lussy loves Queen,
They pierce mine heart, her blinks amorous,
Albeit that sometime she is changeable;
With countenance, and cheerful colours,
Sometime right pleasant, glad and delectable,
Sometime constant, and sometime variable;
Yet her beauty resplendent as the fire.

Whages the wrath of Mars that God of ire.

This pleasant planet, if I can right describe,
She is both hot and moist of her nature:

That is the cause she is provocative,

To all them that are subject to her cure.

To Venus looks so that they may endure.

And she compleats her courses natural,

In twelve moneths withoutten any fall.

Then pass we to the sphere of Phœbus bright,
That lusty lamp, and lantern of the heaven:
And gladder of the stars with his clear light,
And principal of all the planets seven,
And set in midst of them all full even,
As Roy royal rolling into his sphere,
Full pleasantly into his golden chaire.

Whole influence and vertue excellent,
Giveth the life to every earthly thing:
Which prince of every planet excellent,
Doth foster flowers, and causeth herbs to spring
Through the cold earth, and causeth blude to flow,
Also his regular reigning in the heaven,
Is such under the Zodiac full even.

For to describe his dierem royal,
Bordered about with stones shining full bright:
His golden cart or throne imperial,
The four steeds that draweth it full right,
I leave to Poets, because I have no light:
But of his nature he is hot and dry,
Compleating in one year his course truly.

Then up to Mars in his hot battens,
Monstrous hot, and dryer than the thunder,
His face flaming as fire furrows,
His hoar and brag more awful then an hunder,
Made all the heaven most like to shake aunder:
Who would behold his countenance and fear,
Might call him well the God of men of weir.

With color red, and look malicious,
Right cholerick of his complexion,
Ardere, angerie, sweer and sebitious,
Principal cause of the destruction
Of many good and noble region,
Where not Glens his ire both mitigate,
This world of peace would be right desolat.

The God of grief withouten is mourning,
In years twa his course he both compleat.
Then pass we up to where Jupiter the king,
Sate in his sphere right amiable and sweet.

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Complimentat. much mighthe and such heat.
That pleases Father, Son, Mother, and Pelicat,
Dishevels peace and brawnen debate.

The old poets by superstition,
Held Iupiter the father principal
Of all these Gods, in conclusion,
Of his prerogative in special,
And by his virtues into general,
To old Saturn he wreatheth resistance,
When in his malice he would more vengeance.

Thus Iupiter with fourteen scourning,
Passeth through all the twelve signs full even,
In years twelve: then without carrying,
Goes past into the highest of the seven,
To Saturnus, which troubleth all the heaven:
With heavy cheer, and cold pale as lead.
In him we saw but dolor to the dead.

And cold and dry is he of his nature,
Foul like an owl, of evil condition,
Right unpleasant he is of portraiture,
His inmost disposition,

It puts all things in perdition:
Grounds of sickness and melancholious,
Berberis and yew, hark falls and subgious.

His quality I cannot love, but such,
As for his moving naturally but ween,
About the signs of all the Zodiac,
He hath compassed his course in thirty year:
And so he left him in his scorch sphere;
Clothed for his air and inclement,
But red, till he came to the firmament.

The which he is full of flame bright,
Of figure round, right pleasant and vertue;
Whose influence and light excellent light,
And whose number cannot be put in tell,
Yet cunning clerks do naturally inferre
How he both end his course withouten meet,
In the space of an hundred and thirty year.

Then the stock spheres and moore principal
Of all the rest, we saw all this heaven,
Whose name question is continual,

Bo

Both firmament and all the planets seven
 From east to west making them go full even,
 Into the space of four and twenty years,
 By the wind of the Astronomers.
 The seven planets into their proper spheres,
 From east to west they move naturally:
 Some North, some South, as to their kind differs,
 As I have shewn before especially
 Whole motion causeth continually
 The melodious harmony and sound,
 And all through moving of these planets round.
 Then mounted the both right fervent desire,
 Through the heaven called the crystalline;
 And so we entered into the heavens empire,
 Which to describe it passeth mine engine,
 Where God into his holy throne sitteth,
 Reigns in his glory ineffable,
 With Angels clear which are innumerable.
 In orders nine these spirits glorious
 Are divided, the which excellently,
 Making loving with sound melodious:
 Seeing Sanctus right wonder fervently,
 These orders nine they are full pleasantly
 Divided into hierarchies three,
 And three orders in every hierarchy.
 The lowest order are the Angels bright,
 As messengers to this low region:
 The second order Arch-angels full of might,
 Virtues potent, principals of renown,
 The first is called Domination:
 The seventh Thrones, the eighth high Cherubim,
 The ninth and highest called Seraphim,
 And next unto the blessed Trinity,
 In his triumphing throne Imperial,
 Three into one, and one substance in three,
 Whose indivisible essence eternal.
 The rude ingens of mankind is too small
 To comprehend; whose power infinite,
 And divine nature, no creature can write.
 Mine engine is not sufficient,
 To treat of his high divinitie:

all mortal men are insufficient
 To consider these things in unity.
 Such subtle matter I much much let be,
 To study on my creed it were full idle,
 And let doctors of such matters declare.

Then we beheld the blest humanity
 Of Christ sitting upon his seat royal,
 At the right hand of the divinity;
 Such an excellent court celestial,
 Whose execution continual
 Was in loving their Prince with reverence,
 And on this wise they heaved ordinance.

Next to the throne we saw the queen of heaven
 Well accompanied with Labors of men;
 Sweet was the song of these blessed Virgins,
 No mortal man this solace may enjoy.
 The angels bright innumerable infinite,
 Every order into their own degree,
 Were officers unto the Deity.

Patriarchs and Prophets honorable
 Collateral counsellors in his consistory;
 Evangelists Apostles venerable,
 Were Captains unto the King of glory,
 Which chieftain-like had won the victory,
 Of that triumphant court celestial:
 Saint Peter was Lieutenant General,

The Disciples were as noble halberd knights
 Discomfited of cruel battels three,
 The flesh, the world, the Devil, and all their might;
 Confessors, doctors in divinity,
 As chapel-clerks unto his Deity:
 And last we saw infinite multitude,
 Working service unto his Celestity.

Which by the high divine permission,
 Felicity they had invariable;
 And of his word had clear cognition,
 And compassed peace they had interminable.
 Their gloire and honor was inseparable:
 What pleasant place replete of pulchritude,
 Unmeasurable it was of magnitude.

Sir David Lindsay.

There is plenty of all pleasures perfect,
And clear brightness without obscurity,
Withouten dolor, violence, and deler;
Withouten rancour, perfect charity;
Withouten hunger, satiabilite;

O happy are the soules predestinat
Whan soul and body shal be glorificat.

These marvellous mirche for to declare

To Rithmetick, they are innumerable.

The portreiture of that Palace piete,

To Geometrie, it is unmeasurable;

To Rhetorick also inprunounceable;

There is no ear may hear, nor eyes may see,

Nor heart may think this their felicity.

Whereto wouldest thou pisme for to enblye,

The which Saint Paul, that Doctor sapient,

Can not expels, nor into paper write,

The high excellent work indeficent,

And perfect pleasures ever permanent.

In plesence of that mighty King of gloie,

Which was and is, and shall be evermore.

At remembrance I humbly bid desire,

If I might in that pleasure still remain.

Said he, Against reason is thy desire,

Unknowing, my friend, thou must return again

Into the world wher thou must suffer pain,

And tholle the death with cruel painis loie.

But thou begin to reign with him in gloie.

When he returned, loie againe my will,

Down through the spheres of the heuens clear:

Her commandment behov'd I to fulfil,

Which loie heare, lost ye withouten were,

I woulde full fain have stayen there all yere.

But he said to me, there is no remede.

But thou remainst here, first thou must be dead.

Said I, I pray you heartfully, Wharom,

Since that we have such contemplation

Of heavenly pleasures; yet are we pale Junes,

Let us have some consideration

Of earth, and of her situation

She

He answered and said, that shall be done,
 So were we brought into the air full soon:
 Where we might see the earth all at one sight.
 But like a mote so it appear'd to me,
 In the respect of the heavens bright,
 I have marvel, said I, how this may be,
 The earth it seems of a small quantity:
 The least star fix'd in the firmament,
 Is more then all the earth by my judgement.

He said, son thou hast shewn the verity.
 The smallest star fix'd in the firmament,
 Indeed it is of greater quantity
 Then all the earth, after the intent
 Of wise and cunning clarks sapient.
 What quantity is then the earth; said I,
 That shall I now say for, to thee shortly.

After the names of the Astronomers,
 And specially the Author of the sphere,
 And other divers great philosophers,
 The quantity of the earth circular,
 Is fifty thousand leagues withouten wear,
 Seven hundred and fifty and one mile,
 Dividing by one league in miles two:

And every mile in eight fives divided,
 Each have an hundred pace twenty and five:
 A pace five foot, two would them right divide:
 A foot four palm, as I can right describe:
 A palm four inch. And whole would belike
 The circuit of the earth, pass round about,
 Such be contained in this tale no doubt.

Suppose that there were no impediment,
 But that the earth but yere were and plain,
 When that the yere were right diligent,
 And went each day ten leagues in certain.
 We might pass round about, and count again
 In four years, and fiften weeks, and days three
 Go read the Author, and thou shall find it so.

The division of the Earth.

Then certainly he took me by the hand,
 And said: my son, come on thy way with me

And so she made me clearly understand,
 How that the earth diuised was in thre,
 In Africa, Europe, and Asia,
 After the mind of the Cosmographers;
 That is to say, the three world's descriptions.

First, Asia is contained in the Orient,
 And is well more then both the other thair;
 Africa and Europe. In the Occident,
 And are diuided by the sea certain.
 And that is called, the sea Mediteran,
 Which at the strait of Gargock hath entre,
 That is between Spayne and Barbarie.

Toward the south-west lyeth Africa:
 On the north-west Europe doth stand,
 And all the east containeth Asia,
 On this wise is diuided the firm land.
 It were meekle for me to take in hand,
 These regions to declare in special,
 But shall I shew their names in general.

In many diuerse famous regions,
 Is diuided this part of Asia,
 Well plenisht with cities, towrs, and townes,
 The great Inde and Mesopotamia,
 Bactriana, Persia and Syria,
 Cappadocia, Creta and Armenia,
 Babylon, Chaldea, Bactra and Arabia.

Sydon, Judea and Palestina,
 Upper Scythia, Iure and Galilee,
 Hyberia, Bagia and Phleolina,
 Hircania, Campegina and Samaria,
 In little Asia stands Salathie,
 Pamphilia, Iauria and Lede,
 Rhigia, Arghia, Alucia and Pede.

Secondly, we considered Africa,
 With many fruitful famous regions,
 As Ethiopia and Tripolitana,
 Feuges, where standeth that triumphant town,
 Of noble Carthage, that City of renown,
 Garamantes, Agabes, and Lybia,
 Egypt also and Mauritania.

Fez, with Sumisir, and Tingitane,

The Dreame of

Of Africa these are the principal :

Then Europe we considered in certain,

Whose regions mostly rehearse I hat :

These principal I find above them all,

Which are Spaine, Italie, France :

Whose sub-regions were mecke to advance,

Neither Scythia, Thracia and Carmania,

Austria, Vistria, and Pannonia :

Denmark, Gothland, Greenland, and Almanie,

Pols. Hungarie, Boeme, Morica, Rhetia,

Helvetia, and diversie ma.

Also in four divided is Italie,

Toscane, Peruvia, Naples, and Campanie.

And sub-divided sundry other wayes,

As Lombardia, Venice, and other ma.

Calaber, Romanes, and Genovayes.

In Grece, Cyprus, and Dalmatia,

Thessalia, Africa, and Illyria.

Schalia, Bortica, and Macedone,

Arcadie, Bierie, and Lacedemone.

And France we saw divided into thier,

Belgica, Celicia, and Aquitaine :

And sub-divided in Flanders, Piccardie,

Normandie, Gascon, Burgundie, and Bistain :

And others diversie Dutcheries in certain,

The which were too long for to declare :

Wherefore of them as now I speak no more.

In Spaine lyes Castile and Aragonie,

Navar. Galice, Portugal, and Granate :

Then saw we famous Isles many one,

Which in the Ocean sea were situate :

Them to describe my wit were desolat :

Of Cosmographie I am not so expert,

For I had never study in that art.

Yet I shall some of their names declare,

As Madagascar, Ceylan, and Taprobane,

And other diversie Isles both good and faire,

Whiche into the sea Westward :

As Cyper, Canarie, Cosica, and Saban,

Crete, Rhodus, Chios, and Sicilia,

Capus, Colie, and many others ma

who

Who would at length hear the description
Of every Ile, as well as the firm land
And property of every Region,
To buy and to read and take in hand,
All the authentick works to understand
Of Divines, and worthy Philosophers,
Who were expert into Cosmographie.

There shall they find the names and Properties
Of every Ile, and each region:

Then I inquired of earthly Paradise,
Of the which Adam lost possession:
Then shew'd he me the situation
Of that exceeding place full of delight,
Whose properties were long for to endure.

Of Paradise.

This Paradise of all pleasures perfect,
Situate I saw into the Orient:
That glorious Earth of every stone, both best
The luscious Muses, the roses roselent,
Fresh wholesome fruits indefectent,
Both herb and tree there groweth ever green.
Through vertue of the temperat air serene.

The sweetest wholesome aromatick odors,
Proceeding from the herbs medicinal:
The heavenly helms of those fragrant flowers,
It was a sight wonder celestial.
The perfection to hold in special,
And joyes of the region divine,
Of mankind it exceedeth the ingine.

And eke so high in situation,
Surmounting the mid region of the air:
Where no manner of perturbation
Of weather may ascend so high as there.
For fountains flowing from a fountain faire,
As Euphrates, Ganges, Tigris, and Nile,
Which in the east transcurseth many a mile.

The Countrey closed is about full right,
With walls high of hot and burning fire,
And bravely kept by an Angel bright,
Since the departing of Adam our grandire.

which through his crime incurred Gods ire,
And of that place lost the possession,
Both from himself and his succession.

When his longsome Lady Remembrance,
All this foretold had caus'd me understand,
I prayed her of her benevolence,

To shew to me the countrey of Scotland.

Well son, said she, that shall I take in hand:

So suddenly she brought me in certain

Even just above the boord Ile of Brittain.

Which standeth steech'd in the Ocean sea,

And diuiden into famous Regions thre:

The south part England a full rich countreis,

Scotland the North hath many Iles mo.

By west England, Ireland hath hang also,

Whose properties I will not take in hand

To shew at length but only of Scotland.

Of the Realm of Scotland.

Which after my simple intendment,
And as Remembrance wold to me report,
I shall declare the sooth and veriment;

As I best can, and into terms shoit,

Wherewith affectionally I you report.

Albeit my writing be not to advance,

Yet where I fail, excuse mine ignorance.

When that I had overseen this region,

The which of name is both good and fair:

I did propose a little question,

Beseeching her the same so to declare.

What is the cause our boords been so bare

(Said I) of what hath moov'd our misery?

Wherewith hath proceed our poverty?

For through the support of your high wisdoms,

Of Scotland I perceive the properties:

Also confirm'd by experience,

Of this countrey the great commodities:

First the abundance of fishes in our seas,

And fruitful mountains for our bestial,

And for our corn full many landfull.

The rich rivers pleasant and profitable,

the

The lufky locks with fopes of lankle kinde;
 hunting, halloking, for fables commendable,
 forefts full of doe, roe, harts and hinds.
 the frech fountains tobole to the founne cryftall brans,
 as frefhing to the frefhing green meides,
 we lack for nothing that to nature weds.

Of every metall we have the rich mines,
 both gold, filver, and fomes precious,
 albeit we lack the fpires and the wings,
 brother ftrange fruits delicious,
 we have as good, and more needful for us:
 weat, drink, fire, clothes might there be caus'd,
 which ells is not into the wynde found. (bound)

Woe fairer men nor of greater engins,
 nor of more strength; great weys for to endure
 wherefore I pray you, that you hauid define
 the principal cause wherefore we are fo poor?
 for I marvel greatly, how affere,
 confidering the people and the ground,
 that riches should not in this realm abound.

W. Con. said he, by my difcretion,
 I shall make answer as I understand;
 I say to thes, under confefcion,
 the fault is not, I woe well take in hand,
 further into the people, nor the land.
 As for the land, it lacks none other thing
 but labor, and the peoples governing.

Then wherein lyes our iniquite,
 said I. I pray you heartfully, Wadum,
 you should declare to me the decy?
 who shall bear of our barren the blame?
 for by my truth, to see I thinke great shame,
 fo pleasant people, and fo fair a land,
 and fo few vertuous weys taken in hand.

Said he, I shall after my final iudgment,
 declare some causes into general:
 and into termes that shold wite intent,
 and then transcend unto more special.
 So this is my conclusion final,
 Lacking of Justice, Wifdom and Peace,
 because of this unhappyness, alas.

It is difficile riches to increase;
 Where Policy maketh no residence:
 And Policy may never have entrance,
 But where that Justice doth its diligence.
 To punish where there may be found offence.
 Justice may not have nomination,
 But where Death maketh habitation.

What is the cause, then would I understand,
 That he would lack Justice and Policy.
 Were then both France, Italy, or England?
 O Adam, taint I, hold me the vessel?
 Since we have many lanes in this country,
 Why lack we of lanes execution?
 Who would put Justice to execution?

Wherein doth stand our principal remedy?
 O how may we make amends for this mischief?
 Heir he: I find the fault into the head:
 For they in whom doth lie our whole relief,
 I find them root and ground of all our grief:
 For when the heads they are not diligent,
 The members must of needs be negligent.

So I conclude, the causes principal
 Of all the troubles of this nation,
 Are in the Princes into special,
 The which have the gubernation,
 And of the people domination:
 Whose continual execution
 Should be in Justice execution.

For when the foolish herd doth sing and sleep,
 Taking no care in keeping of his flock:
 Who would go search among such herds sheep,
 May able find many poor scabbed creak:
 And going wild at large withouten lock,
 Then Lupus comes, and Laurence in a sing,
 And without such the silly sheep down bring.

But the good herd make usse and diligent,
 Doth so that all the flock are ruled right,
 To whose whistle are all obedient:
 And if the wolves do come by day or night
 Them to devour, then they are put to flight.

punished and slain by their well painted dogs,
 Swart they sure both of ewe, lambs and hogs.

So I conclud, through the negligence
 Of our fatnat heads insalent,
 In cause of all this Rexims indigence,
 Which in Justice have not been diligent;
 But to good counsel disobedient,
 Having linnit eye unto the Common wealth,
 But to their singular profit every deal.

For when these wolkis by oppression,
 The poor people but vity be oppres;
 Then should the Princes make punition,
 And cause their rebels for to make remorse,
 That riches might by, and policy increase;
 But right difficult it were to make remede,
 When that the fault is so into the head.

The Complainer of the Common-wealth of Scotland.

And thus as we were talking to and fro,
 We saw a hohsons betry come out the bent
 But horse, on foot, as fast as he might go,
 Whose rayment was all ragged, torn and rent,
 With visage lean, as he had fasted Lent;
 And forwarde fast his way he did advance,
 With right melancholous countenance.

With scrip on his, and pyke staff in his hand,
 As he had purposed to pass from hame:
 Said I: Good man, I would fain understand,
 If that you please, to shew what were your name?
 Said he: My son, of that I think great shame
 But since ye would of my name have a feel,
 Forsooth they call me, John the Common-Weal.

Sir Common-Weal, who hath you so disgraced?
 Said I, or what makes you so miserable?
 I have marvel to see you so surprised,
 The which that I have seen so honorable:
 As all the world you have been profitable,
 And well honored in every Nation:
 And happens now your tribulation?

Alace,

It is difficile riches to increase,
 Where Policy maketh no resistance;
 And Policy may never have entrance,
 But where that Justice doth its diligence.
 To punish where there may be found offence,
 Justice may not have nomination,
 But where Deeds maketh habitation.

What is the cause, then would I understand
 That he would lack Justice and Policy.
 Doye then both France, Italy, or England?
 Adam, I say I, hold me the verity:
 Since we have many laws in this country,
 Why lack we of laws execution?
 Who would put Justice to execution?

Whereto both stand our principal remedies:
 O! who may make amends for this mischief?
 Said he: I find the fault into the head:
 For they in whom doth lie our whole relief,
 I find them root and ground of all our grief:
 For when the heads they are not diligent,
 The members much of needs be negligent.

So I conclude, the causes principal
 Of all the troubles of this nation,
 Are in the Princes into special,
 The which have the gubernation,
 And of the people domination,
 Whose continual execution
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For when the Shepherds herd both King and Duke
 Taking no care in keeping of his flock:
 Who would go search among such herds of sheep,
 May able find many poor scabbed crock:
 And going wild at large withouten lock,
 Then Lupus comes, and Laurence in a flock,
 And without ruth the silly sheep down throng.

But the good herd make use and diligent,
 Doth so that all the flock are ruled right,
 To whose whistle are all obedient:
 And if the wolves do come by day or night
 Them to devour, then they are put to flight.

hunted and slain by their well haunted dogs,
 So are they sure both of ewe, lambs and dogs.

So I conclud, through the negligence
 Of our fatnat beards insolent,
 Is cause of all this Realme indigence,
 Which in Justice have not been diligent;
 But to gain comelie disobedient,
 Having final eye unto the Common wealthe,
 Not to their singular profit every deal.

For when these wretches by oppression,
 The poor people but pity no oppresse;
 Then should the Princes make punition,
 And cause their rebels for to make remorse,
 That riches might be, and policy increase;
 But right difficult it were to make remede,
 When that the fault is so into the head.

The Complainer of the Common-wealth of Scotland.

As thus as he were walking to and fro,
 Sawe saw a holowen beere come out the bent
 But forse, on four, as fast as he might go,
 Whose rayment was all ragged, torn and rent,
 Much visage lean, as he had fasted Lent:
 And forward was his toxe he did advance,
 With right melancholous countenance.

With scrip on hip, and pyke-staff in his hand,
 As he had purposed to pass from hame:

Said I: Good man, I would faine understand,
 If that you please, to shew what were your name?

Said he: My son, of that I think great shame
 But since ye would of my name have a feel,
 Forsooth they call me, John the Common-weal.

Sir Common-weal, who hath you so disgraced?
 Said I, in what makes you so miserable?

I have marvel to see you so surprised,
 The which that I have seen so honorable:

In all the world you have been profitable,
 And well honored in every nation:

How happens now your tribulation?

Alace,

Alace, said he, thou seest how it doth stand
 With me, and how I am disherished,
 Of all my grace, and must pass from Scotland
 And go before where I was cherished.
 Remain I here, I am but perished,
 For there are slain to me that take thy tent,
 Which makes me as thus raggan, risen and

My tender friends are all past to the flight,
 For policy is slain again in France:

My sister Justice, Almon hath lost her sight,
 That she cannot hold rightly the balance,
 Whom among is Captain of the Ordinance,
 For which hebarreth Liberty and Reason,
 And small remedy is found for open treason.

Into the South, alace, I was near slain,
 Where all the land I could find no relief;
 Almon between the Speers and Lochmabane,
 I could not know, a fool man by a thief.
 To show their reek, theft, murder and mischief,
 And vicious works, it would taint the air,
 Like too long some for me to declare.

Into the Highland I could find no remedy,
 But suddenly I was put to exile:

Those sweet strings they took of me no more,
 Nor among them let me remain a while.

Also in the out-Isles, and in Assyrie,

Unthrift, slothfulness, falsehood, poverty and sin,
 Put policy in danger of her life.

In the Low-land I came to seek refuge,
 And purpos'd there to make my residence:

But singular profit caus'd me soon belodg,

And did me great injuries and offender:

And said to me: Soon, barlet, hit that bend,

And in this Country let them take no care,

So long as mine authority endures.

And now I may no longer make debate,

For I know not to whom I should me mean:

For I have sought all the spiritual state,

Which took no count for to hear me complain:

Their officers they held me at disdain,

For Symony he takes up all that rout.

Let Covetice that cruel canker bite me out.

Wide bath chased from them humility,

Devotion is fled unto the Friars :

Sensual pleasure hath banished Chastity :

Lords of Religion they go like Seculars,

Taking more consist in telling their desires,

Than they do of their constitution :

Thus are we blinded by Ambition.

Our Gentle-men are all degenerate :

Liberalty and Lawy both are lost,

And Covetice with Envy laureat :

Knighthly courage turned to bias and doan :

The civil war misgubeth every doan :

There is nought else, but each man for himself,

That makes me go thus banished like an Elf.

Therefore, now, I may no longer tarry :

Farewel, said I, and with D. John to bestride :

But moe ye well mine heart was wonder for,

When Common-weal shrouped was in sorrow,

For after the night, comes the glad morn.

Wherefore, I pray you, hold me in certain,

When that you purpose for to come again ?

That question it shall soon be decided,

Shall be : there shall no Scots have consenting

To me, until I see the Countrey guided

By wisdom of a good and prudent king,

Which shall delight most him above all thing,

To put justice to execution,

And sit strong traitors to make punition.

And yet to thee I say another thing,

I see right well that proverb is full sent :

Woe to the Realm that hath too young a King.

Which that he turn'd his back : and said, Adieu.

Now, first, and tell right fast from me be held a

Which departing to me was distastant :

Which that Remembrance took me by the hand.

And soon I thought for brought me to the rock

And to the cave where I began to sleep :

With that a ship did to me approach,

Full pleasantly calling upon for sleep :

114 The Exhortation

And then his black her talle, and gan to creep
Toward the land, auncient towres that I lay :
But wot you well, I got a fellow pray.

All her great cannons he let crack at once,
Doton hook the streams from the top-cable :
They spared not the powder nor the bones :
they shot their bolts, & doton their anchors fell.
Their mariners they did shoot and yell,
Then hastily I start out of my dream,
Half in a fey, and speedily was hame.

And lightly wined with lik and appetit :
Then after pad into an Diatoze :
I took my pen, and there began to write
All the vision that I have shoton before.
Oir of my dream, as now thou gets no more.
But I beseech God for to send thee grace,
To rule thy realm in unity and peace.

The Exhortation to the Kings Grace.

SINCE that God of his preodinance.
Hath granted thee to have the governance
Of his people, and created thee a king,
Fall not to slout in thy remembrance,
That he would not excuse thine ignorance,
If thou be careless in thy governing :
Wherefore advise thee above all other thing,
Of his lawes to keep the obseruance,
If thou think long in Royalty to reign.

Think him that hath commanded Dame Nature
To paint thee of so pleasant portraiture :
Her gifts they may be clearly on thee knowne :
And thus I think thou needs no Discountour,
For he hath largely shoton on thee her cure,
Her gentilitie he hath unto thee shoton :
And thus that thou must reap as thou hath sown,
Have all thy hope in God the Creator,
And ask him grace, that thou maye rule his dom.
And then consider thy vocation,
What for to have the gubernation
Of this kingdom thou art predestinat.

Thou mayst well know by true narration,
 That sorrow and tribulation
 hath been in this poor Realm unfortunate,
 And comfort them that hath been desolat,

For of thy people have compassion,
 Since thou by God art so provident,

Take mainly courage, and leave insolence,
 And use counsel of noble Dame Prudence:
 Bind thee firmly on Faith and Fortitude,
 And to the Court Justice and Temperance,
 And to thy Common-wealth have attendance.

And also I beseech thy Celitude,
 Hate vicious men, and love them that are good;
 And each flatterer thou deem from thy presence,
 And false report out of thy Court exclude.

Be equal Justice both to great and small,
 And be example to the people all,

Exceeding virtuous needs honorable,
 Is not a match, for ought that may befall nor ill.

So that unhappy vice if thou be shal,
 To all men thou shalt be abominable.

King nor Knights are never commendable
 To rule the people, be they not liberal.

And never yet no match too honorable,
 And take example of the wretched ending,

Which made Pharo of Egypt the mighty King,
 That to his Gods made invocation,

Though greenness, that all substantial thing,
 That ever he toucht, should turn but carrying

Into fine gold: he got his supplication:
 All that he toucht without relation,

Turned in gold, both meat, drink and clothing,
 And died for hunger without recreation.

And I beseech thy Maidenly chastite,
 From lechery thou keep thy body clean:

Take never that intoxicat poison:
 From that unhappy sensual sin abstain,

And that thou get a lady pleasant,
 Then take thy pleasure with my beaution:

Take heed both pitiful Tarquin for his croton,
 For the defoycing of Lucrece the Queen,

And how deperthen and banethe Romaine town,
 And in despite of his lecherous living,
 The Romans would be ladies to no King,
 Many long years, as doyles do record,
 Till Julius by vertuous governing,
 And princely courage ran on them to reign,
 And chosen of Romans Emperour, and Lord,
 Wherefore, my Ioveraign in thy mind remoyd,
 That wretched life makes oft an ill ending,
 Except it be by special grace rejoyd.

And if thou wouldst thy same and tone, give
 use counsel of thy prudent Lords to:
 And let them not presumption by meriting
 Thine own particular will so to entice,
 Without their counsel, to halt thou never set.
 Remembrance of thy friends the faithfull end,
 Which to good counsel would not consent.
 Till bitter death, place did them part.
 From this world, I pray God thee defend.

And finally remember thou must die,
 And suddenly pass from this mortal fen,
 And are not richer of thy life then thou art.
 Since there is none from that sentence stay
 King, Queen, nor Knight, of low estate, nor
 But all must share of death the bitter taste.
 Why are they gone those Kings and Emperours
 Be they not dead? So shall it fare on thee.
 Is no remead, strength, riches, and honours.

And so with conclusion,

Make you provision,

To get the intuition

Of his high grace.

Which bled with effusion,

With scorn and derision,

And bled with confusion,

Confirming our place.

The Complaint of Sir DAVID LINDSA
 of the Mount Knight, directed to the
 Kings Grace.

The Complaint of Sir David Lindsay. 217

SIR R. I beseech thine Excellency,
 Hear my complaints with patience:
 My nature bears both me constrain
 Of mine infortune to complain.
 Albeit I stand in great doubtance,
 Whom I shall blame of my mischance,
 Whether Saturnus cruelty,
 Assigning in my nativity,
 My bad aspects which work vengeance,
 Or other heavenly influence:
 If I be pyrrhinal,
 In Court to be infortunat,
 Which have so long in service been,
 Continually in the wars and turn,
 And entered to the spawny,
 The day of thy nativity:
 Where through my friends been ahamen,
 And with my foes I am defamish,
 Seeing that I have been
 With my brethren of Court rewarded,
 For my sloathful negligence,
 That seeks not for some recompence.
 When others men do me demand,
 They geth that nor some piece of land,
 Nor well as other men have gotten:
 And with I to be dead and rotten,
 And such extreme discomfoting,
 That I can make no answering.
 Would some wise men bid me teach,
 Whether that I should flatter or reach;
 Will not saye that I conclude,
 In crabbng of the multitude:
 As to flatter, I am defamish:
 As I reward, then am I hamen:
 But I hope thou shalt do as well,
 As the father of Daniel,
 Whom which writers mention,
 Who for a certain pension,
 Men men to work in his vineyard:
 Who came: but got him reward.

Wherethrough the first men were displeased,
 But he them pluckently appeased:
 For though the last men first were served,
 Yet got the first that they deserved.
 So I am sure thy Majesty,
 Shall once regard me ere I die,
 And rub the rust of mine ingine,
 Which is for languor like to rine:
 Although I bare not like a bard,
 Long service yerneth ay reward,
 I cannot blame thine Excellence,
 That I so long lack recompence:
 Had I solden like the lave,
 My reward had not been to crave,
 But now I may well understand,
 A dumb man yet than never land;
 And in the Court men gets nothing
 Without importunate asking.
 Alas, my sloath and Hamlet's melle
 Debar'd me from all greedynesse:
 Greedy men that are diligent,
 Right oft do obtain their intent,
 And fail not for to conquest lands,
 And namely at young princess hands.
 But I took never no other cure
 In special, but for thy pleasure:
 But now I am no more dispar'd,
 But I shall get princely reward:
 The which shall be to me more glorie,
 Then them thou didst reward before,
 When men do ask ought at a king,
 Should ask his grace a noble thing.
 To his Excellence honorable,
 And to the asker profitable.
 Though I be in mine asking slender,
 I pray thy Grace for to consider,
 Thou hast both made Lords and Ladies,
 And hast given many rich rewards
 To them which were full far to seek,
 When I lay highly by thy check:
 I take thy Queens grace, thy mother,

Sir David Lindsay.

By Lord Chancellor, and many other,
 My Nurse, and thine old Mistress,
 I take them all to bear witness:
 Oid little Dillie were he alive,
 My life full well he could describe,
 How as a Cher-man bears his pack,
 I bare thy Grace upon my back;
 And sometimes scribbings on my neck,
 Dancing with many bend and beck.
 The first syllabs that thou didst mite,
 Was Da- da- lyne upon the lute:
 Then plaid I twenty springs perqueer
 Which were great pleasure for to hear,
 From play thou lets me never rest:
 But Sinkerton thou lokes ay best.
 And when thou camest from the school,
 Then I behov'd to play the fool:
 As I at length into my dream,
 My sundry service did expream:
 Though it be better, as saith the wise,
 Nap to the Court, then good service:
 I know thou lovest me better than,
 Then nobs some wise doth her Good-man:
 Then men to other did record,
 Said, Lindsay wold be made a Lord.
 Thou hast made Lords, sir, by saint Gille,
 Some that have not serv'd so well:
 As you my Lords, that do stand by,
 Shall you hold the causes why:
 If you list to carry, I shall tell
 How my misfortune thus befell:
 I pray'd dayly on my knee,
 My young Father that I might see
 Of age in his estate royal,
 Having power imperial:
 Then trusted I without demand,
 To be promoted to some Land:
 But mine asking I got too soon,
 Because th' Eclipse fell in the Moon,
 For which all Scotland made on keer,

Then

When did my diacole run a-reck,
 The which were longsome to declare:
 And eke mine heart is wonder full,
 When I have in remembrance.
 The sudden change of my misfortune:
 The king was but thirteene years of age,
 When new rulers came in thair rage,
 For Commonwealth no taking care,
 But for their profit singular:
 Imprudently like bottles foo's,
 They took the young prince from the schools;
 Where he understood obedience,
 And learning vertues and sciences,
 And hastily put in his hand
 The governance of all Scotland:
 As who would in a stormy blast,
 When martines been all agast,
 Through danger of the seas rage,
 Wou'd take a child of tender age,
 Which never had been on the sea,
 And to his bidding all obey.
 Giving him the whole governal,
 To ship, to land, and to the sea,
 For dread of rocks, and for land,
 To put the ruler in his hand:
 Without Gods grace is no refuge,
 If there be danger ye may judge.
 I give them to the devil of hell,
 That first devised that counsel:
 I will not say it was treason,
 But I dare swear it was no reason.
 I pray God let me never set reign
 Into this Realm so young a king.
 I may not tarry to decide it,
 Now then the Church a while was guided,
 By them that partly took in hand
 To guide the King and all Scotland.
 And eke longsome for to declare,
 Their facond flattering words fair:
 Sic (some would say) your Majesty
 Shall now go to your libertie:

Thou shalt to no man be counted,
Nor to the school no more subiect.
We think them very natural fowls,
That learns over meikle at the schools,
Sir, you must learn to turn a spout,
And guide you like a man of weat;
For we that put such men about you,
That all the world, and we that doubt you,
Then to his charge they put a guard,
Which hardly got their reward,
Each man after their quality,
They did sell his Pauley.
Some caus'd him rebel at the racket,
Some haul'd him to the burle racket,
And some to stow their costly costs,
Would ride to Leith and run their horses,
And mightily gallop over the lands,
They neither sparen spurs nor whips:
Calling gammons both bonds and backs,
For manngonnels some brake their necks,
There was no play but cards and dice,
And ay sic slattery bare the pille,
Hounding and souking out to another,
Take thou my part (said he) my brother,
And make between us other bands,
When ought shal walk among our bands,
That each man shan to help his fellows,
Forth thereto man, by aithelloin,
So you list not to breik my bounds,
That shal I not, by great wounds,
Said he, but rather take the part,
So shal I no, by my heart,
And if the threiver be our friend,
Then shal we both get tak and kend,
Take he our part, then who dare wrong us,
And we shal part the self among us,
But haste us while the King is young,
But let each man keep well his tongue,
And in each quarter have a log,
As to advertise badly,

When any calamities
 Shall happen into our countries.
 Let us make sure provision,
 Ere he come to discretion.
 No more ye knowe then both a saint,
 What thing it is to have or want:
 So ere he comes to perfect age,
 Wee shall be sick of our wage.
 And then let each earl crave another.
 That mouth speak more, saith he, my brother:
 For God no! I ear in a rope,
 Thou mightest give counsel to the Pope.
 Thus labor'd they twelfthm feyn years,
 That they became no pages peers:
 So hastily they made a hand,
 Some gathered gold, some conquest land.
 Sir, some would say, By saint Dence,
 Give to me some fat Benefice,
 And all the profit you shall have:
 Give me the name, take you the lave.
 But by his Rule were well come hame,
 To make service he would think shame,
 Then slip away twelthoutten more,
 When he had gotten that he sought for.
 He thought it was a piteous thing,
 To see that fair young tender King,
 Of whom these Gallants good none afe,
 To play with him pluck at the crane.
 They became rich, I you assure,
 But as the Prince remained poor.
 There was feyn of that guerdon,
 That learned him a good lesson:
 But some to crack, and some to clatter.
 Some playd the fool, and some did flatter.
 Said one, Devil slick me with a knife,
 But (Sir) I know a maid in fife,
 One of the lustiest wanton Ladies,
 Whereto (Sir) by Mary she passes.
 Hold thy tongue, brother, saith the other,
 I know fairer by fifteen lother.
 Well, when ye please to Lichgorn pass,

there

There shal ye see a lunny Laid,
 How trittle twattle, frolo lolo,
 Said the third man, thou dost but mow,
 When his Grace comes to sale Sterling,
 There shal he see a Dapes Darling.
 Sir, (said the fourth) take my counsel;
 And go all to an high boardet;
 There may ye loto at liberty,
 Withouthen any gravity.

Thus every man said for himself,
 And did among them part the yelf.
 But I, alace, ere ever I told,
 Was troden down into the dust:
 With heavy charge withouthen mozt,
 But I knew never yet wherefore,
 And hastily before my face,
 Another slipped in my place;
 Which full lightly got his reward,
 And filled was, the ancient Laid.
 That time I might make no defence,
 But took perforce in patience:
 Praying to send them a mischance
 That had the Court in governance:
 The which against me did malign,
 Contrare the pleasure of the king.
 For well I know his Graces mind
 Was ever to me true and kind:
 And contrare their intencion,
 Caus'd pay me well my pension:
 Though I a while lacked ptesence,
 He let me have none indigence.
 When I durd neither peep nor look,
 Yet would I hie me in a nook,
 To see these uncouth vanities,
 How they like many buse bees,
 Did occupp their golden hours,
 With help of these new Governours.
 But my complaint for to compleet,
 I got the loto, and they the sweet.
 And John Macerrie the kings fool,

Not double garments against Poul,
 Yet in his most triumphant glorie,
 For his reward got the glen-hole:
 Now in the Court seldom he goes
 In dead men tread upon his toes,
 As I that time durst not be seen,
 In open Court for both mine eyes
 Ake, I have no time to tarry,
 To shew you all the feery fary
 How these that had the governance,
 Among themselves call'd a variance,
 And tobe moe to my skaith consented,
 Within few years full sois repented,
 When they could make me no remed,
 For they were har'd out by the head:
 And others took the governing,
 All worse then they in all kind thing.
 Those Lords took no more regard,
 But tobe might purchase best reward:
 Some of their friends got benefices,
 And other some got Bishoprics:
 For every Lord as he thought best
 Brought in a bish to fill the nest,
 To be a watchman to his marrow,
 They gat to daine at the catharow,
 The proudest Prelats of the bish,
 Were faine to bid them in the mish.
 That time so failed was their sight,
 Sensyn they might not chole the light
 Of Christis true Gospel to be turn.
 So blinded are their corporal sen
 With worldly luse sensual,
 Taking in realms the goverual,
 Both guiding court and session,
 Contrare to their profelation:
 Therefore I think they should have shame,
 Of spiritual Dicks to take the name:
 For I alas into his mark
 Calls them dumb dogs that cannot bark,
 That call'n are Dicks, and cannot preach,
 For Christis law to the people teach:

Sir David Lindsay.

Wise to preach their profession,
Why should they well with court or session?
Except it were in spiritual things,
Referring unto Lords and Kings
Temporal causes to be decided,
If they their spiritual office guided,
Each man might say they did their parts.
But if they can play at the cards,
And mollet maylie on a wool,
Though they had never seen the school,
Yet at this day, as well as than,
Will be made such a spiritual man.
Princes that such priests promote,
Account thereof to give behoves,
Which shall not pass without punishment,
Except that they mend and repent:
And with due satisfaction,
Work after their vocation.

I wish the thing that will not be,
The perverse priests are to be:
When once that they be called Lords,
They are occasion of discord:
And largely will propines begot,
To cause each Lord with other fight,
If for their part it may avail:
So to the purpose of my tale,
That time in Court rose great debate,
And every Lord did strive for state,
That all the realm might make no redding,
Till on each side there was blood shedding.
All fielded other in Land or Burgh,
At Litchgow, Melros and Edinburgh
But so depole, I think great pain,
Of noble-men that there were slain:
And as long time to be reported,
Of them which to the Court resorted,
As tyrants, traytors and transgressors,
And common publick plain oppressors,
Men-murderers and common thieves,
Unto that Court got their revenges.

There

There were few Lords in all these lande,
 But to new Regents made their bands,
 Then rose a reek ere ever I with,
 The which could all their bands birk.
 Then they alone which had the guiding,
 They could not keep their feet from sliding:
 But of their lives they had such dread,
 That they were faine to trot over Tweed.

How potent Darnce, I say to thee,
 I thank the holy trinitie,
 That I have liv'd to see the day,
 That all the world is went away,
 And thou to no man art subiected,
 Nor to such counsellors coerced,
 The four great vertues Cardinals,
 I see them with the principals:
 For Justice holds her sword on his,
 With her ballance of equitie.
 And in this realm hath made such order,
 Both through the high-land and the border,
 That oppression and all his fellows,
 Are hanged high upon the gallows.
 Dame prudence hath thee by the head,
 And temperance both thy bisole lead.
 I see Dame force makes assistance,
 Bearing the target of Assurance,
 And lusty Lady Chastity,
 Hath banisht sensuality.
 Dame riches takes on thee such cure,
 I pray God, that she long endure,
 That poverty dare not be seen
 Into thyne house for both her een:
 But from thy grace fled many miles,
 Among the hunters in the Isles.
 Dissemblance dare not show her face,
 Which wont for to beguile the Grace.
 Folly is fled out of the town,
 Which as was contrarie to reason.
 Policy and peace begins to plant,
 That vertuous men can never want,
 And all sloathful idle lawns,

Sir David Lindsay.

Shall fettered be in the galeys,
John upon land been glad, I trow,
Because the rush-bush keeps his hold:
On is there nought I understand.
Withouth good order in this land,
Except the spiritualty,
Dyaryng thy Grace thereto have eye:
Cause them make ministration,
Conform to their vocation:
To preach with unfained intent,
And truly use the sacraments,
After Christs institutions,
Leaving their vain traditions,
Whiche to the silly sheep illad,
For whom Christ Jesus shed his blood:
And superstitious pilgrimages,
Dyaryng to graven Images,
Exprels against the Lords command:
I do thy gract to understand,
If thou to mens Lawes assent,
Against the Lords commandment,
As Jeroboam and many mo,
Princes of Israel also,
Consenters to Idolatry.
Which punisht were sight pitously;
And from their realms routed out,
So shalt thou be withoutten doubt.
Both here and there withoutten moie,
And lack the everlasting gloie,
And if thou wilt thine heart incline,
And keep his blessed law divine,
As did the faithfull Patriarks,
Both in their wordis, and in their workis:
And as did many faithfull kings
Of Israel during their reignis:
As king David, and Solomon,
Which Images would suffer none
In their rich temple for to stand,
Because it was not Gods command:
But destroyed all Idolatry,
As in the scripture thou mayst see.

to hole

whose rich reward was heavenly bliss
 which shal be thine thou doing this.
 Since thou hast chosen such a guard,
 Know I am sure to get reward:
 And since thou art the richest king,
 That ever in this realm did reign,
 Of gold and stones precious,
 Most prudent and ingenious,
 And hast thine honor done advance,
 In Scotland, England, and in France,
 By martial deeds honorable,
 And art to every vertue able,
 I know thy grace will not misken me,
 But thou wilt either give or lend me,
 Would thy Grace lend me to a day,
 Of gold a thousand pound or tway,
 And I shal fix with good intent,
 Thy Grace a day of payment,
 Which seals obligation,
 Under this protestation:
 When the Walls and the Ile of Wray
 Bees set upon the mount Sinay.
 When the Lowmond beside Falkland,
 Bees lift up to Northumberland.
 When Churchmen yeares no dignity,
 Nor livers no sovereignty:
 Winter without frost, snow, wind or rain,
 Then shal I give the gold again.
 Or I shal make to thee payment,
 After the day of Judgement.
 Within a month at the least,
 When saint Peter shal make a feast
 To all the Bishops of Ayrland.
 So thou have mine acquittance ready:
 Failing thereof by saint Philan,
 Thy Grace gets never a rest again.
 If thou be not content of this,
 I must request the King of Britte,
 That he to me have some regard,
 And cause thy Grace me to reward:
 For Davids King of Israel,

Sir David Lindsay.

Who was the great Diapher royal,
 Gilt, God hard whole at his command,
 The hearts of Princes in his hand,
 Even as he lists them for to turn.
 That must they do without spurn;
 Some to exalt in dignity,
 And some deper in penury.
 Sometimes of low men to make Lords,
 And sometimes Lords to bind in cords,
 And them all utterly destroy.
 As pleaseth God that noble Roy:
 For thou art but an instrument
 Of that great God Omnipotent.
 So when it pleaseth thine Excellency,
 Thy Grace shall make me recompence,
 Or he shall cause me stand content,
 Of quiet life and sober rent,
 And take me in my latter age,
 Into my simple hermitage,
 And spend what mine cloaks have won,
 As old Diogenes in his tun.
 Of this complaint, with mind full merr,
 Thy Grace answer, sir, I beseech.

Quod Lindsay to the King.

The Tragedie of the unwhile most Reverend
 Father, David, by the grace of God, Cardinal
 and Archbishop of Saint Andrews, &c. Compyled
 by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Knight,
 alias Lyon, King of Arms.

Mortales et nati fuis, supra Deū ne vos exerceatis

THE PROLOGUE.

NO long ago after the hour of prime,
 Secretly sitting in mine study,
 I took a book to exercise the time,
 Where I found many tragedy and story,

The tragedie of

which John Boccas had put in memory:
 How many Princes, Conquerors, and Kings,
 Were usefully deposed of their reigns.

John Alexander the potent Conqueror,
 In Babylon was poysoned piteously,
 And Julius the mighty Emperour,
 Murdered at Rome, causeless and cruelly:
 Wounded Pompey in Egypt shamefully
 He murdered was, what needeth process more,
 Whose tragedies were fit to deploze.

I sitting so upon my booke reading,
 Right suddenly before me did appear
 A wounded man abundantly bleeding,
 With visage pale, and with a deadly chear,
 Seeming a man of two and fifty year,
 In rayments of clothe full controully,
 Of velvet, and of satin creamlike.

With feeble voice, as men oppressed with paine,
 Shortly he made me supplication.

Saying, my friend, go read and read again,
 If thou canst find by true narration,
 Of any pain like to my passion:
 Right sure I am were John Boccas alive,
 My tragedy at length he would describe.

Since he is gone, I pray thee to endite,
 Of mine infortune some remembrance:
 Or at the least my tragedy to write,
 As I to thee shall shew the circumstance,
 In terms short of my unhappy chance,
 Since my beginning to my fatal end,
 Which I would to all creatures were kend.

Can I (said I) make such memorial,
 But of thy name I had intelligence:
 I am David that careful Cardinal,
 Which do appear (said he) to thy presence,
 That sometime had so great preeminence,
 When he began his deeds so to endite,
 As ye shall hear, and I began to write.

The Tragedie of the Cardinal.

I David Beaton sometimes Cardinal,
 Of noble blood by line, I did descend:

The Cardinal.

During my time I had no peregral,
But now alas, is come my fatal end.
By gree by gree upward I did ascend,
So that into this realm did never reign,
So great a man as I under a King.

When I was a young gallant gentle-man,
Princes to serve I set my whole intent:
First to ascend to Archbisch I began,
An Abbacy of great riches and rent.
Of that estate yet was I not content,
To get more riches, dignity, and glory,
Mine heart was set alace, and therefore,

I made such service to our sovereign King,
He did promote me to more high estate,
A prince above all prelates for to reign,
Arch-Bishop of saint Andrews cathedral.
To that honor when I was elevated,
My pitefule heart was not content at all,
Till that I creat was a Cardinal.

Yet preast I to have more authority,
And finally was chosen Chancelar:
And for upholding of my dignity,
Was made Legat, then had I no compare.
I purchast for my profit singular,
My horses and my treasures to advance,
The Bishoprick of Wippsle in France.

Of all Scotland I had the goverual,
But mine advice concluded was nothing:
Abbot, Bishop, Archbischop and Cardinal,
Into this Realm no higher could I reign,
But if I had been Pope, Emperour or King,
For shortness of the time I am not able.
At length to shew mine acts honorable.

For through my princely prodigality,
Among prelates in France I had the pisse:
I shew my Lordly liberality
In banquetting playing at cards and dyce,
Into such wisdom I was holden wise,
And spared not to play with King nor Knight,
Three thousand crowns of gold upon a night.

The tragedie

In France I made four honest marriages,
 Where I did see sign of remembrance:
 Though we were made triumphant marriages,
 To our sovereign both profit and pleasure.
 Queen Margalen the first daughter of France,
 With great riches was into Scotland brought,
 That marriage though my following was brought.

After whole death in France I got again
 The second Queen homeward I did convey:
 That lusty prince's Mary of Lorraine,
 Which was escorted with great triumph & joy,
 So served I our right renowned Roy:
 Soon after that Henry of England King,
 Of our sovereign desired a commencing.

Of that meeting our King was well content,
 So that in Poys was set both time and place;
 But our Belats and I would never consent,
 That he should see King Henry in the face:
 But we were well content albeit his Grace
 Had failed the fewer speak with any other,
 Except the King who was his mothers brother.

Whereby there was great war and mortal strife,
 Great hardships, hunger, death and desolation:
 On either side did many lose their life:
 If I would make a true narration,
 I caused all that tribulation:
 For to take peace I never would consent,
 Except the King of France had been content.

During this war were taken prisoners,
 Of nobles men fighting full furiously,
 Many a Lord, Baron, and Batchelors;
 Whereby our King took such melancholy,
 Which drove him to the death right holisfully:
 Extream dolor did he overset his heart,
 That from this life, place, he did depart.

But after that both strength & speech is taken,
 A paper blank I made his Grace subscribe
 Into the which I wrote all that I pleased,
 After his death, which were long to describe:
 Though that writing I purposed better,
 With support of some Lords benevolence,

Of the Cardinal.

In this region to have preeminence.

As for my Lord, our righteous governor,

If I should shortly show the world,

To him I had no manner of respect,

During that time I purposed that he

Should never come to us nor stay;

For his support therefore he brought among us

Richard England, the noble Earl of Arundel.

Then was I put about some new purpose,

And suddenly call on captivity;

My painful heart to comfort, I do suppose,

Devised by the high deity;

Yet in mine heart I pray in humility:

But now the word of God full well I know,

Who doth exalt himself, God will bring low.

In the mean time when I was to be tried,

Ambassadors were sent into England,

Where they both peace and marriage contracted:

And more largely for to obtain that kind,

Were promised diverse pledges of Scotland.

Of that contract I was no little content,

Nor never would thereto give my consent.

To Captains that keepen me in ward,

Gifts of gold I gave them great plenty,

For on the future time I have certain;

Whereby though I escaped from captivity;

But when I was free at my liberty,

Then like a Lyon looked from his cage,

Out through the reeks I ran to rail and rage.

Contrary the governor and his companie,

Often times made I insurrection:

Purposing for to have him basely

Subdued unto my correction,

Or put him to extreme vexation:

During this time, if it were well declared,

This realm by me was utterly divided.

The governor purposing to subdue,

I raised an host of many a bold Baron:

And made a rade that Litchgow yet may rewe,

For he destroyed a mill about the town:

For that I got mine black-mallfoun:

Per

For contrarie to the governours intent,
With our young prince we unto Berks shilling bore,
For high contempt of the Governour,
I brought the Earl of Lennox out of France,
That lull'd our Lord living in great pleasure,
Did loose that land and honest ordinance:
But he and I fell soon at variance:
And through my counsel was within short space,
For fault and seemed he got no other grace.

Then through my pudence, practick & ingins,
Our Governour I caused to consent,
Full quietly to my counsel incline,
Whereof his nobles were not well content:
For why I caus'd dissolve in parliament,
The band of peace contracted with England.
Wherethrough came harm & beriship to Scotland.

The peace broken arose new mortal wars
By sea, and such real without relief,
Which to report my frayed heart fears:
The verity to hold in terms brief,
I was the root of all this great mischief.

The south countrey may say it had been good,
That my nurse had smother'd me in my womb:
I was the cause of meekle more mischance,
For th'uphold of my gloze and dignity,
And pleasure of the potent King of France.
With England would I have no unity:

But who consider would the verity,
We might full well have liv'd in peace and rest,
Nine or ten years, and then played loose or fast.

Had we with England kept our contray,
Our noble men had liv'd in peace and rest,
Our merchants had not lost so many packs,
Our common people had not been opprest:
On either side all wrongs had been cess'd:
But Edinburgh since, then Leith and Winton
That day and hour may say that I was born.

Our Governour to make him to me sure,
With sweet and subtil words I told him all,
Till I his son and heir got in my cure:
To that effect I found a crafty will.

That he no manner of way might me beguile.
 Then leugh I when his lieges did alledge,
 How I his son had gotten into pledge.

The Earl of Angus, and his German brother,
 I purpos'd then to make them lose their life:
 Right so to have destroyed many other,
 Some with the fire, some with the sword and knife:
 In special many Gentle-men in fille:
 And purpos'd to put in great torment,
 All landiers of the old and new testament.

Then every man they took of me such fear,
 That time when I had so great governance,
 Great Lords dreading I should do them hear,
 They durst not come to Court without assurance,
 Since then hath not been such variance.
 Now to our Prince, Barons obediently,
 Without assurance come full conetiously.

Wine hope was moost into the King of France,
 Together with the Popes Holiness,
 Wore then in God my worship to advance:
 I trusted so into their Gentleness,
 That no man durst presume me to oppress.
 But when the day came of my fatal hour,
 Far was from me their support and succour.

Then to preserve my riches and my life,
 I made a strength of walls high and broad:
 Such a fortress was never found in fille,
 Believing there no man durst me invade:
 Now find I true the Sawd which David said:
 Except God of any house be maker of work,
 He works in vain though it be never so stark.

For I was through the whole power divine,
 Right vofefully beat down among the ash,
 Which could not be through mortal mans ingine.
 But as David did kill the great Goliath,
 As Holofern by Judith killed was,
 In dust among his triumphant army,
 So was I slain into my chief City.

When I had greater domination,
 As Lucifer had in the Heavens empire,
 Came suddenly my deprivation,

To the Prelats,

By them which did my dolent death conspire:
So cruell was their furious burning ire:
I got no time, leasure not liberty
To say, In manus tuas, Domine.

Behold my fatal infelicity,
I being in my strenght incomparable:
That dreadful dungeon made me no supply:
My great riches and rents profitable,
My silver-mine, jewels inestimable,
My papal pompe of gold, my rich treasure,
My life and all I lost in half an hour.

To the people was made a spectacle
Of my death and defouled carion.
Some said, He was a manifest miracle.
Some said, He was divine punishment,
So to be slain into my wrong dungeon,
When every man had judged as he list,
They saluted me, then clos'd me in a list.

I lay undur'd five months and more,
Ere I was heun to Closter, Church or Duser:
In a dung-hill, great pity to deplore,
Without suffrage of Chanon, Monk or Frier,
All proud Prelats at me may lessons lear,
Which reign'd so long, and so triumphantly,
When in the dung down so dolfully.

To the Prelats.

O ye my brethren, princes of the priestly,
I make to you hear ty supplication:
Both night and day revolve into your breast
The process of my depuration.
Consider what been your vocation.
To follow me, I pray you, not pretend you,
But read at length this rebul that I send you.
Ye know how Jesus his disciples sent
Ambassadors to every Nation,
To show his Law and his Commandement,
To all people by publication:
Therefore to you I make narration.
Since ye to them are very successors,
Ye ought to do as did your predecessors.

To the Prelats.

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How dare ye be so bold to take in hand,
To be Hercules to so great a King,
To bear his message both to Church and Land,
Being dumb, and can pronounce nothing:
Like menfrels that can neither play nor sing:
Why should men give to such herds an hire,
That cannot guide their flock about the mire:
Shame ye not to be Christ's servants,
And for your hire have great temporal lands,
Since of your office ye cannot take the cure,
As Canon law and scripture you command:
Ye will not lack feed, feed, nor offrand,
And wool, and lamb, and calf, and grey, and
To make service ye are all out of use. (Goose,

O my dear brethren, do not as ye were wont,
Lend your lives now while your dayes swarme
Trust well ye shal be called to your count,
Of every thing belonging to your cure:
Leave halatry, your harlotry and whoredom,
Remembering on mine unpromised death,
For after death may no man make remean.

Ye prelates that have thousands for to spend,
Ye send a simple frer for you to mend:
It is your craft, I make it to you ken,
Your selves into your Temple for to ken:
But marvel not though filly frers sleach;
For if they plainly shew the verity,
Then will they want the bishops charity.

Wherefore is given to you such royal rent,
But for to feed the people spiritual food;
Preaching to them the old and new testament:
The Law of God with plainly to conclude,
But not your boys into vain worldly good.
As I have done: behold my great treasure,
Wane me no help at mine unhappy hour.

That day when I was bishop consecrat,
The great Bible was bound upon my back:
What may therein I little know, God wot,
Woe then a beast bearing a precious pack:
But hardly my covenant I brake;

For

For I was oblig'd with mine own consent,
The law of God to preach with good intent.

Bishops, right so when ye were consecrat,
Ye oblig'd you upon the self same wages;
Ye may be call'd Bishops counterfeits,
As gallants busk'd for to make a gulls.
Do not think I Princes are not to gill,
To give a famous office to a fool,
As who would put a mitre on a moole.

Alas, if ye that sorrowfull sight had seen,
How I lay bullerug hatch'd in my blood,
To men your lives it had occasion been.
And leave your old corrupted conducture,
Falling thereof: then shortly I conclude,
Except ye from your rebaldry artie,
Ye shall be serv'd on the self same wise.

To the Princes.

Indifferent Princes, without discretion,
Having on each power imperial,
Ye have been cause of this transgression,
I speak unto you all in generall,
Which do dispone all offices spiritual.
Giving the souls which are Christs shep,
To blind pastors but conscience to keep.

When the Prince doth lack an officer,
A baker, brewer, or a masher-cook,
A trim taylor, a cunning cordwoner,
Over all the land at length he will cause look,
For able men such offices to brook.
A brewer that can brew most wholesome all,
A cunning-cook that best can season kall.

A taylor who hath soddred been in France,
That can make garments of the gayest gulls:
Ye princes are the cause of this mischance,
That when there doth lack any benefice,
Ye ought to be upon the self same wise.
Cause search and seek both in burgh and toun,
The law of God who doth best understand.

Make him a Bishop who prudently can preach,
As doth pertain to his vocation:
A parson who his parochin can teach,

Cause bleake make due ministration,
 Also I make you supplication:
 Make you Abbots right religious men,
 Which to the people Christ into can ben.
 But not to rebels who come from the south,
 Not of a better holm out of a stable;
 The which into the school made never no col,
 Nor never was to spiritual science able.
 Except the cards, the dyce, the chesse and table.
 Of Rome-rakers nor of rude rustlings,
 Of callay-packers nor of publicans.
 Nor of fantastick famed flatterers,
 Of men meet to gather nettles into May,
 Of Colubabblers, nor of clatterers,
 That in the Church can nether sing nor say,
 Though they be cloked up in Clarke array,
 Like doated Doctors new come out of Athens,
 And mumble over a pair of mangled matins.
 Not qualified to keep a benefice,
 But through the Simons collation:
 I was promoted on the false Lawie wise,
 Place, through princes supplication.
 Had made at Rome through false narration
 Bishop, Abbot, but no religious man:
 Who me promoted, I now their bones do ban.
 Albeit I was Legat and Cardinal,
 Little I knew therein what should be done:
 I understood no science spiritual,
 No more then did blind Allan of the moon,
 I heard the King that utterd this above,
 On you Princes, shall make more punishment,
 Right so on us through righteous judgement.
 On you Princes for indiscreet giving,
 To ignorantes such offices to use:
 And for our importunate asking,
 Which should have done such dignity refuse.
 As ignorance hath done the world abuse,
 Though coustiee of riches and of rent.
 But ever I was a prelat, I repent.
 O Kings, I take ye no care to give in cure
 Whom profess into religion,

Into the keeping of a common labourer:
To make, think ye not great derision,
A woman parson of a parish.

Where there is two thousand souls to guide,
That from heretics cannot their lives hide?

What if King David lieth in the days?
Or one of heben, what if he looked nigh,
The which did found so many fair abbeyes,
Doing the great abomination.

In many abbeyes of this Nation?
We would repent that married to his bounds,
He yearly rent thousands of thousand pounds.

Wherefore I counsel every Christian King,
Within his realm making reformation,
To suffer no more rebels for to reign,
Above Christ's true congregation:
Fasting heretofore, I make narration,
That the priors and prelates all at once,
Shall buried be in hell, foul, bloody, and bound.

That ever I received benefice, says I ere,
Or to such point to proudly did pretend:
I must depart, therefore my friends and kins,
Wherever it please God now much I bind:
I pray thee to my friends and sweet men,
And fathers, not at length to put in toire
My tragick, as I have here written.

The Deploation of the Death of Queen Magdalen.

O Cruel death, too great is thy puissance,
Destroyer of all earthly living things:
Knew, we may blame thee of this mischance
In thy default this cruel Tyrant reigns,
And spared neither Emperor nor King,
And now alas, hath left forth of this land,
The flower of France, and comfort of Scotland
Father, know, alas that thou abusedst,
The freedom, being discontent:
Thou chooseth death, and lasting life refused,
The succession state, that may repair

That thou hadst made mankind's Lord omnipotent,
That it might make us death no torment:
Example of our queen the Mother of France.

O dreadful dragon with thy fatal tail,
Which didst devour of France the Golden Calf,
But cruelly dead: please her through the grate,
And wouldst not give her respect for an hour,
To remain with her prince and personage,
That she at leisure might have some licence,
Scotland on that may cry a loud vengeance.

Thou let Wetherston this nine hundred year,
Threescore and seven: but in thy furious rage,
Thou didst devour this young prince's but what
Was he then compt at seventeen year of age:
Sleedy gormond: why didst thou not assuage
Thy furious rage contrare this lady queen,
Till we some fruit had of her body seen?

O Dame nature, thou dost be diligent,
Contrare this thief who all the world confounds,
Hath thou with natural things made defence,
That hyber had not come with his her blinde,
And had been saved from such mortal wounds,
This many a year: but where was thy discretion,
That let her pass, till we had seen destruction?

O Venus, with thy blind son Cupido,
Is on you both, that made no resistance:
Into your Centre you never had such two,
No leel loves without dissemblance,
As James the fifth and Magdalen of France,
Descending from a blood imperial:
To whom in love I find no parallel.

For as Leander swam out through the flood,
To his fair Lady over many nights:
So did this prince though battering streams were
With Carls, Marins, Squires and with knights
Contrare Neptune, and Cole with their might,
And left this stream in great despayre
As for his love: the first nauy bar of France,
And the like prince: queen Penelope,

Right constantly will change him for none other
 And his pleasure, left her own country,
 Without regard to father and to mother,
 Taking no care of sister or of brother,
 But shortly took her leave, and left them all,
 For love of him, to whom love made her thrall.

O dame Fortune, where was thy great comfort
 To her to whom thou wast so favourable?

Thy giving gift made to her no support,

Her high lineage nor riches intellable,

I see thy puissance is but variable:

When her father the most dear christian King,

To his dear child might make no supporting.

The potent prince her lusty love and knight,

With his most hardy nobles of Scotland:

Conceare that basful brother had no might,

Though all the men had been at his command,

Of France, Flanders, Italie and England,

With fifty thousand millions of treasure,

Might not prolong that Ladies life one houre.

O Paris, of all Cities principall,

Who did receive our Prince with land and glory

Solemnely through arches triumphall,

Which day been dign to put in memory.

For as Pompey after his victory,

As into Rome received with great joy,

So thou receivest our right redoubted Roy.

But at his marriage made upon the moyn,

Such solace and solemnisation,

Was never seen before since Christ was born,

As to Scotland such consolation:

There sealed was the confirmation

Of the well kept ancient alliance,

Made between Scotland & the Realm of France.

I never did see a day more glorious,

So many in so rich abilliments:

Of silk and gold, with boxes precious,

Such banquetting, such sound of instruments,

With song and dance, and martiall ornaments.

But

But like a storm after a pleasant morrow,
Soon was our solace changed into sorrow.

O traitor death, whom none can contramand,
Thou mightest have seen the preparation
Made by the three Estates of Scotland,
With great comfort and consolation,
In every city, castle, tower, and town,
And how each noble set his whole intent,
To be excellent in abulment.

Thief, sawst thou not thy great preparatives
Of Edinburgh, that noble famous town:
Thou sawst the people labouring for their lives
To make triumph with trump and claxon:
Such pleasure was never seen in this region,
As should have been the day of her entreats,
With great propines given unto her grace.

Thou sawst making right costly scaffolding
Depainted well with gold and azure line:
Ready prepared for the upsetting,
With fountains flowing water clear and wine.
Disguised folk, like creatures divine,
On each scaffold to play a sundry song,
But all in weeping turned thou their glory.

Thou sawest full well many fresh galland,
Well ordred for receiving of their Queen,
Each crafts-man with his bent bow in his hand
Rise gallantly in hose-clothing of green,
The honest burgels clad thou shouldst have seen:
Some in scarlet, and some in cloth of green,
For to have met their Lady soveraign.

Prophets, Ballies, and Lords of the town,
The Senators in order subsequent,
Clad into silk of purple black and hyson:
Then the great Lords of the Parliament,
With many knightly Baron and Baront,
In silk and gold, and color comfortable:
But thou alace, all turned into sable.

Then all the Lords of religion,
And princes of the prelates venerable,

Full pleasantly in their procession :
 With all cunning Clarke honorable,
 But chieftonally their tyrant treacherable,
 All their great solace and solacements,
 Thou turned into velleful deignes.

Then next in order passing through the town,
 Thou shouldst have heard the noise of instruments
 And tabern, trumpet, shalm and claxon,
 Which reed resounding through the elements :
 The heralms with their amfull vestments,
 Which makes upon either of their hands,
 To rule the peaces with burnisht silver bands.

Thou last of all in order triumphand,
 That most illustrious princels honorable,
 Wilt her the lussy Ladies of Scotland,
 Which would have been a sight most delectable :
 Her rayment to shew. I am not able :
 Of gold, and pearl, and precious stones bright,
 Twinkling like stars into a frosty night.

Under a pale of gold she should have pass;
 By burgeises born clachen in silks line :
 The greatest master of household at the last,
 With him in order all the kings train.
 Whose ornaments were longsome to define :
 On this manner she passing through the town,
 Should have received many benison.

Of Virgins and of lussy barges wives,
 Which should have been a sight celestial :
 Thus la Royne, crying for their lives,
 With an harmonious sound Angelical :
 In every corner mirth musical :

But thou tyrant, in whom is found no grace,
 Our Almaina hath turned in Place,

Thou shouldst have heard the great Diocess,
 Making her highness salutation,
 Both of the Clergy town and counsellors,
 With many notable narration.
 Thou shouldst have seen her coronation,
 In the fair Abbey of the holy coon,

Queen Magdalen.

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In presence of a mirchful multitude.
 Such banqueting such awful ornaments,
 On hoise & foot that time which should have been,
 Such Chappel Royal such such indornments,
 And crafty musick singing from the splein,
 In this country was never heard nor seen.
 But all this great solemnity and game,
 Thou turned had in Requiem eternam.
 Unconstant world, thy friendship I defy.
 Since strength, no wisdom, riches and honour,
 Vertue no beauty none may certifie,
 Within thy bounds so to remain one hour.
 What avails to be King in Empirour,
 Since princely puissance may not be exempted
 From death whose doleful canner he expecteth.
 Since man on earth hath no place permanent,
 But all must pass by that most horrible port:
 Let us pray to the Lord Omnipotent.
 That doleful day to be our great comfort,
 That in this realm with him we may resort:
 Which from the hell with his blood ransom'd turn,
 With Magdalen sometime of Scotland Queen.
 O death though thou the body may devour
 Of every man yet hast thou not puissance
 Of these vertues so to consume their gloie,
 As shall be seen of Magdalen in France,
 Sometime our queen, whom poets shall advance,
 And put her in imperial memory,
 So shall her fame of thee have victory.
 Though thou hast kill'd a heavenly sponse of France
 Which tempted was into the riddle kern:
 Wherein all Scotland saw their libole pleasure,
 And made the Lyon joyous from the splein:
 Though the root be pulled from the leaves green,
 The smell of it shall in despite of thee,
 Keep as thy realms in peace and unity.

The answer which Sir David Lindsay made
to the Kings flying.

Redoubted Roy, your ragement I have red,
Which both perturb my dull intendement,
From your flying would God I were free
Or else some spiers tongue were to me lent.
Sir, pardon me tho, I be impatient,
Which am so with your prancing pen betrayed,
And rude report, from Cenus court dejected.

Unky Labris that on your Lybel looks,
Whiche company do hold abominable;
Commanding me bear company with Cooks,
Whiche like a Devil they hold me detestable;
They banish me, saying, I am not able
Them to compleast or please to their presence:
Upon your pen I cry a loud vengeance.

Where I a poet I should please with my pen,
To wrech me on your venemous twisting:
But I must do as dog both in his den,
Fold both my feet, or flee far from your flying:
The mischievous Devil may not endure your dyting:
Wherefore Coi mundum crea in me I cry,
Disclaiming you the prince of Poetry.

Sir, with my Duince pertains me not to play,
But since your grace hath given me such command
To make answer: I must needs it obey,
Though ye be strong now like an elephant,
And into Cenus works most valland,
The day will come and that inshin feto years,
That ye will wate at leisure with your fears.

What can ye say further, but I am called
In Cenus works? I grant sir that is true,
The time hath been I was better accalled
Then I am now, but yet full sore I reio
That ever I did mouth-thankless so perseo:
Wherefore take heed, and your first powder spare,
And waste it not, but if ye know well to bre.

though

Though you run rudely like a restless ram,
 Shooting your bolt at many sundry shells;
 Believe right well it is a hiding game,
 Wherefore beware of doubting of the bells,
 For many one do hath their own souls knells;
 And specially when that the bell goes dry,
 Then cannot get again such stuff to buy.

I give your counsel to the fowls of bell,
 That would not of a princesse you provide,
 Suffering you run shooting from shell to shell,
 Making your corps letting your time over-sell:
 For like a buxerous bull you run and ride,
 Riotously like a rude rublato,
 As sucking like a furious fornicato.

On Ladrons for to lope ye will not let,
 How ever the carriballs cry the cozynough:
 Remember how beside the masking fat
 You call a queen overthwart a sinking trog:
 That stend with sucking on her totting hog,
 Call down y fat, wherethroug drink dras & iugs
 Same rudely conning down about your lugs.

Would God the Lady that loved you best,
 Had seen you there ly swatring like two swine:
 But to end ite how that daddron you drest,
 Drouped w dregs whimping with many whrin,
 That proccs to report it were a pain.
 On your behalf I thank God times ten score,
 That you prefer'd from gut and from grandgore.

Now fir, farewell, because I cannot flyte,
 And though I could, I were not to advance
 Against your ornat mettre to endyte:
 But beware with laboring of your lance!
 Some sayes teere comes a bueler out of France
 Which will endure your dints tho they be dure.
 Farewell, of flowing Rhetorick the flow.

Quod Lindsay in his dyting,
 Against the Kings flyting.

The complaint and publick confession of the
Kings old Hound, called Bait, directed to
Baity, the Kings best beloved Dog, and his
companions. Made at command of King
James the fifth, by Sir David Lindsay of the
Mount Knight, alias Lyon, King of Arms.

A Lace: to whom should I complain,
In mine outrageous necessity?
O: to whom should I make my moan?
In Court no Dog will be for me:
Beseeching some for charity,
To hear my supplication,
To Cruddle, Lairs and Baity,
Now are the King past from the toiler.
I have so loined the Court so long,
While in good faith, I may no more:
The countrey knows I was not gang,
I am sacrosanct, old and fair.
That I know not where to repair:
For when I had authority,
I thought me so familiar,
I never stood in need of aid.
I knew the case that Baity did,
Brought Baity to the Kings presence,
I pray God let him never be well,
Since that I got no audience:
For Baity now gets such credence,
That he lies on the kings right side,
Where I once stood for mine offence,
And in the close by like a clown,
For I have been as to this hour,
A mocker of lamb and dog,
A tyrant and a culeyone,
A murderer of many a dog.
Five fobles I chaunt out through a scrog,

and verily

wherfore these mothers did me marie:
 for they were all broken in a bog.
 I went at John Gynon of Districte,
 which in his house did bring me up,
 and used me to kill the bere:
 sweet milk and meat he made me sup,
 that trade I learned soon perquett.
 all other vertue can ascer.
 when I began to bark and bite:
 for there was neither monk nor friar,
 nor wife, nor child, but I would bite.
 when to the King the case was known,
 of mine unhappy hardinesse,
 and all the foote into him shoon,
 both every dog I did oppresse:
 then gave his Grace command expresse,
 I should be brought to his presence:
 notwithstanding my wickednesse,
 in Court I got great audience.
 I shew'd my great ingratitude
 to the Captain of Bayrns,
 which in his house did feed me faine,
 two years toke other bounde me:
 but when I saw that it was so,
 that I grew high into the Tower,
 for his reward I brought him two,
 and cruelly I did him hurt.
 so they that gave me to the King,
 I was their mortal enemy:
 I took cure of no kind of thing,
 but to please the King's Majesty:
 but when he knew my cruelty,
 by falshood and my plain mescolation,
 he gave command that I should be
 hangen without consultation,
 and yet because that I was old,
 his Grace thought pity for to hang me,
 and let me wander where I would,
 when set me free for to hang me,

And every Butchers dog down hang me,
 When I crow'd best to be a Laird,
 Even in the Court each wot he did wrong me,
 And this I got for my reward
 I had wirried black mackelson,
 Were not the rebells came and red :
 But he was streamen from the cotton,
 When once the king saw how I bled.
 He caus'd lay me upon a bed,
 For with a knife I was mischeiv'd.
 This mackelson for fear he fled,
 A long time ere he was relieved,
 And Patrick Scirling in Argyl,
 I bare him backward to the ground,
 And had him slain with in a tobie.
 Were not the helping of an wound :
 Yet got he many a bloody wound,
 As yet his skin will show the marks.
 Find me a dog where ever ye found,
 Hath made so many bloody farks,
 Good brother Lanceman. Lindsays dog,
 Which ever hath kept thy Labitie.
 And never wirried lamb nor hog,
 Day Lufra, Scudfar and Bawle,
 Let me Bawle for to have my,
 And provide me a portion.
 In Dumfermling were I may see
 Penance for mine extortion.
 Get by their sollicitation,
 A letter from the kings grace,
 That I may have collation,
 With rice and candle in the place,
 But I will live short time, alas,
 Lack I good fresh fish for my gams,
 Between Aithobnethay and Bawle,
 I must have leave to wirry Lambs.
 Bawle consider well this bill,
 And every point thereof fulfill,
 And read this eroun that I send

And now in time of misse amend you,
I pray you that you not pretend you,
To climb too high, nor do no wrong :
But from your foes both right defend you,
And take example both I gang.
I was that no man durst come near me,
Nor put me forth of my lodging :
No dog durst from my dinner shate me,
When I was tender with the king.
Now every tyke doth me down chying,
The which before by me was wronged,
And swears I serve no other thing,
But in an halter to be hanged.
Though ye be homely with the king,
Ye scudler, Luffa, and Bawty,
Beware that ye do not down chying
Your neighbour through authority,
And your example make by me,
And believe well ye are but dogs :
Though ye stand in an high degree,
See ye bite neither lambs nor hogs :
Though ye have now great audience,
See that by you none be oppressed,
Ye will be punished for your offence.
When once the king be will confess,
There is no dog that hath transgressed
Through cruelty, if he may fang him.
His Majesty will take no red,
Till on a gallows he canse hang him.
I was once as far ben as ye are,
And had in Court such audients,
And ay pretended to be higher :
But when the kings excellencie
Did know my falter and offence,
And my piteous presumption,
I got no other recompence.
But hord and hunted out of the town.
Was never so shamed a coyle,
As when I had authority :

Of my friends I took no care,
 The which before had done for me :
 This proverb is of verity,
 Which I had heare seen in a letter,
 The highest in court neare the king,
 Except he guide him all the better.
 I took no more thought of a loth,
 Then I did of a kitching knave,
 Though every day I made discorde,
 I was let up above the laze,
 The gentle hound was to me flave,
 And with the kings own fingers fed,
 The silly raches would I reade,
 Thus for mine ill means I was bred,
 Therefore, Wastie look best avout,
 When thou art highest with the King :
 For then thou standest in greatest doubt,
 Be thou not good in governing.
 But no poe tek from his dwelling,
 For yet no silly raches reade :
 He sits above that sees all thing,
 And of a knight can make a knave.
 When I came sleeping ben the floor,
 All raches great room to me took :
 I of no creature took care,
 But lay upon the kings ston bed :
 With cloth of gold though it were soiled,
 For fear each fresh wound hand on laid :
 Which ever dog I was so bred,
 They trembled when they heard me tread :
 Good brother Wastie, hear the then,
 Though with thy prince thou be potent :
 It cries a vengeance from the heaven,
 For to oppresse an innocent :
 In wealed be thou with diligence,
 And do no wrong to dog nor witch,
 As I have, which I now repent.
 For nullan reave to make thee rich,
 For augmenting of thy bounds,

Ask no repara. fir at the king,
 Which may do hurt to other houses:
 Expects against Gods slow bending,
 Come no more: yet from his wisdom,
 Whom the earl of court no things require:
 And of the self prison nothing,
 Except thou be a honyal dead.
 Trust well there is none oppressor,
 Nor butchers dog, distor of blood,
 A tyrant nor a transgressor,
 That shall now of the king get good;
 From time forth that his rethence,
 Doth clearly know the verity,
 But he is fiercer for to conclude,
 Or hanged high upon a tree.
 Though ye be coupled altogether,
 Which like and looke of silver line,
 A dog may come out of his chamber,
 And make you lead a lower train:
 Then shall your pleasure even be mine,
 When a strong hunder blows his horn,
 And all your crevances make you time,
 Then shall your labor be forlorn.
 I say no more, good friends, adieu,
 In death we never meet again:
 That ever I knew the court, I re-
 was never taught so well of mine.
 Let no dog now serve the king,
 Except he be of good condition,
 Be he perverse I tell you plain,
 He hath need of a good remission.
 That I am in this little mischief,
 The Earl of Huntly I may write,
 He woen't that I had been released,
 When to the Court he came to me cattle,
 Would God I were now in prison,
 Because I have been so ill dealt:
 Now, I dare no longer cattle,
 I dead I wave into a world.

A Supplication directed from Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, to the Kings Grace, in contemptuon of side Tailles, and Muzzeled Faces.

SIR, though your Grace hath put good order,
Both in the high-lands and the border,
Yet I make supplication,
To have some reformation,
Of a small fault which is no treason,
Though it be contrary to reason;
Because the matter been so vile,
It may not have an oimat style:
Wherefore I pray your Excellence,
To hear me with great patience:
Of blinking words immaculat,
No man may wear a rose chaplat.
Soveraign, I mean of their side tails,
Which through the bush and bushes trails,
Three quarters long behind their heels,
Expiels against all common weals:
Though Bishops in their pontificals,
Have men to bring up their side tails,
For dignity of their office:
Righe is a Muren, an an Empyrie,
Albeit they use such gravity,
Conforming to their Majesty,
Though their robe royals be upbein,
I think it but a very lein,
That every Lady of the land
Shoun have their tail in side trailand
Albeit they be of high estate:
The Queen they may not counterfais:
Wherever they go, it may be seen,
How Church and callay they twise clean,
The images into the sick,

Side Tails.

May think of their side tails great ick,
 For when the weather been most fair,
 The wind flies highest in the air,
 And all their faces doth begarle.
 If they could speak they could them warn.

To see I think a pleasant sight.
 Of Tails the Ladies height,
 In their clothing most triumphand,
 Above all other Christian Land:
 Yet when they travel through the town,
 Men see their feet beneath their gown,
 Four inches above their proper heels,
 Circulat above as round as wheels,
 Wherethrough there doth no powder else,
 Their fair white limbs for to surpris.

But I think most abusion,
 To see men of religion,
 To bear their tails through the street,
 That folks may behold their feet:

I trod saint Bernard nor saint Blaise,
 Could never man bear up their clais,
 Peter, nor Paul, nor saint Ambros,
 Could neer bear up their tails I trod

But I laught best to see a Nun,
 Cause bear her tail above her dun,
 For nothing else as I suppose,

But for to show her little white hole:
 In all their rules they will not find,
 Who should bear up their tails behind,
 But I have most into despise.

Wooz clagocks clad with rayloch white
 Which have scarce two marks of feet,
 Will have two ellz beneath their knees,
 Kistock that cleeked was yest seen.

The moyn will counterfais the Queen,
 A moorland Weg that milks the pome,
 Claggen with clay above the homes:
 In barn nor byre she will not dwell,
 Except her little tail be free.

In borrowes wanton burges livers,
 Who may have fished tails fished,
 Well bordered with velvet fine,
 But following them it is a pine.
 In summer when the streets dyes,
 They raise the dust above the skyes,
 None may go near them at their ease,
 Except they cover mouth and nose,
 From the powder to keep their sen :
 Consider if their clothes be clean.
 Between their cleaving and their knees,
 Who would behold their filthy thighs,
 Begarled with dirt and dust.
 It were enough to touch the lust
 Of any man that saw them naked :
 I think such giglots are but glashed,
 Without profit to have such vnder,
 Darning their elagged tails so fide.
 I would the borrowishon bawens had breeks,
 To keep such mirth from making cheeks,
 I dread rough makin die for mouth.
 When such dy dust blows in their mouth :
 I think most pain after a rain,
 To see them tumbled up again.
 When when they step out through the street,
 Their folding flaps about their feet :
 Their loathe lying forlorn flapped,
 That hath the muck and minding wiped :
 They wash more cloth within five years
 Than would cloth fifty score of friers.
 When Marion from the minding gets,
 From her moan harg she grips the nose,
 And all the day where ever she go,
 Such liquor she licks up also.
 The turcumer of her tail I know,
 Might be a supper in a cow.
 I know a man which swore great oaths,
 How he his life a kirkock clothes :
 And would have done I wot not what,

But

But soon rememb' of love he gat:
 He thought no shame to make it known
 How her side tail way all bespitten,
 Of such such stony stroke to his heart,
 That he behoven for to depart.
 Said she, good he. me think you reth.
 Said he your tail calls such a shew,
 That by saint Wyke I cannot dyde it:
 You were not wise that would not hide it,
 Of tails I will no more write.
 For dread some budon me bespight:
 Notwithstanding I will conclude,
 That of side tails there comes no good,
 Syder then can their handlets hide,
 The remanent process of pride.
 And pride processeth of the Devil:
 Thus alwayes they process of evil.
 Another fault, or may be seen,
 They hide their face all but the eye.
 When gentle-men bid them good day
 Without reverence they stode away;
 That none may knowe I you assure,
 In honest woman by a shoo.
 Except their naked face I see,
 They get no more good dayes of me,
 Halke a French Lady when ye please,
 She will discover mouth and nose,
 And with a humble countenance,
 With visage bare make reverence.
 When our Ladies do ride in rain,
 Should no man have at them disdain:
 Though they be covered much and more.
 In that case they will none displease:
 For when they go to quiet places,
 I them excuse to shew their faces,
 When they would make collation
 With any lusty Champion.
 Though they be hid then to the ren,
 It may may comfort what I mean.

But in the Church and market places,
 I think they should not hide their faces :
 Except these faults be soon amended.
 My fighting, sir, shall never be ended.
 But would your Grace my counsel take,
 A proclamation you should make,
 Both in the land and beyond the seas,
 To show their face and cut their gowns,
 None should from them excused be,
 Except the Queens Maids only :
 Because this matter is not fair,
 Of Rhetorick it must be fair.
 Women will say this is no honour
 To write such vile and filthy words :
 But would they cleanse their filthy tails,
 Washed over the myx and mowing trails,
 Then should my writing ended be,
 No other mends they get of me.
 The truth should not be holden close,
 Meritas non querit angulos.
 I know good women that been wise,
 This rascal rhyme will not dispise.
 None will me blame, if you assent,
 Except a wanton glorious whore,
 Whose lying I fear not a lie.
 Farewell ye get no more of me.
 Quod Lindsay, in contempt of fine tails,
 That Dubbons and Duncibours
 Through the dubbs trails.

KITTIES CONFESSION.

Compiled (as is believed) by Sir DAVID
 LINDSAY of the Mount Knight, &c.

The Curat and Kitten.

The Curat, Kitten would confesse,
 And he told on both morn and less :
 When he was talking as he told,

The Curat, Kittie would have kiss,
 But yet a countenance he hure,
 Digid, devout, dain, and demure;
 And then began her to exaune;
 He was best at the after game.
 Said he; have ye any wrongs and gear?
 Said she, I stole a peck of beere.
 Said he, that should rehoise be;
 Therefore deliver it to me.
 Tibbie and Peter have me forae,
 By my conscience they shall it hear,
 Said he, list you in lecherie?
 Said she, anillie Lenu moved me.
 Said he, his wife that shall I tell,
 To make my quairance with her sell.
 Said he, know ye no herells?
 I know not what this is, said she.
 Said he, heard ye no English books?
 Said she, my master on them looks.
 Said he, the Bishop shall that know;
 For I am sworn that for to shole.
 Said he, what said he of the King?
 Said she, of good he spake nothing.
 Said he, his Grace of that shall tell,
 And he shall lose his life for it.
 When she in mind did more revolve,
 Said he, I cannot you absolve;
 But to my chamber come at even,
 Absolved for to be and shiven.
 Said she, I will pass to another,
 And I met with Mr Andriens brother,
 And she full cleanly did me shive,
 But he was somewhat calhatior;
 He asked many a strange case,
 How that my love did me embrace?
 What way, how oft, what time, and where?
 Said he, I would I had been there,
 He was absolved for a plack,
 Enough he with me no price would make,

And meckle saying he did mumble,
 I heard nothing but fusible bumble.
 He shew me nothing of Gods word,
 Which shaper is then my sword,
 And deep into our hearts both print
 Our sins, wherethroug he do repent.
 He put me nothing into fear,
 Wherethroug I should my sins for bear.
 He shew me not the malediction,
 Of God for sin, nor the affliction,
 And in this life the great mischief
 Ordain'd to punish whore and thief.
 He shew me not of the hel's pain,
 That I might fear, and vice restrain.
 He counsell'd me not to abstain,
 And lead an holy life and clean :
 Of Christ's Blood nothing he knew,
 Nor of his promises full true,
 That saureth all that will believe,
 That Satan shall us never greve.
 He teach'd me not how to fraile.
 The comfort of the holy Chaile ;
 And bad me not to Christ be kind,
 To keep his Law both heart and mind,
 And love and thank his great mercie,
 From sin and hell that saved me,
 And love my neighbor as my self,
 Of this nothing he cou'd me tell :
 But gave me penance every day,
 In the Works say to say,
 And crydayer live no flesh to eat,
 And butter and eggs is better meat :
 And with a plak to buy a Wels.
 From drunken Sir John Latin-ells.
 Wain he : A plak I will cause Sandle
 Come ther again at hande hande :
 Then into pilgrimage to pils,
 The very way to wantonness,
 Of all this penance I was glad,

I had them all perforce, I said:
 To mow and shear, I know the price,
 I shall it set on cinque and tree;
 But he my counsel could not heare,
 He made him by the spe to sleepe,
 Then cryed: Collops, beef and coales,
 Hoke and shors with double soales,
 Cakes and candle, greese and sale,
 Corne of meal, and handfule of malt,
 Mollen and linnen, waxy and woft,
 Dame, keep the keys of your dool-lost:
 Though drink and sleep made him to rave,
 And so with us they play the knave,
 friers sweare by their profession,
 None be safe without confession,
 And make all men to understand,
 That it is Gods own Command;
 Yet it is nothing but mans daine,
 The people to confound and shame:
 It is nought else but mans law,
 Waxe mens minds for to knawe,
 wherthrough they file them as they will,
 And make their laws conform therwil,
 Sitting in mens conscience,
 Shone Gods magnificence,
 And both the people teach and tyll,
 To serve the Pope and Antichrist:
 To the great God Omnipotent,
 Confesse thy sine, and thee repent,
 And trust in Christ, as wretched Paul,
 whiche shed his Blood to save thy soul,
 For none can thee absolve but he,
 Nor take away thy sine from thee.
 If of good counsel thou had need,
 Or had not learned well thy Creed,
 Or wicked vices reign in thee,
 The which thou canst not see,
 Or be in desperation,
 And would have consolation:

Then

When to the preacher true thou pass,
 And show thy sin and thy trespass;
 Thou needs not feare how him all,
 For tell thy sins both great and small,
 Which is impossible to be,
 But show the vice which troubles thee,
 And he shall of thy fault have truth,
 And thee instruct into the truth:
 And with the word of veritie,
 Shall comfort and shall counsel thee:
 The sacraments show thee at length,
 Thy little faith to firm and strength;
 And how thou shouldst them rightly use
 And all hypocrite refuse.
 Confession first was ordain'd free,
 In this sort in the Church to be:
 So to confesse as I describe,
 Was in the Church practise
 So was confession ordain'd first,
 Though Comas hyle should cleave and burst.

THE JUSTING

Between *JAMES WATSON*, and *JOHN BARBOUR*, Servitors to King *JAMES* the
 fifth. Compyled by Sir *DAVID LINDSAY*
 of the Mount, Knight, alias, Lyon, King of
 Arms.

In Saint Andrews on Whitsmonday,
 Two Champions their man-hood to assay,
 Had to the Barrace charmed head and hands,
 Was never seen such Justing in no lands,
 In valience of the Kings Grace and Dueson,
 Where many luby Lady might be seen,
 Wane Knight, Baron, and Barren,
 Wane to be se that awful Tournament,

The Justing, &c

The one of them was gentle James A Blaton,
And John Barbour that gentle Champion:
And the King they were familiars,
Of his chamber both cubiculars.

James was a man of great intelligence,
A medicine full of experience:

And John Barbour he was a noble Leech.
Crooked castings he would cause them get speech,
When once they entered were into the field:
Full busmanly they weelown spear and shield,
And twightly moved in the wind their heels,
Hobling like Cadgers riding on their heels:
But either ran at other with such haste,

That they cou'd never their spear get in the red.
When gentle James tru'd best with John to meet,
His spear did fall among his horses feet.

I am right sure, good James had been undone,
Were not that John his marks took by the moon.
My spear is good, now keep thee from my knocks,
Said John albeit thou thinks my legs like rocks.
Saw a while said James, for by my thrift.

The sword a thing can I see but the list.

No more can I, said John by Mary head,
I see nothing, except the Apple head;

But tho' it be thus he like two barrow teams,
Defend thee man, then ran they to like rams:

At that rude rink, James had been stricken down,

Were not that John for fierceness fell in son:

And right so James to John had done great dear

Were not among his horsefoot broke his spear,

Said James to John, yet for our Ladies sakes,

Let us together strike three market shakes.

And said John, that shall on thee be broken:

But ere he spar'd his horse, his spear was broken:

From time with spears none can their marrow

meet.

James with a sword with a right awful spite,

Ran to John, and would caught him a rout:

John's sword was rusty, and would no waves

come out.

Then

The Jousting, &c.

When James let drive at John with both his limbs,
 He with the man, and hang upon the limbs:
 And with the stroke he trowd the man, was slain;
 His sword back fast, and got it never again.
 By this good John had gotten out his limbe,
 And ran to James with many awful word:
 My furiousness forsooth now shalt thou find.
 Quelling a James, his sword flew in the wind.
 Then gentle James, began to crack good words;
 Alas, said he, this day, for lack of swords.
 When either ran at other with their faces,
 With gloves of plate they beat all others faces.
 Who won the field, no creature could name,
 With at the last John cryed: Red, for shame.
 Red, red, said James, for it is my desire,
 It is an hour since I began to fyre.
 So by they had ended that royal rink,
 Into the field might no man stand for sink.
 When every man that stood on foot, cry'd, fy:
 Clapping, Abens; for dirt parts company.
 Their horse-barnes and all things were so good,
 Lying to both, that day was shed no blood.

F I N I S.

Quod Lindsay, at command of
 King James the fifth.





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